

# *Liberty*

SEPT. 30, 1944

10c

**Book: THE GHOST TALKS**

Charles Michelson Tells  
How Presidents Are Made

**WILL THE ATLANTIC  
CHARTER APPLY IN  
THE PACIFIC?**



ARTUOP  
BARKER



T H E   A R I S T O C R A T   O F   B O N D S



*Kentucky Tavern enjoys this unique heritage. The uniform quality and character of this fine liquor, dictated by the founder 73 years ago, have been maintained by his family as a proud Kentucky tradition to this day. Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.*

T H E R E ' S   O N L Y   O N E   B E T T E R   B U Y   I N   B O N D S . . . W A R   B O N D S !



A Page is Turned—  
A Child's face Brightens.

A young Imagination stirs to Life,  
Reaches out to touch some far Tomorrow.



And we see this Child a Woman—Alert and  
Smiling—with a Smile that owes much  
to her lifelong use of Ipana and Massage.

**L**ET YOUR imagination soar, Child. Let that ever-questing young mind reach out to touch and examine everything in life.

For to you, and to all of young America, the door to the future is open wide... to develop your talents, your abilities to the utmost.

To let you face the future alert and smiling...

Yes, smiling! For today, the smiles of young America are guarded with care. In classrooms all over the country thousands of boys and girls are being taught a lesson in dental health many adults have yet to learn—the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright, sparkling teeth and attractive smiles.

These youngsters already know that soft, creamy foods deprive our gums of work and stimulation. They know that our gums tend to become soft and tender—and often signal their sensitiveness with a tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush!

*"Pink Tooth Brush" is a warning!*

If your tooth brush ever "shows pink"—see your dentist. He may tell you that your gums have become sensitive because of today's soft foods. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean teeth but, with mas-

sage, to aid the gums. So, each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness.

Start today with Ipana and massage—for brighter teeth, firmer gums, a lovelier smile.



**Ipana Tooth Paste**

*Product of Bristol-Myers*



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LIBERTY

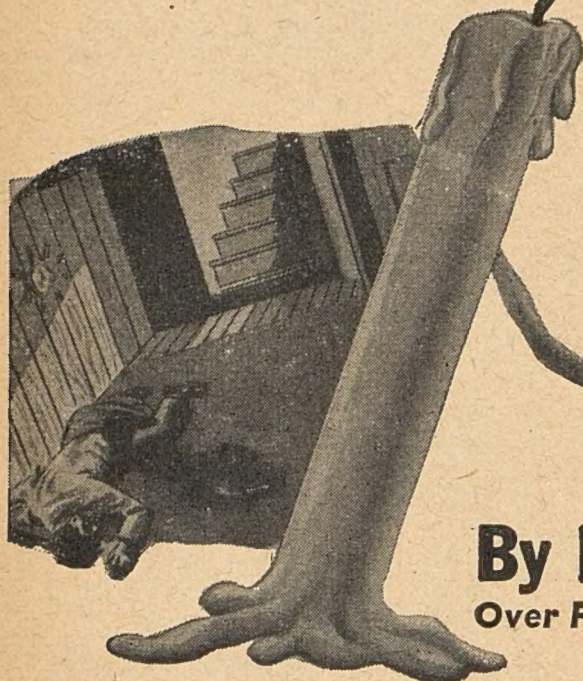


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By **ERLE STANLEY GARDNER**  
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**It Was Just An Ordinary Candle. Yet  
It Sent One Man—Very Nearly the  
WRONG One—to the Electric Chair!**

Detective-lawyer Perry Mason lay stretched over the blood-stained carpet in the cabin of a yacht aground in the bay. The tide drifted out. The yacht gradually keeled over, finally settled on its side. Mason's body suddenly rolled over the floor of the cabin and slammed to rest at the wall's edge.

The lawyer then sprang up. He glanced at his watch, grinned at his secretary, Della Street—and knew that the most bizarre mystery of his career had at last been solved!

Neither Della nor Police Lieutenant Tragg had sensed the fatal meaning of that crooked candle on the cabin's table. Yet this curious clue sent one man to the chair—and very nearly the WRONG one!

### Why Was the Candle Leaning?

Mason pointed to the candle. The drippings had fallen evenly down around its edge. Yet the candle was inclined sharply to the right—and the drippings *SHOULD* have fallen on one side!

And again—why did the blood-stained footprint appear right in the middle of the step of the yacht's stairway? The yacht had been lying over on its side. And so, in order to climb up on deck, the feet of the murderer *SHOULD* have slid over to the lower end of the steps!

Why was the widow of the victim found crying BEFORE the strange murder was discovered? When Lt. Tragg entered her apartment to break the news to her, he found her peeling an onion. Was the onion *really* the cause of her tears, as she claimed? And why was Perry Mason hiding in the kitchen at the very same time?

### You Are Given All the Clues!

Erle Stanley Gardner's latest baffler doesn't hide a single clue from the reader. All the facts are before you just as Mason himself ferrets them out. But we'll wager you'll have a tough time solving this one without peeking at the very last page!

Mr. Gardner is the unchallenged best-seller of all modern mystery writers. OVER FOUR MILLION OF HIS BOOKS WERE SOLD LAST YEAR ALONE! *The Case of the Crooked Candle*, his newest Perry Mason adventure, is brand new, just published. It is selling everywhere right now for \$2.00. But we want to GIVE you a copy ABSOLUTELY FREE—to show you the kind of A-1, cream-of-the-crop mysteries you can get every month from the Detective Book Club.

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By accepting this FREE copy of *The Case of the Crooked Candle* now as a Charter Membership Gift from the Club, you will not be obligated to take every month's selection during the next 12 months. You may take as few as four during that time. You may cancel your membership whenever you wish. A description of the next month's selections will be sent you with each month's book, and you may reject in advance any volume you do not want.

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# VOX POP

*"The Voice of the People"*

## OPEN LETTER TO ONE OF OUR ADVERTISERS

NEWFOUNDLAND—The Milwaukee Road, c/o Liberty Magazine:

When I read your advertisement (page 63, June 17 Liberty,) I just could not resist cutting out the whole page and sending it home to my war bride. It expresses so beautifully what I have planned and hoped for—some day when I come back.

That page of Liberty became my entire letter home today, all I added being a



short footnote of greeting written on the page.

God speed the day when we can realize this dream—one reward victory will bring to us.—Cpl. W. H. Adams, R. C. A. F.

The ad showed a young couple sitting on a hillside looking at a vast mountain range. Underneath, it mentioned the places they would travel to "on the honeymoon that the war doesn't give us time for now!"—Vox Pop Editor.

## WHO—US?

SAN MATEO, CALIF.—Mr. Hunter's editorial Let's Continue to Debate the True Issues (August 12 Liberty) is wishful thinking on the part of an editor of a Republican magazine. The article by Richard H. Rovere in the May issue of Harpers Magazine, Dewey: The Man in the Blue Serge Suit, expresses the caliber of Mr. Dewey.

Would you have printed the Dewey article in Harpers? Of course not! Too many people would read it.

Women are going to have a big vote in November, and the majority want a statesman in the White House—not a Gang-Buster.—Mrs. Lucy P. Abbott.

P.S. I wish Quentin Reynolds had said in his Chicago speech what he says in August Coronet, page 159: "Some papers are at war with the British and the President of the U. S."—L. P. A.

## RIGHT TO THE POINT

c/o POSTMASTER, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.  
—Concerning your story Dames Is Here! in April 29 Liberty:

IT GAGS ME!—Alfred Medendorp.

## MISSION

c/o POSTMASTER, NEW YORK—In the July Liberty there was an article titled The Army's Got a Navy, Too, by Morris Markkey.

They surely have "got a Navy, too," but it seems to me that the article didn't include what in my estimation is a very important part of this Navy—the "harbor

craft companies." As a member of one I know darn well it was an oversight on his part.

This particular outfit maintains and operates craft from 26-foot boats to large seagoing tugs. Some of these boats include MTLs, TIDs, small tugs, large tugs, barges, Jay boats, sea mules, MFVs and MBFs. Depending on the situation, we may be towing, docking, or shifting ships; we may be hauling cargo or loading and unloading vessels; we may be pushing barges through narrow channels or shallow water. Some of our work even includes courier service—taking personnel where they are needed.

Several crews from this outfit took part in the invasion of France. Some of them are still there. Their work must have been important since they were personally praised by the British and American officers in charge of operations. It was their work that aided in keeping men and equipment moving forward. They worked night and day, regardless of storms and mountainous seas, and eventually had to swim ashore to save their lives.

Perhaps you can now understand why I'm irritated when I read your article and find not even a word about "harbor craft."—Sgt. Sol Wasserman.

## STONES FOR STONER

FORT HUACHUCA, ARIZ.—This is an open letter to Mr. Lew Stoner whose letter appeared in the August 5 Vox Pop.

One can easily see that your dislikes for a soldier are many. No one cares about your personal life or how hard you worked. You did it all to better yourself individually.

When you speak of soldiers in such harsh words, you are speaking of the hard workers who are trying to better the conditions of a whole nation. How long do you think you could go on living your normal life if



these griping "Mama's Boys" did not take up arms to defend you and all the others of this great nation? These "Mama's Boys" not only work hard but they give up their parents, wives, homes, and everything they love to make it safe for you to speak against them. (Try it in Germany.)

Please look a few of these facts over while you are lying in your nice soft bed. Their bed is the ground, with only the sky above to serve as a cover.—Sgt. R. E. Curtis.

## HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

PONTYPRIDD, GLAMORGAN, S. WALES, ENGLAND.—I'd like to say, as a rank outsider, how much I have enjoyed your magazine. I received it from some of your soldiers, (Continued on page 8)





**P**IN NO MEDALS on this soldier's breast—he wants them for his son. He knows that the main idea of this war is to give his. Douglas, your Mary, our Harry, a medal for being wiser, broader-visioned, more understanding than we are.

That's why, even among the ruins of battle his letter asks a brain-builder—not a block-buster, for his son.

#### **This Soldier Knows—Do You?**

"I still remember THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE I had when I was a youngster." Yes, this soldier is one of the fortunate parents who knows out of his own experience what THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE will do for his child. He remembers how easy it was to learn THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE way—the thrill of discovery as he traveled through far lands, met all the great men and women of history, and gazed through the magic windows of science.

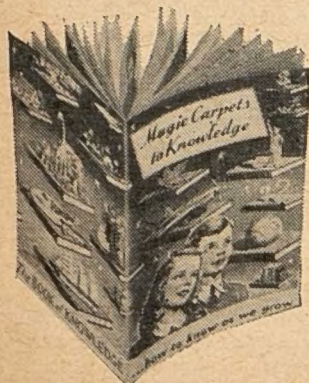
How inspired he was to learn more and more about the earth's wonders, the great inventions, literature, art, and music through the fascinating pages and 15,000 illustrations in THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE. "The conception of THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE was a stroke of genius," says *Parents' Magazine*.

#### **The Latest Revision for Your Child**

Today, for this soldier's child and yours there is an up-to-date BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE — a work far richer and fuller, revised constantly during 30 years.

#### **FREE BOOKLET OF SAMPLING PAGES FROM THE LATEST REVISED EDITION**

This new 24-page booklet, "Magic Carpets to Knowledge" will delight your boy or girl with pictures in color and gravure, and a fascinating variety of reading. Whether or not you, a parent, ever discovered The Book of Knowledge as a youngster, this booklet describing the latest edition will prove a revelation. Send the coupon, or letter or postal card for it now.



*What is this  
soldier asking  
for his child?*

*The Book of Knowledge  
2 West 45th St.  
New York City  
Gentlemen:*

*\*From a Recent  
Unsolicited Letter*

*I am enclosing a coupon from an old magazine which I read coming over on the boat. I hope the address is still correct, for all I know you may have moved in fourteen years. But I still remember The Book of Knowledge I had when I was a youngster. Now I'm interested in it for my son would you be kind enough to send*

#### **FREE BOOKLET COUPON**

The Book of Knowledge  
2 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

There are ..... children in my family, ages ..... You may send me, free, and without any obligation whatever, the beautiful descriptive booklet, "Magic Carpets to Knowledge," containing actual sampling pages from The Book of Knowledge.

Parent's Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

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ROYAL CRAFTSMEN, 36 WEST 32ND STREET, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

(Continued from page 6)

whom I met around about. I have found Liberty full of interesting stories and also the delightful spice of variety. I was particularly amused by the item in Woman-Talk (June 10) about householders bringing home their shopping in the baby carriage. We've had a shortage of paper for so long that it has now become a huge joke.

I have passed the Libertys around to the boys and girls where I work (ammunition factory) and they vote them top-hole. I shall now send the few I have to my husband out in Italy. The American lads that are around about are made very welcome and are a swell bunch. They are happy and I think they liked us. They talked a lot about home, their parents, wives, and sweethearts. Many friendships have been made, and it would be a pity if these were spoiled owing to distance. Let's hope they're not.—S. E.

### NOW YOU SEE IT— NOW YOU DON'T!

DULUTH, MINN.—The August 19 LIBERTY was directly responsible for the first great shock of my young life.

While traveling by train from St. Paul to Duluth, I discovered, in your article Hay Fever Gets the Needle, that during my week's absence Duluth had been moved



from Minnesota to Michigan. This did not surprise me too much, however, since we have not been too well satisfied with our weather this summer.

The real shock came when the train arrived at the beautiful hilly spot Duluth had formerly occupied—and there it was!—Bernard Elevitch.

O. K. We're covered with embarrassment.—  
VOX POP EDITOR.

### MORE ON "MOTHER" RACKET

HOUSTON, TEX.—The Army and Air Corps Mothers Club of Houston, Texas, feels a direct concern about the "Mother Racket."

Our organization, a non-sectarian, non-political, state-chartered Mother Club was founded for the sole purpose of enabling mothers of fighting men to further aid their beloved country in every way humanly possible.

Each and every one of us would like to carry the guns and face the foe by the side of our brave sons. This being an impossibility, we do the next best thing we know.

Ours is a morale battle. We maintain a "Home" at all hours for the convenience of every serviceman or servicewoman in our vicinity who wishes a resting place, a mother-served meal, relaxation, pleasant conversation, or entertainment.

We are in no way connected with any organized institutions and we finance our own lounge through our own efforts and the generosity of a few interested citizens.

Our pay comes from the knowledge that we have helped in our small way to hasten the day of Victory by bolstering the morale of our boys.

Our indignation at the word "Mother" being used to camouflage the most despi-

(Continued on page 10)



# "I've christened her 'Old Reliable'!"

"That's the name they should have hung on this Plymouth when they launched her in 1940. I saw sea duty in the last war, and I'm telling you this car is dependable as a ship's bell. The Navy has me doing a thousand miles of hard driving every week and the car just *has* to deliver. It *can't* let me down — and it *hasn't* let me down.

"The speedometer turned 92,000 miles the other day — and I've never been delayed a minute by any fault of the car. That's a grand record for any car at any price. It's convinced me that Plymouth is the low-cost car with the high-price features. I'm riding this model through the war, however long that takes. And the next car I get will be another Plymouth."★

★Based on an actual letter in the Plymouth files.

A NAVY COMMANDER tells this true story of Plymouth *reliability*. It comes from Plymouth's building cars to meet the toughest driving conditions. In every Plymouth, metal parts are engineered to resist salt air corrosion . . . brakes to operate long and safely in mountain country . . . cooling system to work efficiently in desert heat. Every other feature is as thoroughly proven.

Right now the Plymouth factories are making war weapons only. But Plymouths were built to last a long time — especially when serviced by experienced, well-equipped Plymouth dealers.

Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

YOU'LL ENJOY MAJOR BOWES THURSDAYS, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

**BUY WAR BONDS... TO HAVE AND TO HOLD**





cable treason in its ugliest form and the most detrimental racket imaginable is consuming and without bounds.

We openly protest and denounce all such phony propaganda groups and feel, as do all decent, God-fearing women, that all such groups should be forced to drop the name "Mother" from their titles forever.

We pray if there is any way in which we can aid in the denouncement of these dangerous criminals we will be given the opportunity to do so.—Mrs. Irene Stenzel, President.

## NON-SLANTED

ANN ARBOR, MICH.—Your informative article To the Victors Belong the Committees (August 5 Liberty), stating what our congressional leadership will be like if the G. O. P. wins in November, represents a distinct public service. I myself would have wished to "slant" the article by showing that IF the Republicans capture Congress, then there will set in the tragic drift toward the narrow, short-sighted nationalism of Ham Fish and Senator Vandenberg. But the article just as it appeared is a signal aid to clear thinking as America enters these final weeks of partisan campaign ballyhoo.—Carlton F. Wells.

## HARA-KIRI

WASHINGTON, D. C.—L'Affaire Sweeney by Richard G. Hubler (August 12 Liberty) states:

"The Japanese had committed hara-kiri with dynamite."

Now, I ask you! Hara-kiri is a cere-

monious form of suicide, in a particular manner and with a particular type of sword or knife. Mass suicide with dynamite would not have been hara-kiri, nor would Minnie and Sweeney have escaped



had dynamite been used in the manner described.

Shoemaker, stick to your last. If you understand Marines, write about them by all means, but use the encyclopedia when in doubt about side issues.—Russell Dean Fisher.

## HEAT WAVE

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—Here's a poem I dedicate to Hardtack. After you've read it through once, read it from top to bottom using just the first letter of each line:

Lovable Hardtack, the wonder child.  
Interesting stories, nicely styled,  
Brimful of reading, very well phrased;  
Each issue a "gem" rightfully appraised.  
Readers just love it, truthfully amazed.  
Timely articles for layman or scholar.  
Yes, only a dime, but well worth a dollar.

The capital letters of each line when read downward spell the name of my favorite magazine. I guess the heat has me when I start writing poetry—especially to a magazine editor.—S. L. Goldstein.



## ARMY OF SHADOWS

By Joseph Kessel

Liberty's Book Condensation

The soul of the real France—the France that the Gestapo and Vichy's collaborators were never able to suppress—shines through these exploits of the underground movement. Kessel was himself an active member of the Army of Shadows before his escape to London.

## THE DEWEY PERSONALITY

By Marquis W. Childs

So you think you know Dewey? Republicans and Democrats alike will find some fascinating revelations in this frank appraisal of Dewey, the man.

## MONEY MAKES THE WORLD GO

By Sylvia F. Porter

Maybe you know there was a world financial conference at Bretton Woods this summer. But did you know it was all about you—your job—and your pay check?

## PORTRAIT OF TWO FIGHTING MEN

By Bob Considine

Meet Billy Southworth, manager of the St. Louis Cards, and Major Billy Southworth, Jr., Fortress pilot—a father and son who know teamwork pays off.

## THE ARMY AIR FORCES' G. I. HEAVEN

By Captain Paul R. Hill

A combination college and country club where convalescent servicemen get back on their feet in a type of Army life that's a G. I. dream!

## ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

By Captain Cortez F. Enloe, Jr., M. C.

This is no story of a big mass air strike. It's just the tale of a routine day, but it's as thrilling and as tragic as the greatest raid ever.

## BESSIE ARBRUSTER GOES SUPER-SNOOPING

By Ronald G. Sercombe

Liberty's swashbuckling heroine was "brung up to keep out of other people's business." But when a bootleg gang moved in on her, Bessie lost her manners with a bang!

## FURLOUGH FOR HANNAH

By Darby St. John

With important company arriving, Hannah the maid decided to stay in bed. Her rest cure complicated a social problem but led to the solution of a problem of the heart.

**Royalton CROWN**

*For Men who Really Know Pipes*

TRANSPARENT MOUTHPIECE

CONDENSING CHAMBER traps and holds bitter juices and sediment

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BOWL GUARD keeps shank and bowl dry

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B-29 Superfortress compared to B-17 Flying Fortress.



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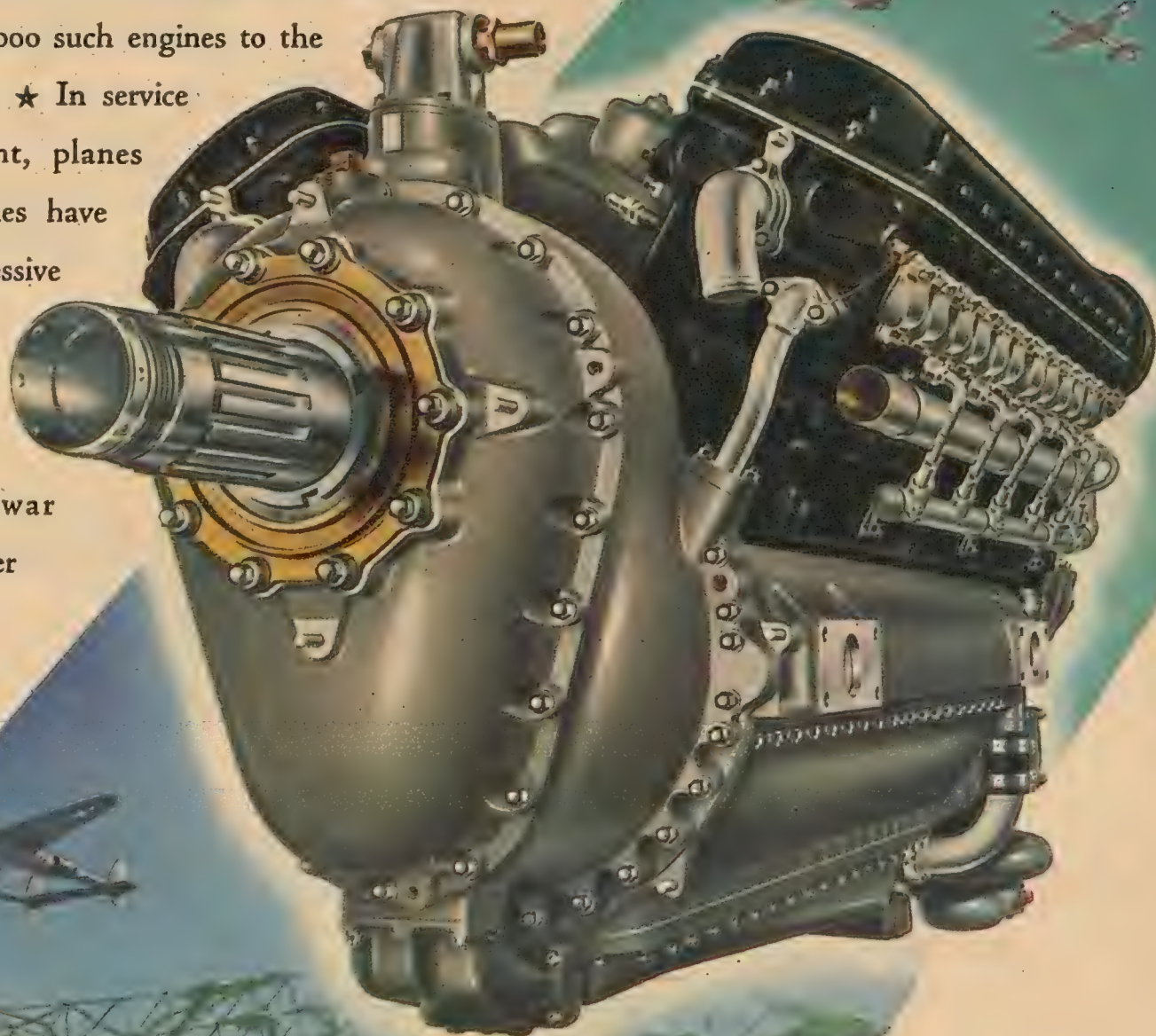


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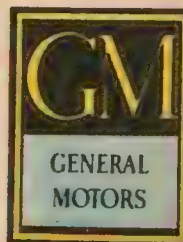
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# THIS MAN'S WAR

## CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

FOR the enlightenment of civilians, Seaman 1/C Aaron Todd, Jr., of the Navy asks me to print this picture in verse of the serviceman's life on an island in the Southwest Pacific. The author is Todd's cousin, Pfc. James E. Hemphill of the Marines, who was wounded in action shortly after writing the following:

Somewhere on a South Sea island  
Where the sun is like a curse,  
And each long day is followed  
By another slightly worse,  
Where the coral dust blows thicker  
Than the desert's shifting sands,  
And the white men dream of finer,  
Cooler, cleaner, greener lands.

Somewhere in the South Pacific,  
Where a woman's never seen,  
Where the sky is never cloudy  
And the grass is never green,  
Where the gooney birds scream nightly,



Nightly

Robbing man of blessed sleep,  
Where there isn't any whisky,  
Just two cans of beer a week.

Somewhere in the blue Pacific,  
Where the mail is always late,  
Where Christmas cards in April  
Are considered up to date,  
Where we always sign the payroll  
But never draw a cent,  
Where we never miss the money,  
'Cause there's no place to get it spent.

Somewhere in a southern ocean,  
Where the gooneys moan and cry,  
And the lumbering deep-sea turtles  
Come up on the beach to die.  
Oh, take me back to San Diego,  
The place I love so well,  
For this God-forsaken island  
Is awful close to hell!

And here's part of a poem called To My Daddy, written by Mrs. E. A. Lemmon of Mentor, Ohio, for her small daughter, whose father is overseas:

I have only seen you for a minute;  
My Mommie's locket has your picture in it.  
As she sits down each night to write  
She holds your picture under the light.  
I look at her and wonder why  
She has a teardrop in each eye.

She'll smile and tell me she's not blue,  
But I know, Daddy, she's thinking of you.  
She tells me as often as she can  
That you're off fighting for Uncle Sam.  
When this war is over—and it's going to be—  
Then you'll come home to her and me.

And now we'll have to end the verse for this time.

OLD SARGE.

\* \* \*

When I was let out of the Army over a year ago, my honorable discharge bore the following notations: "Sect. X, AR 615-360 & W. D. #395, 1942, per Par. 14, S. O. #32." What in hell does that mean?

C. J., Harrisburg, Pa.

That Chinese puzzle deciphered means you were discharged under authority of Section X (convenience of the Government), Army Regulation 615-360 (Discharge of enlisted men) as a limited service man (W. D. Circular 395, dated 1942), as per Paragraph 14, published in Special Order 32, issued by your post commander.

\* \* \*

Sarge, count me in alongside Plain Jane in her protest against our boys being annexed by foreign war brides. I have a boy friend overseas and we have an understanding that we'll be married when he returns. Imagine how I'd feel if he brought home a wife! I don't think the three-month waiting period required before a serviceman can get permission to marry while overseas is enough. I think boys should be barred from marrying girls they meet abroad until they've been sent home and are able to look the situation over.

Margie, Pawtucket, R. I.

You've made a good statement of a woman's viewpoint, Margie. But apparently the masculine outlook is somewhat different. For instance, Pvt. C. O. C. of Camp Shelby, Mississippi, writes: "If G. I. Joe can fight to help liberate foreign girls, he should have the privilege of marrying one of them if he wants to. What is so wrong about a foreign girl, anyway? All our ancestors were foreigners at one time."

\* \* \*

Sarge, I'm an ex-Marine and I would like help in tracing my eldest son. He and another child were in my wife's custody when we were divorced some years back. I contributed to their support and visited them when I could. But later their mother remarried and their stepfather forced the children to leave home. I know the boy is in the Navy, but his mother will not respond to my requests for his address.

J. R., Detroit, Mich.

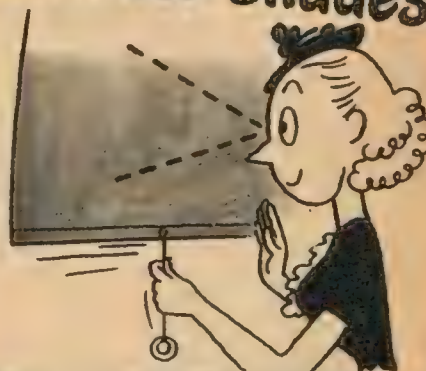
Write the Chief of the Bureau of Personnel, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

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# ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH



One of the Navy's Curtiss SB2C Helldivers in action over burning Wadke Island in the Pacific, which has since capitulated to American forces.

## Robot Bombing—Present and Future

Robot bombing of southern England gives a new and ominous twist to warfare. Admittedly the Germans have caused more damage and concern than had been expected. The robot bomb is a real menace.

Last fall the Allies knew the Nazis were preparing for some such type of offensive. Day after day the installations in occupied France were bombed and, frankly, our military leaders thought they had ended the threat. But the Germans built their installations in such a way as to be protected against Allied bombs. To knock out one of these launching bases is difficult.

Perhaps most significant is the fact that robot bombing cannot be accurate enough to have any real military importance. It is impossible to launch robot bombs toward a particular target. All that can be accomplished is to send a bomb into a sprawling area such as London and of course something, somewhere, is hit. It is warfare against civilians, and as such it is a brand-new phase of a world conflict.

Needless to say, this type of warfare will not win the war for the Germans. The British took the 1940-41 blitz in grand style, as perhaps no other people in the world could take it. No robot bombing is going to make them give up. On the other hand, there is no use in underestimating the annoyance, the casualties, the physical damage, and the indirect effect on the war effort which robot bombing can bring.

There is cause for concern in the future, too. The robot bomb of today is in the same stage of development that the airplane was in 1914. The German promise to bomb the east coast of the United States with these robots, while of no special importance at this stage of the war, should not be passed up idly as to possible future world conflicts. There is no telling how large such bombs can be built or how far they can be made to travel.

There is nothing startlingly new about them. The Allies have never gone in for such warfare because they only cause hit-and-miss damage to civilian centers. They aren't military in purpose or objective. But it is now obvious that the Germans have turned much productive machinery to work in building quantities of these robots, and had their campaign started last year, before invasion began, the results would not be pleasant.

Robot bombs are a deadly means of warfare. They don't require good weather in

which to operate. No matter where they strike, damage is done. They can pour into an area twenty-four hours a day. They are difficult to intercept, and even when they are intercepted, they can cause trouble. They are deadly in all cases, unless they are duds.

When an enemy airplane is shot down, the enemy loses a pilot or a crew, plus an airplane that has value. But a robot bomb is expendable anyway, so its interception only lessens the damage it might have caused had it continued to a highly-populated area. And they use the jet principle, which means extremely simple operation and a moderate amount of fuel. The importance of the German robot bombs can't be passed over lightly.

## A Dangerous Task

We now have a "tunnel ace" in the Army Air Forces! It seems that tunnel-busting is a special art and to make a "hole in one" isn't as easy as it sounds. Our "tunnel ace" has made five successful "holes in one" in Italy, where he is commanding officer of a squadron of Republic P-47 Thunderbolts. He is Major William P. Benedict, son of a guard at San Quentin Penitentiary.

Major Benedict's squadron was among those given the job of strangling German supply lines in Italy. They blew up railroads and highways all over the place, but the major got the idea that a really effective way of stopping rail traffic was to destroy rail tunnels.

Once he managed to put two 1,000-pound bombs squarely in the mouth of a tunnel about ten miles southwest of Buonconvento. This is the most difficult operation of all, for usually one bomb may go into the tunnel opening but the other explodes outside, and this may have a none too pleasant effect on the plane and pilot. But approaching this particular tunnel, Major Benedict went into a long, flat glide, as if for a strafing attack, with the nose of his Thunderbolt pointed into the tunnel mouth. About twenty yards from the mouth he released his bombs, pulled up in a vertical bank. The delayed-action bombs exploded after he had reached a safe altitude. The whole south end of the tunnel caved in. No more German supplies moved on that line.

On several occasions he has lobbed a bomb into one end of a tunnel and flown on to see smoke issuing from the other end. So hazardous were these self-assigned missions that the major refused to allow



any of the other pilots to imitate his technique. Tree-scraping isn't unusual for a tunnel expert.

### Lend-lease Proves Itself

Bell Aircraft Corporation of Buffalo, New York, is bursting with pride these days. Not only do the Russian Air Forces like the Bell P-39 Airacobra, but the top Red Air Force ace, Lieutenant Colonel Alexander Pokryshkin, has had 48 of his 59 air victories while flying the American airplane.

Lieutenant General L. G. Rudenko of the U. S. S. R. Army Air Forces sent to Bell Aircraft the names of all Russian pilots who have shot down twenty or more enemy planes while flying Airacobras. There were ten names on the list and their total of enemy planes destroyed amounted to 234.

Large quantities of P-39s have gone to Russia, and it is now revealed that the latest version, the larger P-63 Kingcobra, will be sent to Russia also.

### Pilots in the Making

Our Army Air Forces had a total personnel of only 21,556 in 1939. But in 1944 it is training 110,000 pilots a year, and pilots are only a small part, numerically, of the 2,385,000 men that constituted the A. A. F. the first of this year.

Pilot training is more complicated than the average person realizes, for there are so many types of airplanes and so many kinds of flying. Photographic work, reconnaissance, long-range strategic bombing, aerial fighting, strafing, attack bombing, dive bombing, transport flying—each is in a field by itself.

The single-engined fighter pilot can't fly a twin-engined bomber or a four-engined transport or Flying Fortress without additional special training. The heavy-bomber pilot is of no use in a highly maneuverable P-38 Lightning.

No other nation in the world has approached the training figure of 110,000 in one year. And no other nation has given its men such thorough instruction. If there is any criticism, it is that our training has been done largely under ideal conditions—conditions which the pilot rarely finds in battle areas.

Often he isn't prepared for the rough stuff of combat. But he soon learns, even though it's by the hard way. The A. A. F. is now sending returning combat pilots to the schools so they can pass on firsthand experience to the fledglings. This has worked out quite well.

### Beating the Fran Sue Record

On this page for July 22 we told you of the record of the Flying Fortress Fran Sue flying 1,009½ hours without an engine overhaul.

Thanks to Second Lieutenant Lynn H. Wade of Tyndall Field, Panama City, Florida, I can tell you that Fran Sue's record has been broken by Old TY-49, also a Boeing B-17 Fortress, which reached 1,134¼ hours of flying time without a major overhaul.

Old 49, as the ship is known affectionately by its crew, established her record at the Army Air Forces Flexible Gunnery School at Tyndall Field. She claims the record. Colonel John W. Persons, commanding officer of Tyndall Field, flew Old 49 across the 1,000-hour mark and the crew kept it going for several more weeks. During her last hours in the air one of her engines used only eight quarts of oil in twenty-five hours, a consumption equal to that of a new engine. The engines, incidentally, are 1,200-horsepower Wright Cyclones.



## To ex-flier fathers of flying sons . . .



The bomber pilot of this war is schooled in twin-engine trainers so far ahead of anything you flew that it isn't funny!

During this transitional stage, the pilot of today has *three* parachutes . . . He sits on one, and the other *two* are in the nacelles—a pair of Jacobs engines.

Do you remember how the old OX occasionally changed its tune in the air, and gave off a faltering falsetto that made your heart crowd your tonsils, waiting for engine failure? Well, this Jacobs engine sings bass all the time! There isn't anything your kid can do, short of crashing, that hasn't been done to a Jacobs in its many years of service.

**T**HE JACOBS has no more tricks or temperament in its system than a sewing machine. Just as long as the gas keeps coming, the engine keeps going, and it never plays tag with the tachometer or the pilot's nerves.

Under hard student handling, the Jacobs stands up for more than 1,000

hours between major overhauls. Enough air hours to send fifteen students on to the next stage!

And the Jacobs doesn't need a genius to service it. Simple in construction, it can be both easily checked and quickly overhauled.

**S**o while your son is training with the Jacobs, fear of engine failure need not bother you or him. And this engine is kind to the taxpayers, too, in fuel consumption and upkeep costs.

The war record of these engines makes Jacobs worth watching for post-war planes and operation . . .

When you find yourself a passenger in back of one, you will know that the operator knows engines, and isn't careless with operating costs . . . Jacobs Aircraft Engine Company.



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Now, harnessing the mysterious penetrating power of radium rays, Texaco research has developed the "Penetron." By merely placing this amazing instrument on the outside of a tank or pipe, it sees through the steel and quickly and accurately measures its thickness.

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**Liberty**

THE MAGAZINE OF  
A FREE PEOPLE

This is the East and its peoples. A hardware store in Batavia, Java.

PHOTO FROM EUROPEAN

# WILL THE ATLANTIC CHARTER APPLY IN THE PACIFIC?

BY GEORGE HOWES

**W**HEN General MacArthur's troops swarmed ashore to capture Hollandia in Netherlands New Guinea last April, the Dutch tricolor flew above a section of the first wave of invasion. It was carried by a small group of Netherlands Indies officials, Javanese police, and interpreters, and the action symbolized the return to Dutch civil administration of this bit of Holland-in-the-Orient wrested from Japan. Similarly, after we seized Guadalcanal, New Britain, and other foreign areas in the Southwest Pacific, they were promptly returned to Australian or British civil rule. No questions were asked.

In the not too distant future, far bigger prizes will fall into our lap—Java, Sumatra, Malaya, French Indo-China, and other rich territories. They will have cost us plenty in blood and money. Will we turn them back, without a word, to their former owners? Or will we say, "Look, here are your lost colonies. Take them, but we expect . . . a few changes?"

It is becoming increasingly evident that official America is vitally interested in this vast trans-Pacific world. The airplane has brought it to our back door, and in it—if we include China, India, and Japan—live half the people of the globe amid a

**Will freedom come to Asiatic peoples when we have thrown the Japs out? An analysis of the policy of America and her allies regarding erstwhile colonies**

great proportion of its natural wealth. Britain and the Soviet Union seem likely to dominate postwar Europe, and America's eyes are turning westward.

This is entirely logical for several reasons. When we think of security and our present troubles, we recall that a little incident in Manchuria in 1931 lighted the firecracker that exploded ten years later at Pearl Harbor. When we look for overseas trade and new markets, we turn not so much toward industrialized Europe as to more primitive Asia and the peoples there who need the products of our fac-

tories. When we seek raw materials, we look across the Pacific, where there are rubber, tin, quinine, and spices. The fact that great areas of Asia are owned or dominated by European powers will not exclude us from the new deal in the Pacific.

Our official attitude toward colonies and dependent peoples is an integral part of our postwar program regarding security, a better America, and a better world. We want to help, not exploit, backward peoples. You can call this policy one of enlightened self-interest, for we want to raise their standards of living and thus their purchasing power, and to sell them goods. Selling goods means more jobs in America.

The first declaration aimed at a brave new world was the Atlantic Charter, a set of objectives enunciated on August 12, 1941, by President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill and later signed by all the United Nations. According to it, "they wish to see sovereign rights and self-government restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them," and said they would endeavor to "further the enjoyment of all States . . . of access, on

(Continued on page 78)





# SHE MARRIED

**T**HERE was a delay. Something important had happened. Messengers flitted by her, telephones rang far away, and there was a suppressed tension. At fifteen-minute intervals the major came over to the red leather settee where she sat.

"It will only be a minute now, Mrs. Wilson," he said. "Just a minute."

It was ninety-five minutes really. The cameramen across the room in the other red settee drowsed patiently. One winked at her after the major said, for the fifth time, it would be only a minute.

She had ninety-five minutes to sit and think, and presently, in defense against the waiting, the abrupt throbbing of buzzers, and the urgent feet of messengers, she remembered many things and times.

**T**HE big cream convertible flowed effortlessly by lesser cars, its chromed nose shoving arrogantly in and out of traffic pockets.

Buck was driving; he had been driving nearly all the way. After five hundred miles he hadn't wearied of the feel of a hundred and forty horses harnessed in velvet, reined firm in his hands and feet. Van was content with that. She enjoyed lounging on the tooled red leather seat beside him, watching the play of pleasure on his face. At times, with boyish awe of the machine, he looked hardly older than his twenty-four years.

She felt warm anticipatory tingles when he looked like that. If he got such a thrill out of driving this old clattertrap—it was all of four years old now, three more than she'd ever kept a car in her life—if he thought this was a thrill, what real enchantment lay ahead of him!

Nothing had marred the sunlit fall day, or the long drive through the countryside. Not even the three motorcycle policemen who had stormed alongside, and made Buck pull over and stop.

The first one dismounted and came over with a face like a thundercloud. He glared at Buck, swept a scornful glance at the silver wings on Buck's shoulders.

"Think you're driving an airplane?" he snarled, pulling out his summons book.

"No, sir," said Buck, and flushed.

"I suppose," the policeman went on, angrily, "you think those will save you from a ticket."

He nodded at the wings.

"No, sir," said Buck.

"Well, they won't!" the policeman snapped. He snapped his summons books open, swept another glance at the insignia on the uniform. He took in Van, lounging back, very cool and slim, and the narrow band on her finger. "Honeymoon-in', I suppose," he commented.

Buck flushed again. "Yes, sir."

He snapped his summons book shut. "Next time I get you," he threatened fiercely, "I'll give you one, sure. I swear I will."

The other two were in varying degrees of belligerence, but pretty much the same.

After each such encounter, Buck held the big convertible down to an uneasy thirty or so, murmuring apologetically about keeping an eye on the speedometer.

"But why worry about that?" she laughed. "It's only a twenty-five-dollar fine—if they do give you a ticket. And if

"Come in! Come in!" the large hennaed woman urged. "So this is the bride!"



any of them get serious enough to read your license, and see it's Buck Wilson they're dealing with, they'll probably ask for your autograph instead of giving you theirs."

"Twenty-five is a lot of money."

"Nonsense!" she interrupted. "It isn't."

He didn't argue with her. He just smiled, and after fifteen minutes or so, the big silver needle of the speedometer would start climbing and he would be lost again in the thrill of driving the big convertible.

At lunch she had puzzled aloud that he should find a kick in a one-hundred-and-forty-horsepower engine, when he was used to fifteen-hundred- and two-thousand-horsepower engines.

"Maybe," he said, "it's because you need about ninety-nine out of every hundred horses in those jobs—they didn't put any extras in just to play with. Your car is different. You need maybe twenty horses. The other one-twenty are just—luxury."

And he enjoyed luxury; he savored it as a starved man savors fine food. That had been her first impression when she walked into the Dalwood library and found him there, just two weeks ago today. He was sitting, drinking in the feel of the fine soft leather of the chair, the mellow warmth of the rubbed walnut wall panels, the rows upon rows of beautifully bound books. And when she came in, his eyes turned to her and drank her in, too, appreciatively.

She said, "You're Buck Wilson, aren't you?" Though he didn't look a bit as she had pictured him from Emmett's letters—not by fifteen years or more.

He had risen, easily but slowly, as though he enjoyed moving slowly.

"Yes. I guess you're Van?"

"Then Emmett's home?" she asked.

"Yes. Upstairs. With Mr. Dalwood."

SHE flashed out of the room, up the curving stairway to the little sitting room. Her father was facing the doorway, and his face was alight. Emmett's back was toward her, and from the back he looked the same.

But when he rose and turned, her heart gave a little wrench. His face was brown and lean—and shockingly, shockingly older. She had a confused impression that she was looking at her brother as he would look fifteen years from now.

"Em!" she cried, as he caught her in a quick hard hug and then grinned. Even his eyes at close range were so much older. "Em, what have they done to you?"

"Not a thing!" he assured her, smiling. "They've just been feeding me well, making me keep decent hours, and I work—well, hardly a day a week, all told." He laughed. "What in heaven's name are you looking at me like that for?"

She said, "You look—so different."

He reminded her, "You haven't seen me in two years. You look different yourself."

"Why didn't you wire?"

"Too dangerous. If Hitler got word that Buck and I were taking a furlough, he'd probably try to recapture Sicily and Africa," Emmett explained with facetious gravity. "Buck's with me."

"I know. I met him downstairs."

Even then it wasn't as though Buck was a stranger. In the two and a half years since Emmett went into the Air Corps, Buck had become almost a familiar figure in the Dalwood home through her brother's letters. They had met at flying school and were friends. They were together through Libya and Eritrea and Tunisia and Sicily.

It was during Sicily that she found mention of Emmett twice in the papers—quite large splashes of news. The splashes about Buck came earlier and oftener, though they weren't quite as large. It was news when Emmett Dalwood, the son of John E. Dalwood of New York, got a Focke-Wulf; it was news when Buckley Wilson of Parthenia got three of them in a day.

"A friend of my brother," she said

**There will be many a marriage like this—the rich girl and the war hero. But can love build a bridge that will reach as far as the other side of the tracks?**

once, with studiously offhand pride, when lunching with a friend in the Golden Club.

"OH, did you?" said Emmett.

"I guessed immediately who he was—but I didn't think he was that old."

"He's two years younger than I am."

"No! Why he—" she stopped. Buck had looked older than the Emmett who went away; but not the Emmett there now.

Emmett read her thoughts. "It's the dissipated life we lead," he said lightly.

Whatever it was that had webbed the corners of her brother's eyes and aged them, it wasn't dissipation.

"A very fine young fellow," her father said, "from the glimpse I had of him."

"We'd better get back to him," said Emmett. "Buck," he explained, "had a quaint notion that the returning hero's family would like to have him alone for the first minute or two."

"Is he staying?" she asked.

"Here? For two days, maybe three. Then he's going out to see his folks."

"Oh, fine. I'd like to know him better."

"Well, now," Emmett said protestingly, "I don't expect him to sit around the house, spending his couple of days in New York getting acquainted with you!"

Her father said, "I should think not," chuckling.

"Night clubs, a couple of shows, a few drinks, a pretty girl to talk to," said Emmett. "That's more like it. And—by the way, Sis! Maybe you can help out."

"Yes?"

"I've been trying to get a date for him. But most of my telephone numbers have babies now. Will you dig him up a date?"

"A pretty girl?"

"Must be pretty! Absolutely."

"I gather you think I'm homely as sin."

He eyed her critically. "Might pass in a crowd," he teased.

She fell into his light mood. "And with able-bodied males as scarce as dodoes, with Ethel Gorham high-hatting us because she could sport a male who'd been on Guadalcanal, with that situation you'd bestow your precious Buck on any pretty girl? That's brotherly loyalty for you!"

Her father said, "You'll find the girls all very shy and retiring, Emmett, like Van."

Emmett laughed, but his eyes were serious. "All right. Not that I can deliver him—dumb with adoration—to your feet, Van. But you never did have much trouble there. Just one thing—"

"Yes?"

"Don't hurt him."

"Good heavens! Is he hypersensitive?"

Emmett said, "Sensitive? No. I mean—" he groped for words, gave it up. "Just don't hurt him, Van. Anyway," he added, "in two days you can't do any damage."

Buck didn't go home in two days. On the second day he telegraphed his mother. On the fourth he wrote. On the sixth he wrote again. On the second day the reason possibly might have been that he was fascinated by New York. On the fourth,

(Continued on page 52)



After he disappeared Van got out of the car and walked down the street.



Behind the gigantic Soviet offensive is one of the great "brain" generals of this war—possibly of all time. The story of Russia's "unknown" soldier



BY  
CAPTAIN JOHN H. CRAIGE

Marshal Vasilevsky, the brain behind the Russian Army.

PHOTOS FROM SOVFOTO

## RUSSIA'S WIZARD OF WAR

**D**AY and night, as Moscow's guns roar out salvos in celebration of Russian triumphs, a curly-haired giant of a man with the forehead of a philosopher and the muscles of a blacksmith sits planning and thinking in the vast underground headquarters of the Red Army deep beneath the heart of the city.

He never hears the thunder of the guns, never takes part in the celebrations that accompany their firing, but he is the man who makes the victory salutes possible. He is Marshal Alexander Mikhailovitch Vasilevsky, the brain behind the gigantic Soviet offensive, chief of Russia's Stavka, the great General Staff of the Red Army, and Premier Joseph Stalin's favorite general.

He has been at the head of the Red Army's brain trust for approximately two years. During that time an unbroken succession of victories has changed the course of the war from threatened Soviet destruction to triumph and the assurance that Russia will emerge from the war more powerful than ever before. Yet to the average citizen outside the Soviet Union Vasilevsky is just another of Russia's unknown soldiers.

As he sits in his vaultlike staff office, with its myriad maps and tangle of communications lines, telephone bells jingle almost continuously. At his left hand are instruments connecting him with his Army commanders along the whole Russian-German front. At his right is a single receiver, linked by direct wire with the Kremlin. He has only to lift it at any hour of the day or night to speak to Premier

Stalin, Russia's supreme commander in chief.

This he invariably does before embarking on any new enterprise. A few seconds after talking to Stalin he may be flashing orders for new troop concentrations, new strategic moves, and new offensives.

It is an open secret that highly placed members of Moscow's officialdom have long considered Marshal Vasilevsky an outstanding military genius, perhaps Russia's greatest general of all time. A large section of Allied military opinion is inclined to go a step further and acclaim the Red Army wizard as one of the supreme "brain generals" of all time.

In the graphic slang of the war colleges, military leaders are divided into two classifications: "brain generals" and "fist generals." Both are necessary to success in modern warfare. The fist general is the lineal descendant of the paladins of antiquity, who dashed into battle at the head of their troops and won victory by their personal courage and the strength of their own right arms. The fist general may be, and frequently is, beautiful but dumb. But he must be a one-idea man, bubbling over with courage and the spirit of the offensive, able to inspire his troops with his own contempt of death.

Far different are the qualities required in a brain general. He does not need physical strength, nor even physical courage. Among the great leaders of this type have been many who were weaklings and cripples. What the brain general must have is the ice-cold intellect of a great chess player or mathematician, along with the

power to retain limitless facts and figures fresh in mind, ready for instant use.

Fighting armies today demand that their leaders combine the qualities of both, although the proportions of the qualities may and do vary. The Red Army saw to it that Marshal Vasilevsky got plenty of service as a "fist man" on his way up to supreme rank, but it is as a "brain man" that he has won his laurels.

His job today is probably the biggest master-minding hot spot in the history of war. Nearest approach to it is that of our own General George C. Marshall. But Russia is nearly three times as big in area as the United States, and while General Marshall has the world's greatest organization of civilian production and transportation experts to assist him, in Russia, industry, railroads, and nearly everything else are run directly by the government, which, in war, means the Army.

And when Vasilevsky took office, enemy armies of more than 3,000,000 men had penetrated approximately 1,000 miles into Russian territory. The best way to visualize the job that faced him when he became chief of staff is to imagine the United States invaded by gigantic enemy hosts that had landed on the Atlantic coast and overrun American territory as far west as Detroit and Pittsburgh, with a spearhead reaching to the Missouri River at Omaha. That would correspond roughly to the situation of Russia in the desperate summer of 1942.

Proof of Marshal Vasilevsky's military genius lies in the tale of his accomplishments. Many of its details remain obscure, but bit by bit, from Russian, German, and



Allied sources, the story has built itself up of a series of campaigns that seem likely to go down in history as among the most remarkable in modern war. Brains, not brawn, played the dominant role. The Red Army proved a magnificent weapon. But it was the brain of Vasilevsky that forged the weapon and directed the strokes that brought victory. The forty-seven-year-old Cossack chief of staff has handled with consummate skill the thousands of officers, scientists, and experts of the Red Army's great general staff and has maneuvered the divisions and corps of Russia's 15,000,000-man armies as a master of chess moves pawns, knights, and castles.

Marshal Vasilevsky became head of the Red Army's General Staff late in September, 1942, according to prevailing opinion in Moscow, although the date of his original appointment has never been revealed officially. In April, 1943, a brief Soviet communiqué announced his confirmation as head of the Stavka, although by that time the public had known for months that he was the Red Army's boss.

The immediate cause of his appointment seems unquestionably to have been the sudden illness of Marshal Boris Shaposhnikov, preceding staff chief. Shaposhnikov, formerly a brilliant officer in the Russian Army of Czar Nicholas, had long been a little-advertised but potent Soviet military figure. He was good, but his successor is better. Vasilevsky undoubtedly owes his promotion not only to his ability as a planner and thinker, but to his long-standing friendship with Shaposhnikov and with Premier Stalin.

VASILEVSKY had served with Marshal Shaposhnikov as his deputy and chief assistant, first as major general, then as colonel general—a Red Army grade for which there is no American equivalent. Shaposhnikov and Vasilevsky between them were responsible for the plans for the defense of Moscow in 1941. The same team picked Stalingrad as the spot where the do-or-die battle for the defeat of Hitler's hordes must be fought. There is also evidence that Marshal Shaposhnikov realized that the organization of the Red Army must be drastically overhauled, but up to the time of his illness little progress in that direction was apparent.

With the advent of September, 1942, Soviet military fortunes were at a low ebb. Nazi armies had conquered more than half a million square miles of Russia's richest territory. In the north, Leningrad, second Russian city, was closely besieged. In the center, German artillery was planted almost within gunshot of Moscow, while in the south the Donets Basin and the Ukraine had been lost, and the fate of the Caucasus, with its limitless fields of petroleum, life-blood of war, trembled in the balance.

Stalingrad was the key to the defense of the Caucasus because it was the center of the whole system of road, railroad, and river transportation connecting the oil districts with the rest of Russia. More than that, it was the last bastion defending the transportation lines from Iran, over which poured Lend-Lease supplies from the United States and Britain.

Russian and German forces had slugged each other punch-drunk in the battle for the possession of the strategic city, with the Russians holding on by an eyelash in the ruined factories and bomb-shattered dwellings. In September both sides were reorganizing their forces and bringing up reinforcements for what they knew must prove the final round of the battle.

Something drastic had to be done at Stalingrad. At Premier Stalin's command, Vasilevsky, General Gregory K. Zhukov, one of the Soviet's outstanding soldiers, and General Nikolai N. Voronov, the Red

Army's foremost artillery expert, were dispatched to the Stalingrad front to assume complete control of operations. Swiftly they diagnosed the weakness of the Nazi position. The Germans' spearhead at Stalingrad stuck out like a thumb, more than 200 miles from the knuckles of the supporting fist. About the middle of November, the generals launched the first of a series of Russian blows of a new and daring tactical type, aimed at cutting off the thumb, at the tip of which was Marshal Friedrich von Paulus' Sixth Army.

These blows were successful from the start. By the middle of December, Red Army forces had cut completely across the thumb's shank and the isolation of von Paulus' army was complete. Then winter came to the Russians' aid. Cut off from supplies and lacking food and winter clothing, the German host starved and froze. By February 2, 1943, Marshal von Paulus was a prisoner and the last of his army was killed or captured. According to Russian communiqués, the German force destroyed totaled more than 300,000 men, while 91,000 prisoners were taken, including a field marshal and twenty-four generals.

The victory of Stalingrad ended Adolf Hitler's dream of the conquest of the Caucasus and shut the door to victory in Russia firmly in the Nazis' faces. For Russia and the United Nations it marked the turning point of the war.

Vasilevsky was confirmed as chief of staff, raised to the rank of field marshal, and decorated by Premier Stalin with the highest award of the Soviet Union, the Order of Victory, a five-pointed ruby star mounted with diamonds. Generals Zhukov and Voronov were also decorated and promoted to the rank of field marshal.

The new chief of staff did not rest on his laurels. No sooner was the Stalingrad victory assured than he plunged into the task of reorganizing the Red Army's system of administration. Until then, the Soviet's military forces at the front had been divided into three colossal armies, of the North, the Center, and the South, each commanded by a single general. There were about 1,500,000 combat troops in each

of these vast fighting machines and each general was responsible for a front of more than 300 miles.

Vasilevsky felt that this was far too big a job for any one man. He carved the three original armies into about a dozen command areas, each with its own general, its own staff, and its own independent supply organization.

Staffs for the new armies and commanding generals were chosen from among Russia's ablest and most competent young officers. So rapidly did the Red Army General Staff work under its new commander that the job of reorganization was completed within weeks. But even before it was finished, plans began to emerge from Moscow's Stavka for the series of Russian offensives for the summer of 1943.

The new Russian armies struck successive hammer blows in sectors from the Caucasus to Leningrad with a rapidity, precision, and force that the Nazi High Command was unable to anticipate or parry. The Ukraine, the Crimea, and the Donets Basin were reconquered in rapid succession. When the Soviet forces paused for breath, more than half a million square miles of Russian territory had been liberated. Then, after a brief pause, the Russian armies jumped off again in June, 1944.

THE miracle behind the tremendous Russian victory campaign is the staff work. Russian staff work has been traditionally excellent since the days of the czars, but under Vasilevsky it has reached new heights of perfection. Often as many as three or four separate offensives were in progress all at once on different sectors of the fighting line. Yet the whole has been directed with matchless precision down to the smallest detail. Vasilevsky, apparently, has the rare military faculty of foreseeing every situation and providing for the smallest detail long before the need arises. Frequently, to check his judgment of a particular situation, he indulges in lightning inspection trips to one or more fronts. These are never mentioned in the Soviet press until long after they are completed, but his private train stands ready at all times  
(Continued on page 62)



The Soviet forces roll to victory in pursuance of Vasilevsky's over-all strategic plan.



# A LIFE IS A LIFE

Cheating at cards is always dangerous, but there are times when not cheating is even more so



BY ERNEST LEHMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

IT served Benny right. He had no business sitting in on a poker game with a guy like Max Uhlan. He had no business being within ten miles of anyone who wore a rod under his arm. He was just small fry—a fellow who ran a flower shop in the West Fifties as a front for a few harmless rackets. But the smell of dough had been too much for his quivering nostrils, and so here he was, dripping sweat on a card table in Uhlan's apartment high up over the Hudson, staring at his wrist watch like it was a time bomb because in five minutes he was going to see Uhlan spill Carl Heller's blood all over the beige carpet.

Benny didn't give a damn about Heller—never even saw him before. In fact, maybe a louse who was stupid enough to dippy-doodle with the deck on Max Uhlan deserved a bellyful of lead. The trouble was, he'd be the only witness to the killing. He'd be another of the guys who couldn't sleep nights, who jumped at the slightest noise and stayed off dark streets, just because they were unlucky enough to have something on Max Uhlan. And one or two of these poor devils . . .

"It'll cost you twenty-five. Are you in, pal?"

Benny loosened his collar and mopped his sallow face. He had an ace of clubs in the hole and a three of diamonds showing. He shook his head. He was too damned sick with fear to concentrate any more. Besides, Heller was dealing. He knew what that meant. The pot would be small—and Max Uhlan would take it easily. Or it would be a big one—several hundred; maybe a few grand—with Heller winning in a photo finish.

Heller was a slick artist all right. Probably made a nice dollar with a deck out in Topeka or up in the mountains at a summer resort. But not around here, mister. Benny had caught on to him hours ago. Uhlan must have spotted him on the first fast deal, but had just sat there, letting himself be sucked in time after time, until he was down almost six grand on the swindle. And only that twitch in his left cheek and the mouth chewing a little too savagely on the unlit cigar showed what was going on in his mind.

Benny knew that twitch; he knew the harried cigar. He knew Uhlan was only waiting for Heller to hang himself on the last hand when he dealt off. He could have blasted him hours ago, but first he wanted to be sure. He wanted to see Heller shoot the works on that last hand and go after every dollar Uhlan had left, the typical knockout punch of every cheap out-of-town crook and a dead giveaway. One thing about Uhlan, he never murdered a man without being sure of the reason.

Benny wiped his forehead again. It was getting hotter; he took off his jacket. Why had he ever let himself in for this? He didn't belong here. He was no mobster.

Maybe Uhlan would ask him to help dispose of the body. The river was near by. He had an idea how Uhlan operated. He'd be a party to the crime. He'd sweat as long as Uhlan lived. What the devil was he doing here? If only the door would suddenly be broken down and the dicks come charging in!

He tried to light a cigarette, but his hand couldn't hold the match. There it was. Uhlan was taking in the pot—a measly sixty dollars. Heller had let him have that one for effect. Look at me, boys. Look at Carl Heller. Listen to my smooth, honest voice. I just lost another pot. See? I must be on the square. Did you see it, Max? And you, Benny? I lost again.

Benny saw it all right. He saw the hands that were supposed to be quicker than the eye. He saw Uhlan's telltale twitch, the mouth that was getting set for execution, the beads of sweat coming through on the dark-skinned forehead. He saw the whole damn thing: There would be the quick draw, a few muffled shots, maybe a groan, and he would be forever caught in Uhlan's web. He'd give anything—the few hundred bucks he was ahead—to be some place else. Sure he was ahead. Heller was after the big fish, not the small fry.

IT was 1 A. M. and Benny's deal, next to last. His hands were clammy; the cards stuck to his palms as he shuffled. If only he could somehow end the game then and there—anything to prevent Heller from sentencing himself to death. Uhlan never killed without being sure first. Maybe if he suddenly took sick, pulled a faint. Maybe . . . ah . . . he laughed bitterly to himself. Maybe if lightning suddenly flashed from the starry sky and struck Uhlan down . . . That was just about as likely as anything else.

His hands trembled and he shuffled over and over, as though to stall off the inevitable a few seconds more. The deck slipped from his fingers, spilled to the floor. Sprawled there on the beige carpet beneath the table, the red cards looked like bloodstains. Benny felt a knot of fear hardening in his stomach as he collected the cards. He hated a card cheat as much as the next guy, but, after all, a life is a life.

He dealt an open hand and it was a nightmare that lasted for only a minute. Uhlan took the small pot with a pair of nines, and then Heller was gathering up the cards for the last deal, smiling with unction as he mixed.

"This is it, boys," he said.

The stupid slob. The ham. You did have to give him credit though, the way he riffled those cards. His delicate hands worked fast, and he screened his actions so cleverly, you'd swear he was rattling off a swift shuffle and nothing more.

"The last one will be closed," announced Heller. "Jacks or better."

Benny watched Max Uhlan's mouth curve in a humorless smile. Of course. It had to be a closed hand. Even Benny had known that. Obviously a closed hand gave a sharpster more room to maneuver.

They anted up and Heller slid the cards to them. It was sweet the way he worked, right under Uhlan's hawklike eyes. Uhlan opened for a hundred, Benny went in, Heller raised, Uhlan reraised, and by the time they were through there was over a thousand on the table.

Benny was flattered. Heller had given him a pair of queens.

Heller took up the deck again.

"Two," grunted Uhlan through his cigar.

Benny watched the cards fly. Very slick. Any place but in New York—very slick indeed. Uhlan's eyes stayed on Heller. His cheek twitched furiously.

Benny held up three fingers and drew another queen and a couple of worthless low cards. So the poor greedy slob was going after everything in the finale. Three queens were important enough to keep even a small fry on the hook.

"I, gentlemen, am taking one little card," said Heller.

Benny could feel the sweat rolling down his face. His heart pounded madly. Uhlan stared at Heller and started pouring in the kind of dough a fat hand called for. His mouth was shredding the cigar. Heller was grinning; he began to raise and reraise. He and Uhlan were locked in battle now, dueling back and forth as though Benny did not exist, neither willing to call a halt. Benny's hand shook as he dropped in his chips and rode along with them. If only he was down at the market now, buying up some roses for next Sunday. What was he doing here, sitting next to Max Uhlan and his trigger finger?

BENNY felt faint. It was all happening too fast for him. He couldn't keep up with it. The betting was over. All the chips were in. Ten grand, at least. Uhlan was laying down his hand. Three kings and a pair of tens. A beautiful full. Benny felt his insides turning over. Sure enough, there was Heller showing his four deuces, laughing hysterically, grabbing for the chips. Uhlan jumped up, his face contorted, threw back his chair, reached under his arm.

"You . . ."

Benny wanted to scream, but the words stuck in his throat.

"Wait a minute!" he croaked.

Uhlan's arm came down. He took the cigar from his mouth, baffled. Heller's face, frozen in terror, looked stunned. Benny's cards, face up now, were no longer like bloodstains on a carpet.

"Not so fast," he said weakly, reaching for the chips. "Since when do four deuces beat four aces?"

After all, a life is a life.

THE END





Heller's delicate hands worked fast and he screened his actions cleverly.



# SEVENTH AVENUE VENUS

BY KEITH AYLING

**For pin-up girls you can't beat the sample models of New York's wholesale dress business. They've got everything—including the pins**

THE talent scout of a big motion-picture concern stood in the luxurious showroom of a New York wholesale dress house, watching a shapely girl show a dress to a buyer. "Listen," the scout said to her. "With your looks and figure, you should be in Hollywood. My company will pay transportation and give you a preliminary contract, a hundred dollars a week, and free tuition."

"Thanks," smiled the lissome lovely, shaking her blonde curls. "I'd rather stay here at what I'm getting. At least I'm sure of eating all year round!"

"If you want models," I said, "why don't you try the agencies that ballyhoo them?"

Now the scout shook his head. "Those girls are all right, but not for what we want. They get by in stills with one or two good features and a photogenic smile. But we have to have 'em perfect—like these sample models."

"What's the difference between a sample model and the others?" I asked.

"One's a superproduction, while the other often just gets by, like a B picture. Some gals model because of their pretty pussies, some have good legs, some good figures. A sample model has to have an A-1 figure, beauty, legs, walk, and brains. But few of 'em will take a chance on Hollywood. I'm tired of telling these Seventh Avenue dolls that Paulette Goddard, Lucille Ball, and Lilyan Tashman all graduated from being sample models."

Outside on Seventh Avenue is the "Market"—that square mile of midtown New York where between twelve noon and 1 P. M. the sidewalks and lunch bars are crowded with more beautiful girls than any other spot in the world.

"If you want an idea of the perfect sample model," the talent scout said, "take a peek at Betty Grable. She could go right into any wholesale house, take a size twelve sample off the rack and wear it as if it had been made for her—and only about one in two million American women can do that." He pointed to a thirty-floor building dominating the avenue. "All wholesale houses. Probably a hundred gals with looks and figures as good as Betty's in there. But we don't get 'em."

At a famous bar and grill we met Joe, a manufacturer who enjoys the reputation of having the best girls in the Market and treating them well. That's why he keeps them—good pay and a five-day week. And he doesn't make them fill in as clerks.

"Sample models?" said Joe. "Listen! Good ones are like orchids in a potato patch—only rarer. I got one or two. Been with me for years. The way they figure in this business, every model's gotta be a Venus. Y'see, all dresses are designed and made right on

the human figure. Designers can't work on a dummy. It would save us a lot of dough if they did. They kid you along about getting inspiration from the girl. Some designers like 'em dark, some like 'em blonde, most of 'em's against redheads. Why? Well, redheads can't wear all colors, I guess. Maybe it's because they're supposed to be temperamental, too. Anyway, a model's gotta have everything. She's gotta have oomph. She's gotta know how to stand still graceful, walk smooth. She's gotta know

what to do with her hands, and she's gotta have dress sense so any rag looks good on her. The designers say they want to see what the dress'd look like on the average woman. I don't get it. The average woman ain't a bit like these sample models."

Joe motioned to two attractive hatless girls. The brunette was in green; the other, a honey-colored blonde, in black. "These two have been working in the Market nearly ten years," said Joe. "They're as perfect as you'll find anywhere. The



PICTURES FOR LIBERTY BY DAVE ROSENFELD

A dress is first put together with pins on a live sample model.



blonde's got two kids, by the way. . . . Girls, these men want to know about models. You tell 'em."

"Well, if we tell you we work hard, you won't believe us," said Mary, the blonde. "But we do—like galley slaves."

The brunette, Jean, explained. "We're both sample models. That means they make the line—the dresses—on us. The manufacturer of a dress begins with a model and ends with her. Our designer even chooses her fabric by draping it on us. Then she draws the model dress. The dressmaker cuts a muslin pattern, which is pinned on us."

"Pins are awfully hard on slips," Mary said. "You use about a dozen slips a year. Some places provide their girls with eight new ones a year."

"We're pin-up girls, but we don't make the foxholes," laughed Jean. "It's pins, pins, and more pins—and sore feet. You stand six or eight hours a day if the designer's in the mood. A sample model sometimes puts in as many as thirty hours on her feet on one garment before it gets to the manufacturing stage. You get pulled and pinned and told to stand that way or this. You have to remember the exact position you used for the last fitting, and you have to stand perfectly still. Some designers will make twenty alterations before passing the dress for manufacture—each one on the model. When it's finished, the boss has to see it, the salesman, the manufacturing expert—sometimes even the boss' wife!"

"And that's when the shouting begins," said Mary. She smiled at Joe. "The garment trade sure knows how to shout. I once had a dress torn right off me when the boss got into an argument with the designer. When the battle is over, the dress is often ripped to pieces and made all over again—on you, of course. That means more arguments and pulling and pinning up. You're a human dummy for eight months in the year. Then the line is finally made and we show it to the trade. That's our one bit of glamour. You give it everything you've got. A girl's got to be something extra to get by."

"SHE'S gotta keep that way, too," chuckled Joe, "and be serious-minded. A model can ruin your season's business if she gets ornery. She can jinx a ten-thousand-dollar order with a twitch of a hip. If she plays hooky, or gets sick at the wrong time—the designing season—she can lay off five hundred factory hands waiting to start on the number she's been working on. Sure, you can go look for another model. Maybe she's got the same measurements, but you don't get the same personality, or something. It throws the designer off. That gets us more 'dogs' than anything else—changing models in the middle of a dress. A dog's a number that won't sell."

Jean thought a model's job really was to create an illusion. "When the designer makes a dress on us," she explained, "we have to make her feel she's working on Jane Doe. When we show it to a buyer, we have to make her feel we're what every woman would like to be in that dress. The funny thing is the buyers hardly notice the girl in the dress, although she brings it to life. Some girls are real artists. They can make a cheap article look like a hundred-dollar line. That's model sense. It comes to you suddenly—like swimming."

Sample models, Joe said, should be taller than average—five feet eight or nine—have broad shoulders, slim hips—thirty-five inches—a twenty-six-inch waist. The more angular the model the better. Some designers say curves hinder creation of attractive lines. They want walking clotheshorses plus a little more beauty than average.

Tall girls are essential for modeling sportswear. Furs call for additional height. So do coats. Evening dresses demand the

perfect figure—and pay high salary rates.

New York got its taste for the tall clotheshorse type of model from the Paris designers. The late Paul Poiret, famous French designer, wouldn't look at a girl under six feet. He boasted he paid by the meter. Paquin proudly exhibited a giantess four inches taller.

"The more like a walking coat hanger you are, the longer you keep your job," laughed Jean. "Mary here is the perfect type, skinny, with bone structure the right size. She'll go on modeling till she falls apart. Her figure doesn't vary from one year to the next. She's got more gristle than curves, but she makes a garment look like a million dollars, and that means she has what it takes to earn a steady living. Curves go to fat, you know."

"Do you have trouble keeping your figure?"

"Not yet," Jean replied. "Most of us lose from five to ten pounds just putting on and taking off sixty dresses a day. It's as good as any calisthenics. I never thought I'd be able to get into a dress in sixty seconds and look as if I'd spent hours primping. It's strenuous, but it's a matter of practice. A change of dress, hat, gloves, shoes, and purse, a split-second look in the glass and you're out on show. Buyers don't like to waste time. No, we worry more about losing weight than about putting it on. We consume quarts of malteds and ice cream. Whenever a woman says to me, 'If I had your figure I wouldn't work,' I tell her I wouldn't have my figure if I didn't."

She laughed. "We get an occupational disease, too—model's shoulders. Look at any model and you'll see how broad her shoulders are. It comes from putting on and taking off. But the broader your shoulders, the better they like you."

Mary explained that the dress business has four seasons. Winter clothes are designed in spring and shown in the summer.

"Our value goes up and down like stocks," she said. "In the middle of any designing season an experienced model hits her peak value. Some firms make as many as twenty numbers on one girl. If she doesn't come in for a day, she can hold up the whole works. Then the bosses really get down on their knees. One manufacturer used to send his car for his model and throw in flowers to boot. It's like being President for a month—only without the pay."

The Market is always looking for the perfect figure, I learned. The New York Times

will carry more than a column of want ads for a week or more before any season, but few of the applicants measure up to the standards. Experienced models don't usually get their jobs from advertisements. The Market has a "model" grapevine.

A manufacturer stuck for a model may tip off the elevator starter in a building housing a garment firm. He'll pass on the information to the girls. The news spreads, and if the manufacturer has a reputation for treating his models well, he'll get one quickly.

For a good employer the girls are enthusiastic and highly co-operative. Buyers representing big firms like to see a manufacturer's line alone, so they make early-morning appointments. The boss gets busy with phone and telegram, and at eight thirty the next morning his girls will be made up, ready for the showing. Sometimes the buyer doesn't turn up. Boss or no boss, she doesn't get another showing unless she has a good excuse. Some buyers take a fancy to particular models. When the girls leave one place of employment, the buyers follow them.

**EXPERIENCED** models know buyers' likes and dislikes. One woman likes the girl to give details of the dress as she shows it, calling attention to any new features. Others like to make up their minds for themselves. Some women buyers will invite the models to dinner and a theater to see how the number stands up during an evening out.

"How do you get a job in the first place?" I asked.

"You just drift into it," answered Mary. "You go to the Market and exhibit yourself. You've got to get accustomed to a close once-over by everyone who's important in the firm. It's largely a question of luck. You're lucky to have the right measurements to begin with. Then it narrows down to whether your figure is what the firm wants."

"If your measurements are the same as the girl you're to replace, you stand a good chance of getting the job. If you're an inch taller, so much the better. Tall girls flatter clothes. If you're shorter, it's usually thumbs down. That missing inch may spoil the hang of some designer's creation. Coloring and personality are important, too."

"You learn the job as you go along, not in model schools, where they teach hip  
(Continued on page 68)



In off moments, the girls do crosswords, fix their faces, or just dish the gab.

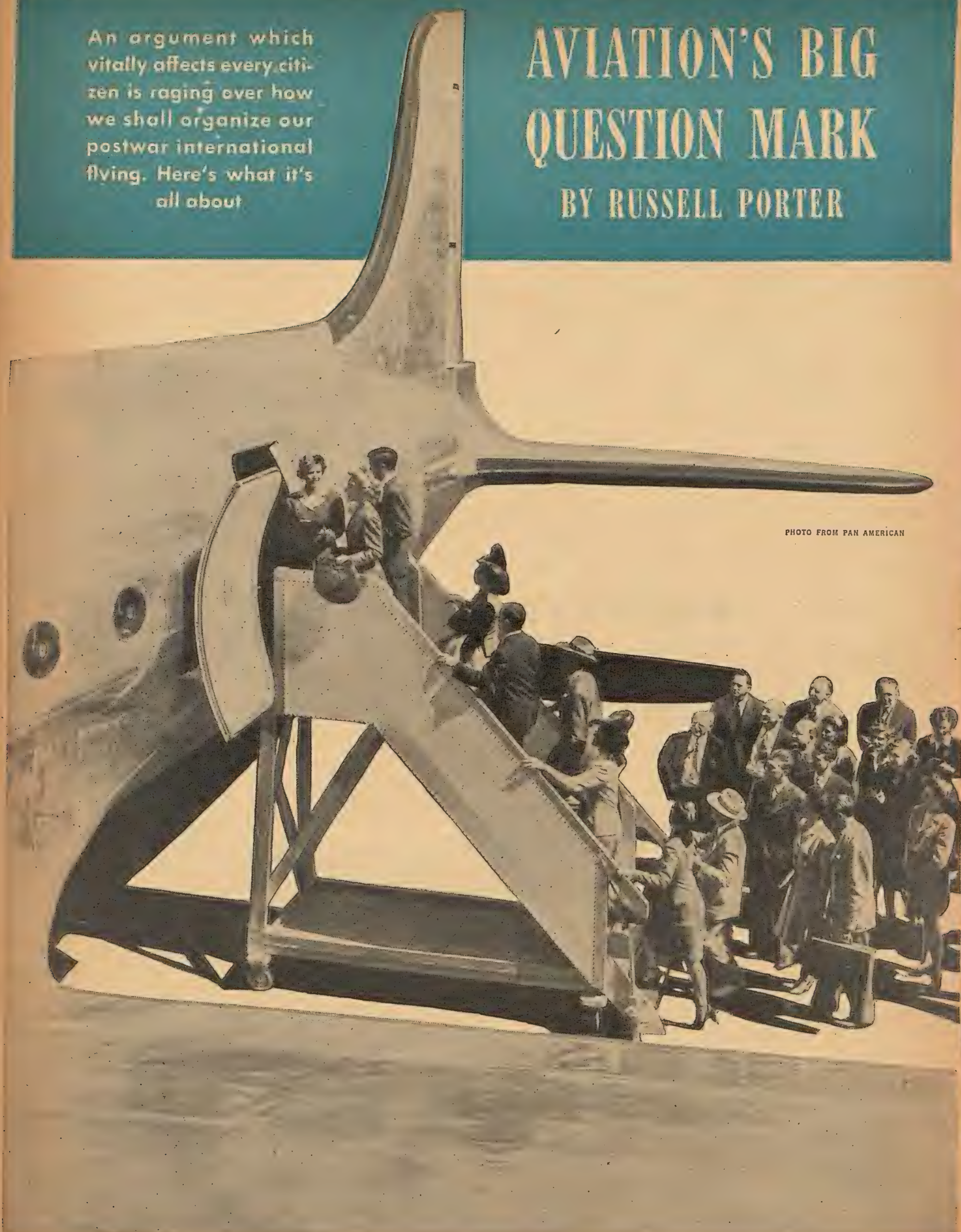


An argument which vitally affects every citizen is raging over how we shall organize our postwar international flying. Here's what it's all about

# AVIATION'S BIG QUESTION MARK

BY RUSSELL PORTER

PHOTO FROM PAN AMERICAN





**T**HE postwar air age, about which so much has been dreamed and written, was brought sharply down to concrete terms on August 4 when Pan American Airways announced its program for the expansion of its Latin-American services. Pan American proposes to carry passengers from New York to Rio de Janeiro at a cost of \$175 and in an elapsed time of nineteen hours and fifteen minutes. That's talking the language of the middle-class American pocketbook, and now Mr. Average Citizen can sit up and take notice.

Details of Pan American's proposals have been filed with the Civil Aeronautics Board, and the hearings are at present being held on its application as well as those of other aspirants to South American air routes. Though Pan Am's proposals for Latin-American service are spectacular in the extreme, this is but the opening gun in a controversy revolving around one of the more important postwar problems America has to solve. How shall this country organize its flying facilities to compete for traffic with other nations in the coming air age? Shall we have one single, gigantic air line—a "chosen instrument"—to do all of our foreign flying? Or shall we allow all American-flag air lines to compete in the foreign field?

Congress must solve this problem before the end of the war if American interests in commercial aviation throughout the world are to be fully protected. It has been holding executive committee sessions and eventually the subject will come out into the open in public hearings.

Meanwhile, there is feverish activity among the Washington lobbyists and in air-line public relations offices all over the country. Each side is marshaling its arguments to persuade Congress and the public that its program is the one best calculated to serve the interests of the nation.

The stakes are enormous in foreign trade and in national security. The United States had already attained leadership in international air transportation before the war. It has immensely strengthened its position by its wartime construction of large, fast air transports and its development of air routes to every part of the non-Axis world. Obviously, we must select the most efficient form of organization if we are to maintain and extend our leadership. Air traffic will be an important element in world trade and we must have our rightful share of it.

At the same time, the solution to this problem must protect our broader interests as a nation. The war has given ample proofs of the need for preparedness in the air at all times, and of the importance of commercial aviation as an auxiliary to the Army and Navy air forces. It has demonstrated that commercial aviation, especially in the foreign field, must be organized so as to be at the peak of effectiveness at all times in case it has to be taken over for national defense.

Moreover, it is important that our operations on the international airways be so conducted as to fit in effectively with whatever over-all program Congress may adopt for American participation in postwar international co-operation for lasting peace.

Both sides in the argument for and against the "chosen instrument" agree generally on these objectives. Where they disagree is on the methods for achieving them.

The chief advocate of the "chosen instrument" is Juan T. Trippe, president of the Pan American Airways System. Against him are arrayed all but one of the seventeen domestic air lines, which have been flying overseas during the war and which demand the right to continue doing so after the war.

In the seventeen years since it opened its first route, from Miami to Havana, Pan American has done a remarkable job in pioneering and developing our overseas air transport system. It spread through Latin America, spread to and into China, and, just before the outbreak of the war, spread to Europe. Generally, it negotiated its own landing and other rights with foreign governments, including mail contracts, usually with the tacit approval and sometimes the active help of the State Department.

Before the war Pan American enjoyed a virtual monopoly of American operations in the foreign field. The only successful challenge to its position was made by American Export Airlines, which just before the war obtained from the Civil Aeronautics Bureau a temporary certificate to fly overseas and is now operating between New York and Ireland. Control of this company has recently been purchased (subject to CAB approval) by American Airlines, one of the "big four" among the domestic companies, from the American Export Lines, a steamship company. The latter was ordered to divest itself of control under CAB interpretation of existing law barring surface carriers from controlling air lines. By this purchase American Airlines has forced the issue in the fight between the domestic companies and Pan American.

Export has done a first-rate job of flying the ocean and its planes repeatedly have broken the time record for a nonstop flight to Ireland.

When the United States entered the war, the government immediately called upon Pan American for help and it responded most impressively. Throwing its experienced personnel, equipment, and facilities into the breach, Pan American carried much of the burden in setting up the main air line across the South Atlantic and Africa to Egypt—which did so much to save the British Army at El Alamein by flying in badly needed supplies. In its Miami school, also, it taught ocean flying and long-range navigation to pilots and navigators of the Army and Navy and the other air lines.

When the Army Air Transport Command was organized it took over this work and Pan American reverted to its traditional function of flying the ocean. The development and extension of the African route to India and China was largely accomplished by the A. T. C., using domestic air-line personnel, chiefly from American Airlines and Transcontinental & Western Air.

**T**HESE and other domestic air lines have also been called upon for much ocean flying. TWA recently announced its thousandth crossing of the Atlantic, and United Air Lines revealed that up to the end of last year it had made the "equivalent of 880 trans-Pacific crossings." Incidentally, United is the only domestic line which failed to join in the "declaration of policy" by the companies favoring competition in postwar international air transport. Eastern Air Lines made thousands of flights to Latin America.

Northeast Airlines, a small company running between Boston and Bangor, Maine, found itself right on the line of important ferry flights for the British. It soon was engaged in delivering bombers to the R. A. F. in Canada and Newfoundland and thence to Scotland and England. The chairman of the board of this company, S. J. Solomon, is chairman of the "joint policy committee" which is carrying on the postwar fight for the domestic lines. On the West Coast, Northwest Airlines began flying to Alaska and beyond.

Various other domestic lines have also

participated in long-range transocean operations. In the aggregate, they have made more transocean flights than Pan American had made before the war, and have hung up a remarkably fine record. They have mastered the know-how of transocean flying and do not want to give it up.

From this background, it can be seen that both camps in the postwar controversy have fine records and extensive experience to support their claims.

Mr. Trippe does not insist that Pan American be selected as the United States' "chosen instrument." Instead, he advocates formation of a new "community company" to operate all our international air routes. His plan would permit all the domestic air lines to participate through stock ownership. It would also allow participation by surface transportation lines—steamship, railroad, and bus—which have sufficient interest in world routes. Incidentally, the surface carriers want more direct participation in postwar aviation, but that is another story.

Presumably, Pan American stockholders would hold the largest single block of stock in the new enterprise, for they would contribute the largest single group of assets in the form of foreign landing rights and world-wide organization on the main trade routes. Because of his long experience in dealing with foreign governments and peoples, Mr. Trippe would be a logical choice to head up such an all-embracing company.

The "community company" would require new legislation, since the present Civil Aeronautics Act permits competition both at home and abroad. Various proposed amendments to the law are pending in Congress, as well as a bill introduced by Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada which would set up a billion-dollar "community company" along the lines of the Trippe program and under the name of All-American Flag Lines.

**M**OST forceful of the arguments of the "community company" advocates is the contention that such a concentration of American transportation interests is necessary to enable American-flag aviation to compete successfully with the "chosen instruments" of the other leading commercial air powers. They point out that all these countries have adopted the "chosen instrument" policy and call attention to the British Overseas Airways Corporation (formerly Imperial Airways), the Soviet Air Trust, the Dutch K. L. M., Air France, and Trans-Canada Air Lines, among others.

Only the "united front" of an all-powerful American "community company," it is held, could hold its own against such powerful national interests, some owned outright by, and others closely controlled and subsidized by, their governments. American lines competing against each other as well as against the foreign "chosen instruments" could be played off one against the other, the argument goes, until eventually our leadership would be whittled down. The foreign companies with their lower costs and subsidized rates would get the lion's share of the business, as has happened in the past in the fields of shipping and telecommunications.

To this argument the answer of the domestic lines is that monopolies are notoriously inefficient and that they welcome the opportunity to compete with foreign "chosen instruments" for this reason. In fact, their principal argument for competition is that it makes for so much greater efficiency that they will be able to operate much more economically than any "chosen instrument"—so much so, in fact, as to overcome foreign advantages in costs,

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Eddie landed Fleming a glancing blow on the chin. Men rushed out of nowhere to the scene. Someone seized Eddie's arm.

# EASY THERE, EDDIE!

BY THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

**Eddie had to get fired or else he couldn't get married—but even clipping the boss on the jaw didn't solve the problem. However, there's always Fate**

**E**DDIE WILSON had a problem. In a way, he had three of them, though they all converged, like one of those dissolving trick pictures you're always seeing in the newspapers.

In the first place, Eddie was in love. With a very pretty little girl named Sally Gates, who lived over in Mountain View. That doesn't seem like a problem, does it? Especially as Sally told him, practically every Sunday afternoon, that she loved him, too. The problem there was that Eddie lived and worked in Forest Mills—and Mountain View and Forest Mills were a long way apart. That meant a long ride in the old car, when Eddie could get enough gas to make it run, and a longer

ride in the bus when he couldn't. Or maybe a hitchhike trip, and he didn't like that at all, and only tried it when the gas was gone and he'd missed the bus. And coming home at night was no fun. Going was bad enough—but then he had something to look forward to. But coming home alone—

Eddie wanted to get married—and he wanted to marry Sally. And this was all part of the first problem. For he couldn't afford to marry Sally and have Sally quit working. And Sally couldn't quit working anyhow, because she lived at home—and her folks needed part of her salary.

The second problem was Eddie's mother. Oh, Eddie loved his mother and he was a

very agreeable son—but she was a problem anyhow. For Eddie lived at home, too. And his mother had to be supported, didn't she? Mrs. Wilson was very nice about it, really.

"Why don't you marry Sally and bring her right here to live?" she said.

"I can't do that," Eddie told her. "She's got to stay in Mountain View and help at home." He didn't add what Sally frequently told him! "There's no house big enough for a mother and a daughter-in-law. When you can provide a home for me and for your mother too, maybe we could make a go of it."

And that was another problem. Eddie



knew that his mother would be willing to live in the old house alone and maybe get a nice young girl, or maybe a couple of girls, who worked at the plant to live with her. She wasn't possessive. But where was the money coming from to pay his mother's expenses, and for the home for Sally and him, and give Sally the small amount she'd have to contribute to her family? That took a lot of money. More than Eddie had or was likely to have. No wonder he wasn't too pleased about things.

Eddie figured things out on the backs of envelopes. And they always came out just about the same. He couldn't see any more of Sally unless he got a job in Mountain View. And he couldn't marry Sally unless he earned about twice as much money as he was getting now.

**T**HERE really wasn't much the matter with Eddie's job. As a matter of fact, it was the best job he'd ever had. He had an office job at the plant. He was able to dress nicely and his mother was able to have the things she wanted and to run the house with a greater degree of comfort than she'd had any time since her husband died. And Eddie was able to show Sally a good time on Saturday nights or on Sundays—whenever he could get away to go over to Mountain View. And he was able to save a little money, too.

But that's all there was! The condition was static. And, unless Eddie could make some more money, it would be likely to stay that way. And how could Eddie make any more money? For he was working in a defense plant. And the War Manpower Commission and the Wages Stabilization Commission and the Treasury Department had all got together and decided that Eddie couldn't get any more wages. At least, that's the way Eddie had figured it out.

And, to make it worse, that wasn't the only thing the powers had decided on. They'd decided that Eddie couldn't quit, either. Not unless he was willing to lay off for sixty days! Well, they couldn't fire him, either. Not unless he did some horrible thing. That was something. But it didn't solve Eddie's problem.

And there he was! Working hard all week in the plant at Forest Mills. And trailing over, week-ends, to see Sally in Mountain View. And then trailing all the way back again. That wasn't any life. Sally didn't like it, either.

"All of these boys in the Army," Sally said, "they're getting married like mad things. It's only the boys at home that are afraid."

"I'm not afraid at all!" said Eddie. "But what would there be in it, to get married and you live in Mountain View while I—"

"I believe I've heard those words before," Sally said.

"I know. But you won't live with my mother. If you could do that, I could manage to send a few dollars—"

"Nothing doing!" Sally said. "We've been over that, too, if you'll only think back."

He thought back—and he knew they had. He thought back—and he remembered how he'd been put in 4-F because he'd had too many earaches when he was a kid and they'd had to puncture his eardrums. And with punctured eardrums the Army didn't want him. That's why he'd gone into a defense job, and it all made him pretty mad when he thought about it.

Something had to happen! He couldn't go on this way, day after day! But he went on that way, day after day—

He was in Mountain View for the week-end, expecting nothing but Sally's company and the very long and dull trip back home, when Sally's third cousin, Raymond Scovey, spoke to him.

"Look," Raymond said. "You know I'm going into the Army."

"So I hear," Eddie said. "Lucky stiff!" "Oh, I don't mind going," Raymond said. "I guess they found they couldn't finish the war without my help—so I guess I got to go in and see the thing through—but I sure hate to leave my job!"

Raymond worked in a small plant that formerly made automobile accessories and now made airplane parts.

"I guess you've got something pretty good there!" Raymond was the head of a whole department.

"Oh, I'm doing all right. Got everything just where I want it, all right." Raymond was never noted for his modesty. "I got Bill English as my assistant. He's pretty nearly a hundred, but he knows what he's doing. And the money I make—"

"Too bad to leave it," Eddie said.

"I'll say! So I got an idea," Raymond went on. "Why don't you come here and take over? I can get the job for you, and I can teach you the work in no time at all. It's a cinch! You'll make a lot more—pretty nearly twice as much as you can make at your plant any day. And the job's mine to hand to anybody I want to. That's the kind of a job it is. Sally said you were planning to get hitched, only there wasn't enough money—"

"Yes, that's the way it is," Eddie said.

"Well, that solves everything. Neat as a pin. You come over here. Take over. Marry Sally, who can keep her job or not, just as she likes. And you'll have enough money



"You needn't bother!" Sally said.

"I'm through!" She hung up on him.

to send home to your mother, so you won't have to worry about her."

"Sure!" said Eddie. "That will be great! Only—"

"You mean—after the war? Don't let that worry you! The plant will go back to making automobile accessories, like as not. Or even airplane parts won't be bad! When I get back there'll be room for both of us."

"Sure!" said Eddie. "That's great! That's sure swell of you, Raymond!"

Raymond had already told Sally about it. She was all for it.

"Why, we can be married right away! I never imagined—"

"Neither did I—I never thought—"

And then he did think. It made his heart miss a beat. He ought to have known that there'd be something!

"Sally," he said, "don't count too much on this. Not yet!"

"You—you mean you don't want to marry me?"

"You bet I do, baby! More than anything else in the world. Only—"

"Only what? You said your mother

wouldn't mind if you left home, if there was money enough."

"I know. That part's all right. But Sally, there's my job!"

"Sure! That's what we're talking about. When Raymond tells you a thing, he knows. You can step right in! Isn't that a break?"

"I mean my job at the plant."

"But look. You've been complaining about that for ages!"

"I know. But I can't give it up."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I've told you a thousand times. It's—frozen, you know."

"But if you told them about the new job!"

"A lot of good that would do. They wouldn't let me quit. Not unless I didn't work for sixty days."

"You couldn't do that."

"I know it. I'm sunk."

"Isn't there some way?"

"Not unless I got fired."

"Well, there you are!" Sally said. "That ought to be easy enough."

"That's an idea," said Eddie. "I'll see what I can do about it."

"And you'd better hurry. Raymond's likely to get called any day, and then there's only a few weeks—"

"Don't worry! I'll get fired before then!"

They had to laugh at that—anybody wanting to be fired from a good job! Well, it was the only way out.

"Just have patience!" he told her as he kissed her good-by. "Tell Raymond I'll be with him any day. And then—you and I—"

"It seems too good to be true!" Sally said.

It was too good. That was the trouble.

"All I got to do," Eddie told himself, "is to be such a heel—they'll be glad to get rid of me."

**H**E started in by neglecting his work. That was easy enough. He sat and read the papers when he was supposed to be taking care of an intricate filing system of who came to work and when.

"What's this all about?" his boss asked. His boss's name was Fleming, and Eddie'd never liked him. Nor the boss ahead of him, whose name was Stone. Nor the big boss, whose name was Granite—and well named, too, both of them.

"I'm tired of working," Eddie said, and went on reading.

"Well, I'll be damned!" Fleming said. And Eddie read on.

"Aren't you going to do any work?"

"Not if I can help it," said Eddie.

Fleming looked at him, shook his head.

"You can always fire me," said Eddie.

And Fleming just moved away.

Eddie wasted about half of his time. He wasted so much time that he grew bored just sitting around and reading and doing the crossword puzzles. And Fleming didn't fire him!

He started coming in later then. And leaving a full half hour before he was supposed to leave. And still Fleming did nothing about it!

On Sunday he told Sally and Raymond what he had done.

"You'll have to do more than that, evidently," Raymond said.

"Be impudent!" said Sally. "No one likes being talked back to."

"She's right," Raymond said. "Try that!"

So Eddie tried being impudent. It came hard for him, for he was a mild and respectful young man. He said, "What's it to you?" and "If you don't like it you know what you can do," when Fleming spoke to him. And he didn't lose his job!

He got more and more impolite as the week passed. He tried to trip Fleming. He made fun of him. He was doing only half

(Continued on page 72)



# The Camera Eye



Few scenes on Earth and few people greater  
wisely add scenes to camera's simple seeing



**FRONT-LINE X-RAY**—Still in battle togs, a marine wounded on Saipan gets a laboratory diagnosis almost in the front lines, so closely did our medical units follow tough fighting on the island.



**BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY**—In an off moment a group of Yanks try out the respective merits of American and German bazookas near Coutances. The Nazi weapon is more cumbersome but, judging from the communiqués, not so effective in battle as our own.



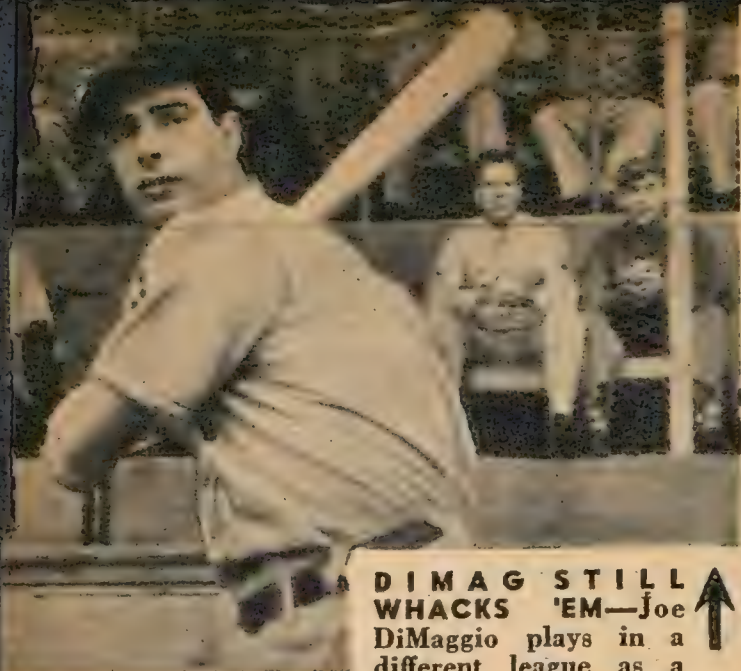
**CHAMP SWEETHEART**—Picked by someone or other from over 3,000 entrants as the most beautiful gal of a man in service, Rita Daigle of Lowell, Mass., wins the title of "Miss Stardust," a \$500 war bond, and a 20th Century-Fox screen test. A winsome winner!



**FACE AT SHIP LAUNCHING**—At the Marinship Yard, Sausalito, Calif., a new tanker hits the water. Boy Scouts of Troop 7, Fairfax, Calif., take part in ceremonies, and an unknown moppet wriggles through to give Marinship workers their favorite pin-up picture.







**DIMAG STILL WHACKS 'EM**—Joe DiMaggio plays in a different league as a member of the 7th AAF. But he still wields the ash wand with authority. This game, played somewhere in the Central Pacific against Fort Shafter, was won by Joe's team.



**IKE ON THE JOB**—Eisenhower with Bradley and Maj. Gen. Ira Wyche, commander of the 79th Division, plot more disasters for the Germans in a tent in France.



**PRODUCTION PATTERN**—Looking like a row of elephant tusks (and worth their weight in ivory) is this line of graceful dorsal fins made for the Superfortress in the Boeing plant at Renton, Wash.



**WHAT WAR?**—Arnold Earest said he failed to register for the draft. He said he didn't know there was a war on. He has been living in an Alabama cave for three years.



**HOOPSKIRT HOPE**—We don't know what it's all about, but Bob Hope ought to be a riot in this gypsy-woman costume for his new film, *The Princess and the Pirate*.



**G. I. PADRE**—Archbishop Spellman really got out and saw things during his tour of Italy. Here, dressed in field clothes, he is the center of a group of officers and chaplains of the 5th Army.





# WHERE TH

**L**IKE a war horse waiting to hear the bugle, the valley's observation post sits on its knoll looking off toward the sea, twelve miles northwest as the Fortress flies.

For a year and nine months there was hardly a minute, day or night, when at least one observer was not on duty watching for planes.

But times have changed. There's a lock on the door. The telephone gathers dust, marking time. Patrol planes drone overhead as before; but no one cries eagerly, "Army flash!" and waits on the wire for an answering voice in San Francisco.

There are stories the post could tell, if it would. There is the story of Seekie Vail and Tomcat Harnet and the "woman" who screamed; of a night when the fog crept in from the sea and the P-38s were dropping white flares; of Sergeant Bill Madder under an oak tree hearing a voice and seeing a vision.

Madder is still the sector sergeant. He still goes the rounds and inspects the posts to make sure that should an emergency come, the Ground Observer Corps will be ready to get on the job when the flash goes out.

Today a new entry was put in the log to go with those last two made by Madder. It closed one chapter and, so to speak, wrote the opening words of another. Sergeant Madder was not alone. Walt Lindgren, who is the chief observer, went up first to unlock the door.

Walt exclaimed, "Drat! We have an alert. I'll prob'ly have to break a window to get inside."

Bill Madder grunted. His mind was on other things just now.

He said, after a moment, "Pinch me."

"You pinch me"—the same husky voice he'd heard the night he saw the vision.

"You feel like you are dreaming, too?"

"I certainly do. I feel as if—"

"O. K.," called Walt. "She's open, Bill. This time, see you sign the log."

Madder grinned. This time he would.

As he turned to go in he heard a titter. It was right there, beside the desk, she had pulled her revolver on him that night.

This is one story the post could tell. . . .

**S**EOKIE buckled the holster belt, and her father glanced from his paper and nodded. "That's right. Any Japs fly over tonight, draw a quick bead and shoot out their eyes."

She tossed her head at him. "That's not funny."

"All right, then; so it ain't," he said. He dropped the paper and got to his feet. "We'll overlook the Japs," he agreed, "but not any cowboys buzzin' around before they been full and proper divorced. That gun's to use if—"

"Dad!" she cried.

"You've turned eighteen. Got a legal right to marry whatever galoot you please. But until Val gets her final decree, no girl of mine plays loose with Harnet."

Seekie's heart started beating faster. His talk meant only one thing. Tomcat was back from the upper range, where he had been riding herd on his steers!

Chigger, her mare, stood tied to the rail. Seekie vaulted into the saddle and trotted down to the canyon's mouth.

Two separate minds cross-pulled at

With her flashlight Seekie found the sergeant still unconscious.



# PRINCE CAME ALONG

BY PAUL DERESCO AUGSBURG

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY BRINKMAN

Seekie when she saw Tom's stallion was hitched to the rail. One mind said, I hope he come out. But the other objected, If Tomcat does, he'll laugh at you for going on post.

The first mind had its way. He came out, waving a bottle of beer and grinning, lean and lithe in his snug-hipped levis, loud plaid shirt, his spurs trailing dust after high-heeled boots. She could feel his eyes moving down from her face, laughing gray eyes with a hint of something which made her shiver—as though not his eyes but his hands themselves were caressing her youth.

"Whoa there, girl." Just hearing his voice, the mare whinnied softly. Horses and women viewed him the same. Even those outlaws, hellions on hoofs which Tomcat rode at the big rodeos, seemed to sense that magic something, magnetic or what, which was specially his.

He said, "Hello, beautiful."

"Hello, Tom."

"All set to save the nation?"

Seekie pressed her lips together. She wished that he wouldn't say such things. It was bad enough he hadn't enlisted, even though beef was so essential, without his making fun of people for doing their part to help in the war.

Ever since Seekie was just a kid, when he was a dashing young man of nineteen, she'd felt romantic about Tom Harnet. He had worked for her father. He'd taught her to ride. He had been her first hero.

**W**HEN Seekie learned that Tom and Valerie had gone to Salinas and got married, it had seemed to her like the end of the world. She was fourteen then. How she'd hated Val! Too proud to cry, except in private, she had ridden her horse on dangerous trails, hoping that it would throw and kill her and then return to the ranch after dark. Tom would see the empty saddle. He'd find her body and carry it back. Sobbing. Knowing—alas, too late!—that he had killed her, she'd died for love.

Kid stuff then, but the real thing now. She knew his faults, the willfulness of him, Tomcat's violent ways when crossed. No matter; Seekie was willful too; he stirred her as no other man ever had, and that was a feeling which came with the years.

She bent to meet his lips.

"Just two months, come tomorrow," said Tom. Seekie tensed and blushed with the sudden excitement his words had roused. He, too, was counting the days.

"I'll have to get going."

"I'll ride by later."

"No," she said firmly.

"Huh? Why not?"

She couldn't repeat her father's warning. Couldn't say she was afraid of Tom—afraid of herself, the way she felt, alone with him on the post at night.

"Only observers allowed," she answered.

He laughed, saluting her with the bottle, as she galloped down to the bridge.

At Gellert's grove she turned off the road to climb the slope leading up to the post. Doc Luke's car stood parked near its base. He had retired after years in the East. Like Seekie, the doctor watched alone; there were so few to serve.

He peered at her through thick-lensed glasses as if diagnosing a symptom. "Well, Sequoia, still bound you're going to marry that rascal?"

"Doctor!" she laughed. "You don't have

to believe all the mean things Laura Shermer tells you."

"That's so," he agreed.

"Some day she'll say something nice about someone and fall over dead from the shock," said Seekie.

But it troubled her, knowing how Doc Luke felt about her decision to marry Harnet. Doc was fond of her. Seekie knew and he had the wisdom which comes with years of helping people get born and die, of watching couples travel that stony road called life.

At the foot of the steps he turned and

**The wildness of the woods was in the girl, and in the man she loved, but she discovered that, for women, gentleness is an even more appealing quality**

called up. "Not enough men in this valley, Sequoia. I wish some young fellow would come along like the prince in the story and bowl you over."

She remembered this when, ten minutes later, a small covered truck jounced up the slope and came to a halt.

"Who's there?" she called sharply.

"Just poor old Madder."

"Old what?"

"Sergeant Madder, Fourth Fighter Command."

"Oh." She recalled the name in the logbook, signed by the man who inspected the post. "You're working late."

"Got behind today. Watching alone?" He was chunking upstairs.

"Except for six little brothers," said Seekie. She stepped inside.

"Six little—?" Then he saw the holster and hoisted his hands. "Don't shoot. I'll be good. I'll—Sa-a-ay!"

**T**HEY stood staring at each other. The grin suddenly left his mouth, but she didn't need Madder's eyes to tell her that she had looks. Seekie knew her points. Her levis were more than utilitarian—there was guile as well in wearing blue jeans that molded her neat and provocative hips, in the wide sombrero crowning dark hair and the prettiest face in all the valley.

In her mind she could hear Doc's parting words. He had come along, and he was young—but not like any prince in a story. What prince in a story would be a sergeant? Nice eyes. Pleasant grin. Seekie approved, yet she was not bowled over.

Madder said, "Seen it in the movies, but this is the first I ever met it."

"What?" wondered Seekie.

"Real Wild West. Beautiful cowgirl with shootin' irons and a mustang parked at the curb downstairs."

Seekie broke out laughing. "Gracious! Where you from, to be talking like that?"

"New York."

"You mean the city?" she cried.

In that moment Madder gained in stature. He was part of the intriguing world beyond these hills which crowded her in. New York! There was Times Square with all its lights. There were the biggest ships

in the world and subway trains and mammoth hotels and things you had always known about, like Grand Central Station, Radio City, and the Statue of Liberty.

She watched Madder's face while he signed the log. He didn't look different. But of course he was.

He read her name, "Sequoia Vail. Sequoia! Miss, or—?"

"Certainly, miss." Inside, Seekie sang, "But not for long! No call to look so pleased, Mr. Sergeant. Next we meet, if we ever do, I'll be signing my name 'Sequoia Harnet.'"

She was wrong. A week later Madder returned. But not to inspect the post. He signed the logbook, yet all she could see him inspect was her.

Seekie felt flattered. A New York fellow driving out here just to visit her! He sat on the desk where the log was kept and talked till almost 2300, or to 11 P. M.

Small talk. Boy-and-girl kind of talk. Sergeant Madder was sizing her up, seeing what else she had besides looks! He was younger than Tom, knew more about



"Now I understand why all this int'rest in watching for Japs."

things, and she found his conversation exciting.

Then came the unexpected shock. He asked her if she could keep a secret, and Seekie said promptly, "Of course."

"I mean, you won't tell anybody—not even Chigger. It's very hush-hush."

"All right," she laughed gaily. "Not even Chigger. But what in the world—?"

"The announcement," said Madder, "won't be made till next Monday. In two weeks they're closing the posts!"

It was like hearing that someone you cared for had just been given two weeks to live. Not have to watch for planes any more! It made no difference that flights were rare between 2000 and 2400. There had been some for her to report, and the thrill of those moments carried over. "Army flash!"—they were magical words. They cleared the wires to San Francisco. They put her in touch with that world beyond the valley.

Seekie's voice being heard up there! City girl putting a pip on the map to show the flight she had just phoned in. Air Force officers stroking their chins while they weighed her message. Colonels and even generals waiting; fighter planes wait-

(Continued on page 69)





**For nearly 25 years, Kenesaw Mountain Landis has held the power of life and death over baseball. Yet fans still know little about him. Meet "the Jedge"**

wise might have existed in their favor."

Only once has the supreme power of the Judge been challenged—in 1931, by Phil Ball, owner of the St. Louis Browns. The case was promptly thrown out of court. True, on occasion club owners have banded together intending to raise a little hell with him, but Landis has stopped them cold by threatening to tear up his contract. Since he has been responsible for reforming baseball from a gamblers' haven to an honest, profitable pastime, the owners beat a hasty retreat in the face of such a threat.

As a result Landis is today more absolute than ever. That isn't to say there are no rumblings of discontent, or that no power on earth could remove the Judge. There are some owners who believe that baseball, having vindicated itself, could stand a less dictatorial hand today. The owners re-elected Landis for a term of five years in 1940. That term expires in January, 1946. It isn't inconceivable that the opposition could muster sufficient votes to remove him at that time. Whether it could muster sufficient courage is another matter. The Judge has solid public backing.

Yet relatively few persons who attend or play baseball know much about Landis. They do know, for example, that with a few scrawls of his pen he could cancel the World Series, dissolve the Brooklyn Dodgers, or banish Joe McCarthy; they know that he gets \$55,000 a year and looks, as one sports writer so aptly puts it, "like Whistler's Mother in slacks."

Occasionally, when they see him at a ball game, usually in a box back of third base, his white locks blowing in the wind, his face frozen in a determined scowl, they realize that there sits the man responsible for keeping wartime baseball alive. They know that when the draft began to make itself felt on major-league rosters, some of the club owners were ready to throw in the sponge and abandon baseball for the duration. And they know it was the stubborn, profane, dogmatic "Jedge" who steadfastly insisted: "Unless some law prevents putting nine men on the field, we'll keep playing."

But despite their realization that he has been worth his weight in gold to baseball, few fans know anything about Landis the man, his history, or his habits. They may know that in 1907, at the age of forty-one, he imposed the largest fine ever recorded in judicial history, \$29,240,000, upon the Standard Oil Company. But they probably don't know that a year later the Circuit Court of Appeals told him he was all wet, and that Standard Oil never paid one red cent of that fine.

Incredible as it may now appear, Landis was a great publicity grabber in the early 1900s. In 1922, when he finally retired from the bench, he sentimentally confided to newspapermen that they were the ones who had actually gotten him the job as high Commissioner of baseball. "What can I say to you fellows?" he said, when Chicago reporters presented "old Jedge" with a farewell testimonial scroll. "These people come in and say I'm a great man. You printed stuff about me and that's the reason I've got a fifty-thousand-dollar job. I don't kid myself."

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## YOU CAN'T ARGUE WITH THE JUDGE

BY LLOYD SHEARER

**T**WENTY-FIVE years ago, in one of the most amateurishly bungled frame-ups of all time, eight Chicago Black Sox threw a World Series and almost ruined professional baseball forever.

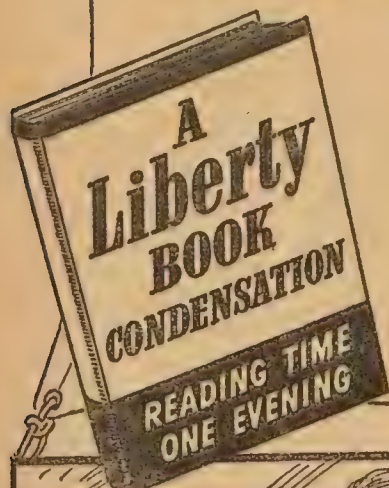
Indirectly as a result of their dishonesty, a federal judge named Kenesaw Mountain Landis was offered what amounted to a lifelong job. After forty-five minutes of deliberation he accepted it and became the czar of baseball—the most powerful, most autocratic dictator the sports history of the United States has ever known.

Today the seventy-seven-year-old Judge's decisions are beyond the rulings of any court in the land. He can fire any ballplayer, dismiss any manager, void any baseball transaction any time, any place, in any manner his fancy or reason may dictate. He can do all this and more, merely because a clause in his contract reads: "The major and minor leagues severally agree to be bound by the decisions of the Commissioner rendered in accordance with this agreement, and severally waive such rights of recourse to the courts as other-



# THE GHOST TALKS

BY CHARLES MICHELSON



These lively reminiscences by the veteran publicity director of the Democratic National Committee are a liberal education in practical politics. No one knows better than "Charley" Michelson how Presidents are made, "palace favorites" rise and fall, and history is written by quirks of human nature.

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER



GOOD luck and good management must be accorded equal responsibility for the rise of Franklin Roosevelt.

During every phase of his advent to eminence, his fairy godmother was on the job. Every time she waved her wand, she had the right people to translate the magic of opportunity into success. Innumerable times the cast of destiny's dice might have destroyed him, but the pixies of politics invariably outflanked the sinister grem-lins of grief.

He was no towering Democratic figure before 1928. His party had turned him down for a senatorial candidacy; he was only a minor sacrifice as the second man on its ticket in the hopeless 1920 election.

Had not the Democrats muffed the ball in the 1924 convention, John Raskob might have remained a Republican; there would have been no spectacular rejuvenescence of the Democratic party following the defeat of Al Smith

by Herbert Hoover and the nomination of Roosevelt for governor in a strategic move to hold New York for Smith in 1928. If he had not carried New York, though Smith lost it, Roosevelt could probably not have won the Presidential nomination in 1932; and but for the great depression, Hoover might well have been re-elected.

Had it not been for the imminence of war, Roosevelt would never have received the third-term nomination; would never, in fact, have gone after it.

If the Roosevelt forces had not double-crossed Jouett Shouse in 1932, Jouett would have double-crossed Franklin Roosevelt, and Al Smith, Bert Ritchie, or Newton Baker—or a Republican, possibly Herbert Hoover again—would have become President, and the New Deal would not have been.

Here was the situation at Chicago: Chairman John Raskob and Executive Chairman Shouse had labored for three years to refloat the Democratic party after it



had gone down under the Hoover tidal wave of 1928. Raskob, chagrined by the first failure of his career, had decided it was impossible to effect a political revolution between a nomination and election day, and had undertaken to get together a machine that would give Al Smith another shot at the big target.

The first job was to organize the 1932 convention. Of supreme importance was the selection of a temporary chairman; for though Farley had garnered a hypothetical majority of delegates, the two-thirds rule was still in effect. Moreover, there were numerous contesting delegates, and on which delegates were seated depended the validity of that majority.

The program was to put Shouse in as temporary chairman of the convention, which would have meant a torpedo under the prow of the Roosevelt craft. Both sides had perfectly good lists of members of the committee committed to their side. But certain members, bandwagon jumpers by habit, were pledged to both factions, determined to land on the winning side.

Then came the proposal, offered by Senator Byrd, that if Shouse would forgo the temporary chairmanship,



which carried with it the enunciation of the keynote speech, he might have the permanent chairmanship of the convention. Shouse agreed, but with the proviso that the proposal be personally validated by Governor Roosevelt. So Secretary Jackson of the Democratic National Committee went to the phone and talked at some length with the Governor. He reported that Roosevelt had no objection.

Jouett Shouse had something to sell. His price for yielding the temporary chairmanship to Senator Barkley was that he should have the permanent chairmanship. Thus would be spared any embarrassment to the two-timers and double-pledgers. Shouse believed, and was intended to believe, that his price was agreed on when Jackson returned from telephoning to Albany.

When the convention was called to order two months later, the name of Senator Tom Walsh was presented for the permanent chairmanship—with only a minority report asking that Shouse get the job—and the convention voted 626 to 528 for the great Montana senator.

The episode was the precursor of a habit that has been useful throughout the Presidential incumbency—F. D. R.'s genial trait of sending people away satisfied that he is quite in accord with them. Samples: Farley's faith in the idea that he had the President's word that he would not run for the third term, and the faith of each of the various candidates for the Vice-Presidential nomination in 1940, that he had been given the green light, whereas Roosevelt had determined on Henry Wallace.

I was there—at the 1932 convention—with Walsh's speech in one pocket and Shouse's in the other. I have been wrongfully charged with having written both. I had my mimeographs under the stairs leading to the platform and dared not issue either speech until after Missouri had voted, when it was evident that Walsh would be chosen.

With perfect legalism and impeccable courtesy, the permanent chairman squelched the Smith protestants, and that phase of the battle passed victoriously.

Through three ballots Roosevelt's majority held, but he was still far shy of the requisite two-thirds majority, and his people were worried. Only by the most strenuous strong-arming by Senator Pat Harrison was Mississippi kept in line. Several other states were ready to quit Roosevelt. Another ballot and the prospects were that the line would break. So Farley went to work on Jack Garner, whose Texas and California votes were of the utmost importance. Likewise they wooed William Randolph Hearst—who was backing the Garner candidacy—over the long-distance phone to San Simeon. A deal was made. My understanding at the time was that California, by alphabetical right ahead in the balloting, was to yield to Texas, so that Garner's own state would announce the decision; but William Gibbs McAdoo could not forgo the opportunity to get back at Al Smith. And did he enjoy telling how he had been the victim of the two-thirds rule! McAdoo had had 530 votes in the Madison Square Garden massacre in 1924, and maintained a majority for many ballots. Small wonder that he now had the time of his life driving the spikes into Smith's political coffin.

AFTER Roosevelt's nomination, I bade farewell to Raskob and Shouse, moved across the auditorium to Roosevelt headquarters, and reported to Farley, whom I had never met. He greeted me with a grin. Louis Howe, who had asked me to press-agent the campaign if Roosevelt ran, escorted me to the nominee's room. Franklin Roosevelt was lying down resting from his rough trip in a plane from Albany. Our acquaintance dated back to his incumbency as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, when I was political reporter and chief of the New York World's Washington Bureau.

"Glad to see you aboard the ship," the candidate said.

He did not seem particularly elated by his victory. Indeed, his frame of mind, not only then but after each election, appeared to be that no other outcome was possible. We did not discuss policies or methods for the battle ahead. In fact, I cannot now recall any time when he sought to guide campaign publicity. When any question came up about which there might be a difference of opinion, I fought it out with Louis Howe.

Howe was one of the few who spoke his mind to State Senator Roosevelt and to President Roosevelt. Of all the advisers who have aided or plagued the great man during his career, Howe was the most loyal and most disinterested. I believe that his advice influenced Franklin Roosevelt more than anyone else's. Not that he always accepted it. My experience is that he takes nobody's advice undiluted. His habit is to listen to all, letting each advocate believe that his is the only tenable course, and then do what he pleases.

I saw the Governor just before he went on his barnstorming tour of the West. Hugh Johnson, Raymond Moley, and I were summoned to the Executive Mansion to draft a speech to be delivered at Columbus. Each of us brought his manuscript with him. Johnson's bristled with fulminations against the enemy and fine wisecracks. Moley presented the economic and social issues. My contribution was straight politics with some covert digs of which I was a trifle proud.

None of those three speeches was delivered. Instead, the Governor suggested each topic, and we three typed out our views of the proper presentation. A brief discussion of these, and the Governor stretched himself on a couch and with his eyes on the ceiling dictated his own version, occasionally using one of our phrases.

I was never present when a big speech was born that the President did not take the political viands offered and cook them in his individual way. Franklin Roosevelt is a better phrasemaker than anybody he ever had around him.

I had no further direct contact with the candidate until he returned from the great swing around the circle—an epic journey unmarred by fulfillment of any of the forebodings of the high board of strategy of his committee. His health held up, he made no bulls in im-



promptu talks, and he slid through the ambushes of conflicting local leaders uncommitted and unharmed.

## The Nest That Was Built for Al Smith

John J. Raskob had only a vague hope of unhorsing Herbert Hoover, when he essayed the rehabilitation of the Democratic party after the defeat of Alfred E. Smith in 1928. My deduction at the time was that Raskob rather believed that Hoover was most likely to succeed himself, but that when his second term was over (there was no thought of third terms at that period!) there would be a fine opportunity for the Democrats to stage a comeback, with Al Smith—for the Republicans had no popular hero—as a possible successor for the big job.

Raskob may have thought the 1932 election would wipe Franklin Roosevelt off the political map.

Raskob was no tyro at long-range planning. His wealth, at that time, was reputed to be in the neighborhood of half a billion dollars. Even allowing for the exaggerations of the Big Bulge Era, he had enough to pledge one million to finance the rejuvenation enterprise without any great drain. When the stock market did its crash dive, it was another story. However, the little magnate never squealed, and the cash kept coming.

In June, 1929, Jouett Shouse and I confronted each other across his broad desk and attempted to survey the job that lay ahead of us. I had not the slightest idea of how or where to begin my function of converting the country from a Republican to a Democratic frame of mind, and I thought that there was no more of definiteness in the face across the desk than in mine.

We did not know each other particularly well. During the 1928 campaign he was to me merely one of the pleasant people from whom information was to be obtained during a political melee. He had offered me the post of press agent to a forlorn hope because of some facility I had in the use of words and my presumed knowledge of politics and government resulting from many years' service as a Washington correspondent.

Shouse told me that when he notified Raskob he had appointed Charley Michelson as publicity director, the chairman asked, "Who in hell is Charley Michelson?"

The picture so industriously circulated later on, of a conspiracy, worked out between the Democratic chairman and the publicity director, to "smear Hoover" and destroy the President's prestige was, like many other picturesque myths of politics, purely imaginary.

Our enterprise had a gloomy launching. The country was happy in the high tide of prosperity. To most people President Hoover was still the magician of the Republican campaign picture.

It was usual for the government's income to exceed what the Treasury estimated by hundreds of millions of dollars. On one occasion—in 1929—it missed its guess by a billion. All of this was converted into payments of the national debt, and nobody found any fault except a few Democrats on Capitol Hill who grumbled that it would be better to give the taxpayers the benefit of these surpluses in lower income rates.

But who paid any attention to the Democrats in those days? The party itself was shattered. The Solid South had been split wide open. Alabama and Georgia had barely stuck to the Democratic side. All of the border states had gone for Hoover. The religious bitterness engendered by the campaign against Governor Smith was still aflame. The tottering minority organization had come out of the 1928 campaign a million and a half dollars in debt.

Fate, however, which it seems to me always has come to the aid of the Democrats during the past dozen years, took care of us. President Hoover called a special session to mitigate the woes of the farmer, suggesting, among other things, some tariff raises on agricultural products. The measure crystallized as the Smoot-Hawley bill, the hugest tariff bill in the country's history.

The House of Representatives majority—functioning beautifully under the great triumvirate Longworth, Snell, and Tilson—crowded the initial bill through with a minimum of trouble, carefully safeguarding against debate, which was not difficult when they made the

rules. They made of the Ways and Means Committee a Republican caucus, barring the Democratic members from the hearings and not letting them have a look at the bill until it was ready to be reported out.

It was easy for us to get before the country a picture of slavish legislators closeted with the representatives of those industries whose owners had contributed most largely to the Hoover campaign fund, and fixing the rates as they were told to do by Big Business. It was not such an erroneous picture after all, as later the Senate lobby investigation disclosed: the lobbying of Grundy of Pennsylvania, the fact that Senator Bingham of Connecticut had smuggled into the closed hearings an official of the Connecticut Manufacturers Association disguised under a fictitious senatorial clerkship.

The President's aura bleached out entirely under the criticism of his indecision about that bill. It became the general belief that he did not have any tariff views, which is very probable. Tariff-making is the most technical sort of legislation. There are probably not half a dozen competent students of the subject—let alone experts—among the 531 members of Congress, where tariffs are a recurring phenomenon on which they must debate and vote. Then what likelihood was there that Hoover, whose whole life had been spent in a field far removed from such questions, should have been able to decide among conflicting opinions on the Smoot-Hawley tariff?

But the psychology of our great country is that a President knows everything. Moreover, there is an echo of this thought in the White House itself. No President, in my experience, has ever admitted his incompetence in any respect or his ignorance of anything. And—as a parenthesis—I never knew a President who left the White House willingly, nor an aspirant for the office who was ever able to abandon the ambition.

MR. HOOVER in every campaign speech in 1928 had promised complete, continuous, and progressive prosperity. Whenever the Stock Exchange now recorded a drop, the cartoonists and columnists of the nation's press did our work for us. The President now thought it his function to reassure the country by deprecating the intensity of the calamity. But fate willed it that whenever he issued a statement full of sunshine, the market found previously unsuspected depths.

Then one day there came to our attention a full-page newspaper advertisement, sponsored by the Republican National Committee, conveying the idea that John J. Raskob was selling the market short in order to destroy confidence in our Chief Executive. That was a simple thing to meet. Mr. Raskob issued a brief statement that he had never at any time during the depression sold a share of stock, directly or indirectly; that he would hold any newspaper publishing the same responsible for it. The advertisement was not printed in any newspaper.

Undoubtedly, there was a lot of short selling, not because of the President's promotional propaganda, but in spite of it. There was nothing political about it. The men whose business it is to guess right on the market were pursuing their vocation. Their sources of information were better, apparently, than the government's.

A story was told me by one of the research men in the government. At a social gathering of experts from the Commerce and Agriculture Departments, somebody told of a new wheat, discovered in some remote country, calculated to resist grain plagues or to withstand cold better than the known varieties. Immediately it was suggested that an expedition be started to explore and examine the discovery. Mr. Hoover expressed amazement at the celerity with which the project was organized.

"Why not?" asked one of the experts.

"Well," commented the Secretary of Commerce, "you may be able to do it, but for me, my idea of heaven is a place where you do not have to make decisions."

The picture we at Democratic headquarters thought it would be useful to our cause to impress upon the people required no misrepresentation. A man sat in the President's chair who did not fit. His undoubted genius in certain directions did not run along the lines of the Chief Executive of a great nation. Mr. Hoover had no knack of dominating the Senate and House of Represent-



atives. Uncertain of himself, he gave the impression of regarding Congress as a nuisance specially erected to worry him. All of which was water on the wheels of a hostile political publicity bureau.

Meanwhile, Governor Roosevelt at Albany was making hay in his own field.

Shouse told me that the governor had a spy in our office reporting to him on all we did. That sounds quite probable, for he never was a man to take chances. It caused me no concern; for whatever we did we boomed in the newspapers. Any real secret stuff was discussed among Raskob, Shouse, and myself. In fact, when I learned that the Republican National Committee had in mind planting an observer with us, I sent word to them that if they would give me the name of their spy, I'd send him a personal invitation and supply him with a desk adjoining my own.

### Democratic Hopes, Talents, Troubles, and Performances

While the 1932 Presidential candidate was barnstorming, we at headquarters at the Biltmore Hotel in New York were putting into operation the whirlwind mechanics of a campaign.

Farley was king there, with me as composer of the music for the distinguished trumpeters who proclaimed our activities. Close by, Louis Howe burrowed in the most disorderly cubbyhole I ever saw. He rarely attended conferences, but he knew all that was going on and, I suppose, really had a veto power if he cared to exercise it. He knew as intimately the political situation and its crosscurrents as did Farley, who seemingly could call every leader, high and low, from Maine to California, by his first name and had that man's history, his loyalties, and his shortcomings at his fingertips.

Farley was boiling with enthusiasm and confidence in every campaign. Howe was, or pretended to be, the gloomy pessimist. He refused to accept anybody's statement that such and such a state was safe, but went on the principle that every Northern state must be handled as a battleground. He even insisted on making a try at Maine, though the general view of the strategists at the Biltmore was that such an effort would be simply money thrown away.

My work during the first campaign consisted principally of writing speeches, getting out pamphlets, inciting eminent citizens to make statements in our favor, circulating cartoons and editorials, supervising the output of the various divisions of the headquarters force, and keeping the newspapers supplied with articles, with names attached of such importance that they could not afford to omit them.

Everybody apparently had come into camp. Al Smith made speeches for Roosevelt. So did John Raskob and Jouett Shouse. Frank Hague, who had been conspicuous on the other side of the fence, threw a huge demonstration for the candidate at Sea Girt. So far as could be counted, every soreness of the convention was forgotten. John Raskob knocked off \$25,000 from the debt owed him by the National Committee. This was before the days of the Hatch Act.

Later on, these gentlemen switched again, and some of the most poignant days of the committee came during the 1936 campaign.

"John Raskob has served notice," phoned Forbes Morgan, then acting treasurer, "that he is going to impound our funds."

"Do you mean to say," was my response, "that he is going to impound our deficit?"

Raskob is one of the gentlest, kindest men in the world, but we really thought that, in those days of Liberty League bitterness, he would push us to the limit. Ultimately, the money was dug up and Raskob was so happy over the whole episode that he had photostats made of the check and sent them to the newspapers.

### Campaigning on a Shoestring

The first Roosevelt preconvention campaign had been pulled through with the dollars of Frank Walker, now

Postmaster General; Will Woodin; Ed Flynn, successor to Jim Farley as national chairman; Jesse Straus, and a few others. They continued to help after Roosevelt's nomination, with Henry Morgenthau, Sr., and James W. Gerard among the other contributors. There were next to no general subscriptions. The Democratic party throughout the nation was demoralized and politically broke; so our usual reservoir of officeholders' money was empty.

There was no record of a party in power being hard up. Consequently, our \$600,000 deficit was regarded as a decoration rather than a calamity. But it turned out to be a long trek to that promised land. The big appointments, and presumably patronage jobs, were chiefly on relief measures; and though the other party called appropriations to W.P.A., P.W.A., N.R.A., etc., stupendous corruption funds, not even a trickle of money from these sources flowed into the National Committee's treasury. We plugged along with victory dinners and other conventional expedients, and it was five years before that debt was wiped out. By that time, the 1938 deficit had been superimposed, and we had to climb up an even higher hill to get in sight of the horizon of solvency.

In 1936, the United Mine Workers came to our rescue with \$10,000 for the National Committee and \$50,000 for the "Nominators and Electors," a theoretically non-partisan group like the Good Neighbor League.

In November of that year, the mine workers came across with an additional loan of \$50,000 to the National Committee. John Lewis was willing to forgive that debt, but we insisted on paying it, with bittersweet consciousness of rectitude and perhaps more alacrity than if the enemy had not constantly taunted us.

Meanwhile, the Hatch Act had come along to plague us with its various restrictions, prohibitions, and limitations. After the convention, we put the business in the hands of a sales agency—and they went to town. We realized about a quarter of a million dollars on our convention book—a souvenir volume—and cut our debt by that amount.

WE did not take all the money that was offered us. For example, one day an eminent gentleman called on me and told me he would produce \$200,000 for our campaign fund. The circumstance that he came to me instead of to the treasurer made me think. I mentioned it to the President in the course of a conversation.

"You know," he said, "that that gentleman is a candidate for a high diplomatic position?"

"I believe he is."

"Well, you know he is not going to be appointed?"

"I know it now."

"If the committee took that money, he would have a right to assume that he had bought something; so you will have to get along without it."

I communicated no further with my \$200,000 man.

At first, those who had fought Roosevelt's nomination fiercely did yeoman service in the campaign. We were mighty glad to have these folks with us, and we played them up on every occasion. Al Smith's speeches were circulated to the voters of New York, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania, and in other states where the Happy Warrior was strongest; Raskob's words reached Wall Street, and Jouett Shouse's orations were delivered to the same people he had addressed in the preconvention campaign.

Mr. Hoover's speeches were largely statistical, the theme being that the depression was licked and the only thing that could stop the upward movement was the election of Roosevelt.

In his final speech at Madison Garden he used a phrase that plagued him for a long time: "The grass will grow in the streets of a hundred cities, a thousand towns; the weeds will overrun the fields of millions of farms." He was referring specifically to the Democratic purpose of repealing the Smoot-Hawley tariff, but the New York Times next morning carried as its headline: "Hoover Charges Roosevelt New Deal Would Destroy Foundation of the Nation." We used the grass quotation many times in subsequent campaigns.



The battle of 1932 has frequently been referred to as a smear campaign. In looking back over the files, I find little of personal attack on President Hoover. Democratic pamphlets and speeches were practically all devoted to the various acts and omissions of his administration to which we traced the causes of the depression.

Looking back on that campaign and comparing it with the other corresponding periods of 1936 and 1940, it was evidently a fairly comfortable engagement. The whole country was so worried and so eager to try anything that promised relief from the terrors of the depression that friends of the Roosevelt movement bobbed up in the most unexpected quarters. Our "Republicans for Roosevelt" league, instead of being a mere gesture to scare the enemy, which is the usual measure of such bodies, was an actual fighting force, so extensive that the Democratic candidate delivered to it one of his big addresses.

From newspapers, Roosevelt received generally either outright support or only mild opposition. In later campaigns, eighty-five per cent of the big journals reverted to their normal Republicanism and assailed him with fury. But we might figure that the newspaper support, which we considered of prime importance in 1932, had really little significance in elections, for in '36 and in '40 nearly all papers were anti-Roosevelt.

The phenomena are in line with the inability of a political figure to swing the votes from himself to another individual in general elections (though it has been done at conventions). Newspaper readers do not take their political faith from editorial columns or colored news stories, and nobody has as yet figured that a particular speech won an election, though the indications are that sometimes an ill-timed or inept speech may hinder or lose an election.

Once during the 1932 campaign we were alarmed. The candidate in his "Four Horsemen" speech at Baltimore had used this expression:

"After March 4, 1929, the Republican party was in complete control of all branches of the federal government: The Executive, the Senate, the House of Representatives and, I might add for good measure, the Supreme Court as well."

This implication that the Supreme Court was under political influence raised a terrific hullabaloo on the opposition side. The Republican newspapers editorialized on the peril of having a man of such destructive views at the head of the government; the Republican orators went to town on Roosevelt's irresponsibility, and some implied that his mind was affected.

There were several conferences at Democratic headquarters, before the candidate got back, as to what should be done. When he arrived on the scene, he took the "let-the-heathen-rage" attitude. Actually, that was all that could be done. This gust blew itself out and evidently caused not the slightest difference in the result of the election a week later.

## The Winner Administers a Holiday to the Banks

We had barely time to realize our victory when the job hunters were on our necks. The flood of applications became so vast that we had to set up a regular bureau to handle it. We had a flock of girls making a first classification of them. The "A" list comprised those who had all the endorsements—those of the senators, representatives, national committeemen, and state and county chairmen. The "B" list was those who had a sizable but incomplete string of sponsors, and the "C" list took in the thousands who had a single endorsement.

One day I got a rather petulant inquiry as to what was being done about the application of John Doe—I have forgotten the actual name—for a minor post in the Customs Division. Having in mind the source of the inquiry, we waded through the "A" classification. Nothing there. Nothing in the second division. Finally we turned the whole force loose on the mountain of "C" applications, and there we found it. The object of the inquiry had but one endorsement—that of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

In some respects the interval between our first Presi-

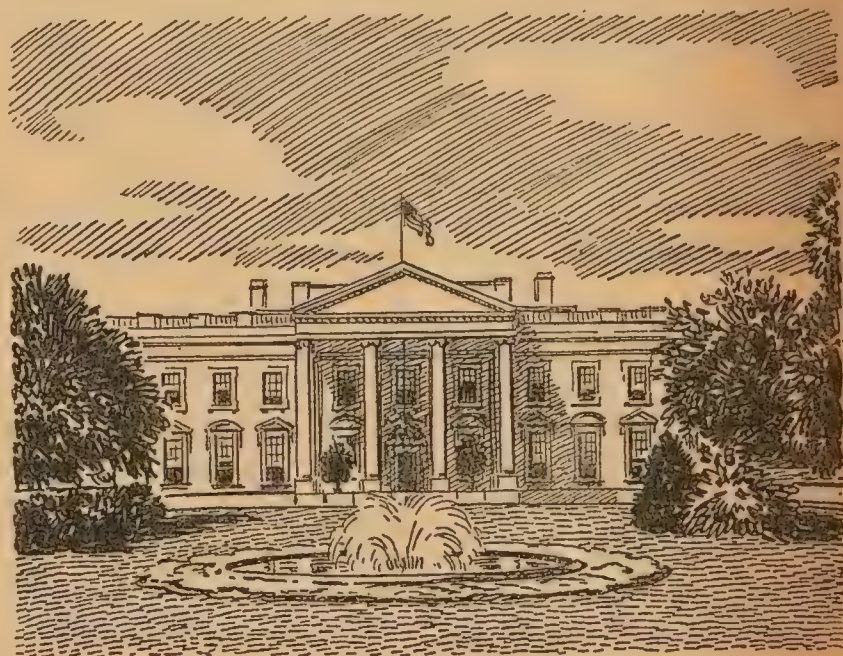
dential election and inauguration was a busier period even than the campaign. We were in the midst of the depression, and the President-elect told me on one occasion that the bank crisis was due to culminate just about inauguration day. He outlined roughly his tentative program for dealing with that and the other projects which finally crystallized as the New Deal.

He quoted from innumerable books and authorities—from Necker's effort to rehabilitate the finances of France in the day of the Louis to the contemporary suggestion of the commodity dollar. He swung over to farm production and the dilemma of the agriculturists, faced with mortgage foreclosures in a crushed market.

Finally I burst out, "Governor, how on earth did you accumulate so much definite knowledge of so many things?"

"Well," he replied, and there was no suggestion of self-pity in his answer, "you fellows with two good legs spend your spare time playing golf, or shooting ducks and such things, while I have had to get all my exercise out of a book."

Just about that time, President Hoover invited him to collaborate in some holdover problems. The President-elect could not decline to discuss these things with the



outgoing President, nor risk the almost certain clash between his own attitude and the reactionary philosophy of Hoover. Naturally, Roosevelt did not care to have the dramatic effect of his intended proposals spoiled by discussion of them in advance of their delivery. He saw no chance that the President would accept his philosophy, and it was equally certain that he was not going to alter it.

Once, when F. D. R.'s personality was being analyzed for a newspaper article, I had ventured to tell the correspondent that we really had three Presidents: the fanatic idealist, the stubborn Dutchman, and the practical politician. The practical politician was on the job when the Hoover proposition was broached. The Hoover administration was winding up in intense gloom, and Roosevelt's forecast was that things would be worse at its close. He had no mind to be identified with the crash, figuring correctly that only by a dramatic surprise could he restore the people's confidence.

So he and Professor Raymond Moley went to the White House, where Hoover had Ogden Mills as his second in what he apparently deemed a duel of wits. It was with the customary political habit of according no proper motive for anything the opposition had in mind that we interpreted, perhaps unjustly, President Hoover's purpose in extending the invitation. The prevalent theory around Democratic headquarters was that the passing President meant to embarrass his successor, either by making him a party to whatever expedient Hoover had in mind or by being able to imply that the incoming President had refused to join in a program to stay the depression.

Roosevelt took the position that authority and responsibility had to go together, and therefore until he



had assumed the office he could take no part in any decision from the White House.

Incidentally, I think we all underestimated Ray Moley—as we did the rest of the brain trust. Moley was the most effective of the lot. He not only seemed to have superb technical skill in economic matters, but he had a fairly hard-boiled attitude toward what was necessary in a campaign. In retrospect, it is evident that during the early development of the Roosevelt ascendancy he was the most valuable contributor to the new President's success—except, perhaps, for Louis Howe. He had a fine gift for phrasemaking, and I believe that when the President occasionally disregarded the advice of his field of officials, it was Moley's voice to which he listened.

Moley had a truly professorial contempt for the purely political people who managed the campaign, regarding them as an element that had to be endured but not encouraged. He and Howe detested each other. This was quite natural for men striving to be first in their relations to the President.

Almost immediately after Roosevelt's advent to the White House, I was summoned there and told to report to the Treasury, where Will Woodin had just taken charge.

The Treasury job had been intended for Senator Carter Glass, who not only had been Woodrow Wilson's Secretary of the Treasury but had been the strong man of the administration in the financial committee of the Senate. Likewise, he had made the great speech of the campaign which did much to alleviate the anxieties of the business world as to the prospective plans of the Democratic candidate in 1932. The senator finally declined the appointment, doubtless because his conservative views on the money question did not quite square with the Roosevelt program.

We knew Woodin at campaign headquarters largely because of an amusing story told us by Jim Farley. One day Farley answered a telephone call. It was Woodin asking plaintively how a man with a fifty-thousand-dollar contribution could get in to see the chairman.

An overefficient doorman, deceived by the unobtrusiveness of the visitor, had turned down the capitalist with the statement that Mr. Farley was too busy to see any salesman. At that time our Biltmore headquarters was a mecca for agents who wanted to supply us with campaign buttons, banners, advertising, and all the other paraphernalia a new political organization requires; and most of them knew Farley, or pretended to.

I NEVER knew whether Woodin's self-effacement was real or whether it was a whimsical pose, for later I saw him stand up to some of the toughest fellows that ever bullied an adversary, with all the rasp in his normally ultra-soft voice that the occasion required. He had inherited from Ogden Mills, his predecessor, a group of technical assistants, who stood by while he habituated himself to his job. They had constituted a hierarchy that entertained no doubts as to the sanctity of their methods and precedents; but the new Secretary sounded a note of authority in his conversations with them that advised them he knew what he was about.

The terrific responsibility of the task he had undertaken for a country in the midst of the most chaotic and disastrous economic condition it had ever known did not scare him; but he was gun-shy of newspaper reporters, and it was probably on this account that I had been assigned to take charge of his public relations.

The holdovers hardly disguised their discomfort at having me present at conferences (they had come to regard them as cloistered mysteries)—an outsider who did not even pretend to subscribe to the sacredness of the rituals. My declaration (with no authority) that no statements should be issued that I could not understand almost provoked an earthquake.

I had one friend among them—Eugene Meyer, who was, I think, chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. This was before he bought the Washington Post and turned from banker to journalist. I had come to him (I was then on the World) with a story of the plight of a group of Western banks that I had been informed were about to fold up.

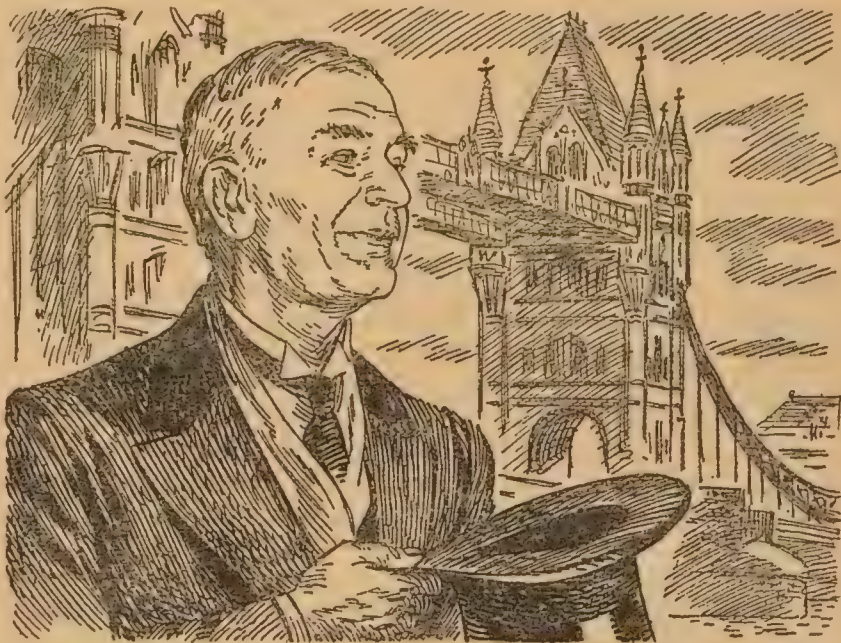
"Your information is absolutely correct," said Meyer. "Perhaps their situation is even worse than you describe. You are perfectly safe in printing your story. If you do, every one of those banks will close tomorrow. If you don't, we can save three quarters of them. Now, damn you, it's up to you!"

Naturally the story was not printed.

Under Woodin's leadership, the first thing they had to tackle was the problem of the banks. Roosevelt issued his order closing them all until it could be determined which were solvent or susceptible to rehabilitation. Presently I was told to prepare an address for the President. This was the foundation of his fireside talk which electrified the country. I went over to the White House with my first draft and the President lay on a couch and dictated his own speech.

Really, my first job with the Treasury concerned the press conferences with the new Secretary. I found that the establishment was plagued by a swarm of Wall Street touts, who beat it to the telephone to convey their hints to stock operators and so forth. So we organized the Treasury Correspondence Press Association, and Woodin validated their decision that thereafter none but regular newspaper correspondents who had been accepted in the press galleries of the House and Senate were eligible to attend. This decision cost me many friends because magazine people and feature writers generally were debarred, but it did the job of cleaning house.

The new Secretary was a trifle shy at the initial conferences, but within a fortnight he was visiting the press headquarters, where he sat on a desk and regaled the



correspondents with a mandolin recital of his new musical compositions. I even had some difficulty in persuading him against putting in a big refrigerator stocked with beer for his friends—and they were his friends. Time after time in the conferences, some member would speak up and suggest that something he had revealed had better be "off the record." They were as determined as I was that the novice in government should not make any mistakes.

The real stress of Woodin's job came with the determination of which banks should be permitted to open, which should be aided to give them a chance for survival, and which should be eliminated permanently. He was seriously ill when the burden was heaviest.

My order to go abroad with the delegates to the London Economic Conference came in the midst of this. I never saw Will Woodin again.

### When Hull Saved the Horse Trade

The London Economic Conference was a Roosevelt headache before he ever got to the White House, though most of the discord there stemmed from Roosevelt's lifting our country off the gold standard two years after Great Britain had taken that step and while we were wallowing in the slough of a depression. The situation was complicated with the old war debts, which the



other fellows insisted should be part of the economic agenda and which our incoming President was bound should be handled individually with each debtor nation.

Because the economic conference had been agreed upon after many diplomatic conversations, Congressional debates, and the like, Roosevelt had to go ahead with it, though he did succeed in postponing it a month or two.

I was called to the White House and informed that I was to have charge of the publicity relations of the American commission. I officiated until the final week of the conference. It was no easy job. Europe had figured that all the related matters would be acted on—stabilization, tariffs, international trade generally. Their program presupposed that our dollar would be geared to the pound and to the franc at a figure that would make it impossible for us to profit, as England had profited, by departing from the gold standard. Our balking at this was ill received.

THE commission had its program outlined by the President before we sailed, but in mid-ocean we received instructions modified so as to make the body little more than an exploratory organization, without authority to enter into any definite commitment. Currency stabilization was to be handled apart from the conference. The change was due to events at home: various recovery measures were beginning to take hold, and the obvious fear was that international compacts would disturb this trend.

It was clearly understood, as a result of the preliminary talks between the British and our State Department, that the debts were not to be mentioned. Congress had reserved to itself the handling of that question.

In almost the first speech of the session, Ramsay MacDonald plumped in the debts. I looked over at Secretary of State Hull and thought he was going to have apoplexy at this breach of the agreement. However, he made no comment. At one of our executive sessions it was agreed that we should ignore the Prime Minister's statement.

We were under strict orders from the Secretary of State to reveal nothing of a consequential nature. It turned out that whenever Mr. Hull had a low-down conference with the high British officials—the purport of which he would afterward explain to the assembled commission—we found a full report of the intimate chat in the next issue of the London Times. Whereupon I felt that it was my job to be equally indiscreet, and the American press was given an even break on these state secrets. Mr. Hull is still wondering how the American newspapers got their information.

Suddenly the newspapers announced that Professor Raymond Moley was coming over to London as the President's personal representative. The British and the continental delegates promptly construed his position as superseding that of the Secretary of State, even though officially he was an Assistant Secretary of State and the actual Secretary, Cordell Hull, was on the job. Moreover, Hull had advised them that currency stabilization was apart from the conference agenda; yet along came Moley, officially, and obviously intending to deal with that very question. The circumstance that the Moley party was quartered at the American Embassy while the Secretary of State and the commissioners were domiciled at a hotel—Claridge's—added to the British belief that the professor was the man to whom attention should be paid.

Moley was friendly with all the conference delegates. To each of them he conveyed his appreciation of their abilities and general wisdom. Judge of their reaction when there appeared on Secretary Hull's desk a copy of a Moley confidential message to the President, in which appeared a paragraph to the effect that there was no member of the American delegation, except Senator Pittman, who knew what it was all about. The message was headed by the word that it was only for the President and should not be circulated in the Department of State.

Moley has explained that the paragraph was meant to refer only to their lack of technical knowledge of the money problem; but the delegates took no such view.

Hull thought that his Assistant Secretary not only was

knocking him and the rest of the delegation to the President but actually had our outfit under surveillance. Finally Hull thought he had discovered the source of the alleged leaks in the person of an attaché who had social relations with some of the Moley entourage, and he had about decided to send the suspected one home. The attaché had been associated with me in the campaign, so I was selected to intercede. I told the Secretary I believed the man incapable of such a treachery as the suspicion entailed. He finally accepted my judgment, but I am not certain he totally agreed. His sense of justice and his kindness outweighed his doubts.

Meanwhile, Moley was continuing his deliberations with the Bank of England people and with others concerned in the monetary project. As fast as an apparent basis was reached, the President stepped on it, though he seemed to be willing, at one time, to accept a ratio of approximately four dollars to the pound, if it had to be done. The declaration by the gold bloc, which Moley and the British so strenuously urged that the President should accept, presented in general terms the virtues and values of the stabilization principle. The professor assured everybody that it set forth the President's own views, and so he prepared the statesmen of the worried gold-standard nations for a happy response.

The professor invited Hull to be the bearer of this anticipated reply. Moley's own explanation later was that "whoever announced the news would receive the accolade of Europe and the United States. I wanted Hull, who had suffered so many disappointments and reverses and who might still believe he had suffered them because of my influence, to take the bows. Hull agreed." The Hull side of the story is that it was an invitation to validate the professor's various acts that had caused the Secretary of State so much embarrassment. He declined to attend the session at which the foreign representatives would be given the glad news.

Nevertheless, a considerable gathering assembled to hear the realization of the hopes of sixty-five nations (I think every important diplomatic cutaway and striped pants in London was there); but after quite a wait, they were told that the expected message had been delayed because of the inaccessibility of the President.

When the President's reply was finally coming through, Moley caught Hull on the steps of Claridge's, en route to Lady Astor's garden party at Cliveden, and notified him. Moley writes that Hull "received the news coldly" and told him that he could send him the message by his secretary. I was not there, but my information is that the comments of the Secretary of State—not on the message but on the messenger—were about the hottest in our modern diplomatic history.

WELL, all Europe was infuriated by Roosevelt's rejection. Moley and Hull joined in conclaves to determine what could be done. I issued the announcement for Hull that the President had rejected the declaration in its present form, and that the Secretary of State would give a statement of the President's views on Monday (this was on Saturday). The aim was to head off a movement to adjourn the conference and put the blame for its failure on Roosevelt.

"Our first thought," says Moley in his book, "when we had collected ourselves, was that we must protect him at all costs."

I have often wondered what the President's reaction was to the thought that he had to be protected from the effects of his own utterance. At any rate, that night Moley, Swope, and Walter Lippmann, who was commenting on the economic conference for the New York Herald Tribune syndicate, sat up most of the night composing the explanation, and I had a hack at it next morning.

Moley had cabled Baruch and his associates for information on the President's attitude. He got word back that they had no information, as the President was on board the cruiser Indianapolis with Louis Howe and Henry Morgenthau. Now a quote from Moley's book: "It was all that we needed to know. Louis, who did not know beans about money questions and would naturally be concerned with the superficial public reaction to the



sagging of stock and commodity prices on Friday; Morgenthau, whose rudimentary knowledge of monetary problems was largely provided by Professors George F. Warren and Frank A. Pearson (advocates of the absurd theory that changes in the price of gold would cause commodity prices to vary proportionately). . . ."

Ray and Louis had been knife-eying each other from the time the two were first rivals for proximity to the Boss. It requires no stretch of imagination to conceive that Louis would be emphatically on the Warren side, particularly with Roosevelt inclined in the same direction.

Our explanation of the President to the public and to the conference was a pretty good job of softening, but Hull never had a chance to utter it, for on Sunday there came out of the air the President's bombshell.

"I would regard it as a catastrophe amounting to a world tragedy if the great Conference of Nations, called to bring about a more real and permanent financial stability and a greater prosperity to the masses of all Nations, should in advance of any serious effort to consider these broader problems, allow itself to be diverted by the proposal of a purely artificial and temporary experiment affecting the monetary exchange of a few nations only."

### They Can't Do That to Ramsay!

Hull was fretting under the twin burdens of his assistant's supposed predominance and the wreck of the conference through changing instructions. Moley was distraught with his mournful efforts to convince all and sundry that Hull's suspicions were unfounded, and his distraction at Roosevelt's disregard of his advice. MacDonald was wailing that Roosevelt had destroyed the conference and ruined what he had hoped would be the crowning achievement of his life. But the gem of this diadem of mourning was supplied by His Majesty.

"Only a day or two ago," narrated MacDonald to Moley, "the King said: 'I will not have these people worrying my Prime Minister this way.'"

The only equal of the Prime Minister's lament was Moley's apologetic explanation of Franklin Roosevelt's harshness—that the President was, "under certain circumstances, a man who did not do himself full justice because of his choice of language."

Again I am moved to wonder how our Chief Executive, who is not usually accused of lack of literary pride, welcomed the implication that he was either inarticulate or incoherent.

The death of the conference was in sight, and I did not stay for the funeral. The agitation for an adjournment, saddling Roosevelt with responsibility for its failure, was in the air. I was told later that Neville Chamberlain, chancellor of the exchequer, went to the final session with such a resolution in his pocket; then Hull made a speech in which he set forth the arguments for continuing the life of the conference and warned what repercussions its dissolution might entail; whereupon Chamberlain arose and admitted that Hull had converted him, and moved a recess. And the London Economic Conference is still in recess.

I returned to Washington and made my report to the President, telling him that in my opinion the feud was so grave that unless something drastic was done he was likely to lose not only his Secretary of State but his Ambassador to Great Britain. He knew I was a Hull partisan, and I gathered that he agreed with my view of Moley's ineptness.

Ray Moley was invited to go to Hawaii to study and make recommendations on the law conditions there. He declined that assignment, but worked instead with the Department of Justice on legislation which it wanted.

My mind flew back half a century to the Yorke ranch in Graham County, Arizona, where one evening the bunkhouse philosopher gave me a lecture on efficiency: "You take the Molly mule," said he, "and a squaw could handle her; but you take Buck and Eph, them two ornery buckskins, and it's another story. That span kicked a buckboard and a water cart to kindlings on me. But you take Miguel here, and he drives that span in double harness without ever getting a hoof over a trace

or dishing a wheel—and let me tell you, son, when you get that kind of a driver, you've got a scholar and a diplomat."

Before very long, Hull ran into another and not altogether dissimilar complication. He and his Under Secretary, Sumner Welles, were at loggerheads. Again the Secretary of State felt that his putative subordinate was priming himself to succeed his chief. Welles was entrusted with various missions and functions that the head of the department thought should have been handled either by him or through him.

Moreover, Welles, like pretty nearly every other important person in the government, has his friends and partisans among the publicity people. Every now and then some story would leak from the State Department, and Hull would make his own deductions. Relations became so strained that the Secretary of State and his second in command were not on speaking terms. Ultimately, it came to a point where one or the other had to go. The root of this far from uncommon situation in the government, of course, lies in the custom of a President's selecting the key men of the various branches of the cabinet instead of leaving it to each head to pick his own assistants. In the absence or preoccupation of a department chief, the Under Secretary will become acting Secretary, and therefore a President wants his own man.

Probably the sore spot would not have become so inflamed in 1943, had not Welles's newspaper supporters intimated that the friction was because of differing attitudes (a difference entirely hypothetical, I believe) on the part of the two men toward Soviet Russia. At a time when all hands had to tread on eggs in relation to our war allies, with conferences impending which would embrace Stalin's representatives and ultimately the Russian leader himself, this sort of talk insured a crisis.

It was a tough spot for the President. He likes Welles and has a deep regard for his abilities; he respects and has faith in Hull. Even if it were otherwise, he could not afford a breakup of his cabinet at this time, so Welles's departure from the State Department was inevitable.

After the conference closed, I went back to my desk at the National Committee, only to be pulled out to go with Hugh Johnson into N.R.A.

The original program was that Johnson and I would both get out when the codes were completed, leaving their administration to somebody who had not encountered the inevitable enmities of those who resented the new rules and regulations. However, when that time came, President Roosevelt insisted that Johnson remain, on the theory that nobody else was as familiar with the processes as he and therefore it would be disruptive to make a change. I went back to my political desk. That was my last definite governmental employment.

### The Modern Boss: Streamlined Model

I have served with four Democratic National Chairmen. I have known most of them rather intimately, as well as every important political leader of both parties back as far as the days of Woodrow Wilson, and I have watched the evolution of the tough old-time bosses into the streamlined field marshals of this era.

At the National Committee dinner celebrating Roosevelt's first Presidential election, all eyes were on Jim Farley as we rose to drink the toast to the Chief.

He raised his glass of champagne to his lips, exclaiming, "Farley is off the water wagon."

He returned the glass untouched to the table, with the words: "Farley is on the water wagon again."

Now, Farley came up in politics the hard way. He managed to be elected town clerk at Stony Point, and solidified himself with Rockland County by refusing his ten-cent fee for dog licenses and his dollar fee for marriage licenses, etc., and so got to the New York legislature. Then he lost out on re-election by favoring repeal of the Baby Volstead Act, in defiance of Rockland County's rock-bound allegiance to the prohibition cause. Gradually he got into the inner circle of New York state politics, always training with Alfred E. Smith,



finally attaining the secretaryship of the Democratic State Committee, which brought him into contact with Franklin Roosevelt.

At that time, however, Ed Flynn, leader in the Bronx, was much closer to the Man of Destiny than Farley. In fact, it was Flynn rather than Roosevelt who picked the Grassy Point lad. Jim was a better glad-hander than Ed, who was always a behind-the-lines operator, who had no affection for crowds and who hated to make speeches. Farley had kept his nose clean during his trek along the political jungle paths, and he was a systematic worker whose chosen career was politics. Whereas with Flynn politics was a side issue. The latter had inherited a moderate fortune, was established in a fine law practice, and public office had no great lure for him. Farley, on the other hand, was poor; he had to have a job in the early period of his rise, or else to quit his activities along the line of his choice.

Roosevelt, when he was first elected governor of New York, got Flynn to accept the job of Secretary of State, and in that place Flynn and Louie Howe drew the blue-



prints that finally brought the Governor to the White House. My first intimation of it came a day or so after the election of 1928. Herbert Hoover had snowed Al Smith under, even in the Happy Warrior's own state. I was on the World at the time and ran into Howe on Broadway. "Al Smith isn't going to like this," said Louie. "He has lost the state and Franklin has carried it, and the country is not going to forget that when 1932 comes and the Democrats pick a candidate for President." That, of course, was before Chairman John Raskob undertook to rebuild the party and renominate Al Smith.

Farley's selection as state chairman was a natural, and he handled Roosevelt's second campaign for the governorship so expertly that he became the logical evangelist for the Governor's never disguised Presidential ambitions.

In that second gubernatorial campaign, Farley stood exactly in the spot of the impending rift between Smith and Roosevelt. Farley had been Smith's constant supporter. Roosevelt had twice made nominating speeches for his predecessor in Albany. But the parting of the ways was imminent, and the problem was how to accomplish this parting with a minimum of danger.

In 1930, Smith probably felt that, with the Democratic organization in Raskob's hands, he had little to fear from the amateur efforts at Albany. As for Farley, Al's feeling was apparently that this was just a lieutenant who had gone astray. Al did not know the real Farley; none of us did.

Even when Farley started on his historic pilgrimage, we thought that Shouse, who was making powerful speeches for Smith throughout the country, would more than match the efforts of the pleasant, persuasive, indefatigable Roosevelt emissary, whose systematic letter campaign, followed by chummy visits with party leaders, was harvesting instructed delegations across the country.

In none of Shouse's speeches was there a direct word of derogation of Roosevelt, or in Farley's talks a syllable other than complimentary toward Smith. This is the more extraordinary as the impulse and motive of each was to kill off, politically, the other's candidate. Of course it was merely what the strategy of the occasion called for. They were both out to make friends, not to inflame enemies.

The peace and courtesy did not break openly until March of 1931, when Raskob called a meeting of the Democratic National Committee, having previously issued a letter forecasting that he would ask the committee to pass a resolution making repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment a plank in the next year's platform.

Viewed from the Roosevelt angle, it appeared that Smith and Raskob knew that the Governor of New York was as much in favor of repealing the Prohibition Act as they were, but were throwing in the repeal resolution just to embarrass his candidacy. The idea conveyed was that the Southern delegates to the coming convention—bound to be against Smith—would not go along with Roosevelt if Roosevelt was put forth as another antiprohibition candidate. The theory was that the Raskob crowd did not care for whom the South voted as long as it was kept out of the Roosevelt column and so diminished the majority which Farley was claiming for his entry.

At the National Committee meeting more than a year later, the body, after some of the finest no-holds-barred oratory in the history of such gatherings, solemnly declared it was no part of its function to formulate platform planks. Thus consideration of the Raskob project—or trick (according to which side of the fence the observer was on)—was sidetracked, and Dixieland was not deflected from the band wagon.

In the convention, a ringing Wet plank was adopted as part of the Roosevelt platform, and nobody remembered that it was Raskob who originated the bold step.

AND Roosevelt did not lose the Southern delegates, either, though Mississippi's delegation was a constant source of worry to Howe and Farley, who knew it was only hanging to Roosevelt by half a vote. They thought they had the bulk of the votes in nearly every divided delegation which, with the instructed delegations, would have given the initial majority.

They had to reckon, however, with the dark-horse contingent—the guerrilla troops, who were as much interested in preventing an early decision as were the Smith forces. There was the case of Senator Harry Byrd, favorite son in his state, but who was counted as part of the Roosevelt strength. When there appeared the possibility of a deadlock, Senator Byrd would not turn over his delegation. He may have had the idea that if the main contestants were forced to split, he might be the fortunate legatee, though probably a vice-presidential nomination was the limit of his real ambitions. Then Newton Baker and Owen Young were hovering in the offing, ready to take advantage of any break.

Our crowd—I was still with the Raskob outfit—broke their hearts trying to reach Garner, who would not answer his phone. When Farley got contact with him, through Sam Rayburn and Silliman Evans, the Smith strategists were still vainly ringing Uvalde.

I was not in on the intimate strategy of the last struggles—purposely. In the event of a leak I did not wish to be in a position to be charged with it. Consequently, I am unable to verify the rumor that went around in the predawn hours of the convention decision that Smith wanted to offer Garner what he could deliver of the New York delegation as the price of Garner's standing firm for a specified number of ballots. The canny old Speaker could not be indifferent to the value to him of Northern delegates; for while this maneuvering was going on, Garner had not yet abandoned his hope of the Presidential nomination.

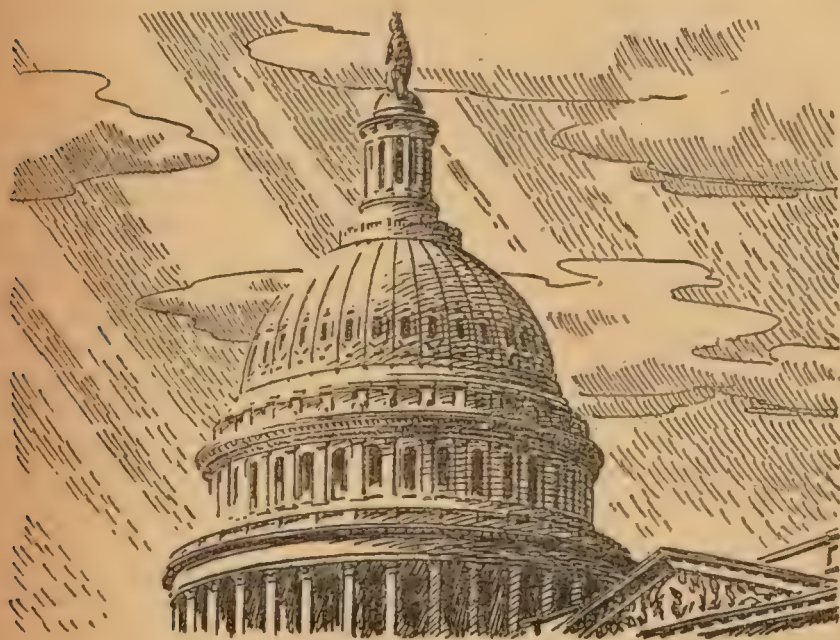
Farley and Silliman Evans, Homer Cummings, and Sam Rayburn finally lassoed Cactus Jack and herded him into the Roosevelt corral.

There were some heartburnings. Senator Burt Wheeler of Montana thought he ought to have the second place



on the ticket and has been grouchy ever since. Harry Byrd was never happy as a Roosevelt supporter and finally went clear out. Like Smith and Raskob, Shouse and the rest of them, these preserved their Democratic status by supporting the party candidate in the campaign, and that support was neither perfunctory nor halfhearted.

Few of the Raskobians stayed within the fold. They were quiescent until Roosevelt's measures had started the stalled wheels of industry to rolling again and the



conservatives had caught their breath. Then the movement began that culminated in the Liberty League.

So again in 1936, it was Farley vs. Shouse—in the campaign after the nomination and despite Shouse's Democracy.

Shouse was kind enough to invite me to join the new cabal, and I realized that it meant more money for me. But the idea of campaigning against the man whose election I had worked for with all my enthusiasm, and fighting Farley and the rest of the great crew with whom I had been associated made no appeal.

The formidable quality of the organization could not but cause concern at Farley's headquarters. The volume of money represented by its directorates scared us, for every important corporation cluster—Rockefellers, Morgans, Du Ponts—was represented, and figured as contributors. They had approximately seventy eminent attorneys on their staff, headed by John W. Davis. This division was referred to in contemporary comment as "The Little Supreme Court" of the League.

Our comeback to this legal array was to review their appearances before the actual Supreme Court and recount the times they had lost before the real tribunal.

With two Democratic ex-Presidential candidates in their organization—Al Smith ranking as secretary and John W. Davis heading their legal department—there was color to the contention that the Liberty League was a nonpartisan body; which did not interfere with their supporting Governor Landon, the Republican nominee, in 1936. The voting that year made it clear that even these two eminent Democrats could not deliver their admirers to the opposition party.

In 1936, the country was in no mood to accept the mandate of big business, and we at headquarters had no hard task beyond parading their list of directors and contributors. The revolt against Franklin Roosevelt that was, according to its prospectus, to deliver the nation from thralldom to the starry-eyed theorists, who were presented as authors of the New Deal and as the President's managing board, got no further than the billion-dollar set and a few Democratic affiliates who had always trained with them.

The net result of the investment, amounting in all to about a million dollars, was, as was told at the time, the conversion of the Du Ponts into political enemy number one.

The campaign of 1940 was about the longest in our history, for with the imminence and finally the advent

of the war in Europe, came the question of whether Franklin Roosevelt would break the tradition forbidding a third term.

I happen to know that nothing was farther from his mind before the European crisis threatened to engulf the United States. I remember his musing that his sole ambition was to turn over his desk to his successor with a country at peace, prosperous and contented.

We at Democratic headquarters realized that, following such a colorful figure as Roosevelt, it would be dangerous to give the Democratic standard to any mediocre man. The Senate showed nobody who had caught the public's particular attention. The only governors who had been conspicuous successes to the extent of being known to states besides their own were Lehman in New York and Horner in Illinois, both Jews, and the country had not advanced to where a man of that persuasion could be elected to the Presidency.

It is not that the Democratic National Committee has either an inclination to or sympathy with religious or racial intolerance. Its job is to win elections, and in that effort it must take cognizance of popular prejudices as well as individual qualifications.

This brings us to Farley, next to the best advertised Democratic public character. Farley took the position that he would neither work for nor discourage the movement for his nomination. If it came to anything, to use his own expression, "that would be fine." If it didn't, he was still grateful for the compliment. So he wrote courteous, noncommittal notes of acknowledgment, and waited like all the rest of us for a definite declaration from the White House; for he, like Garner, figured that a candidacy without the Roosevelt countenance was not worth anything.

Long before convention time, Farley realized that the third-term candidacy was scheduled. Nevertheless, he determined to go through with his program. He was anti-third-term; he was hurt by the President's not taking him into his confidence; he was determined to give his supporters the privilege of keeping their pledges—and when that vote was recorded, he moved to make the President's nomination unanimous, and he agreed to stand by until his successor had learned the ropes of the National Chairman's job. Then he declared his intention to vote the party ticket—and thenceforth he devoted himself to business.

He swung back to the political field when the New York gubernatorial row came on. He beat the President by nominating Bennett, and incidentally thereby turned New York State over to the Republicans. It might with equal logic be contended that President Roosevelt made Dewey governor by fighting for the nomination of Senator Mead.

### They Never Got to the Point

The Roosevelt-Farley feud is perhaps the most puzzling phenomenon, as well as the most important intraparty development, of the present political era. It is a combat without heat, with never a published word from either of the principals in derogation of the other. There has never been a session of the two at which they threshed out their points of discord.

Some of the numerous book writers who have attempted an analysis of this century's political developments attribute the rift's origin to primeval hostility between the stateliness of Hyde Park and the proletarianism of Grassy Point.

This does not seem sound to me. Jim Farley never had even a vestige of an inferiority complex; and Franklin Roosevelt, though anything but oblivious to the advantages of his family tree, on which cluster great adventurers and eminent leaders of American industry dating back to pre-Revolutionary days, and the prestige of a patroon country seat, is too wily a man, and too experienced a politician, to lord it, even by implication, over one of the lesser born.

These two men, thrown into intimate association by the vagrant winds of politics, owe each other much. It was Farley's skill and resource that were to a large degree responsible for Roosevelt's elevation to the gover-



norship of New York, an ideal jumping-off place to a Presidential nomination. To an even greater degree, it was Farley's efforts which brought about that nomination and election.

On the other hand, Farley was but a lesser light in the political firmament when Roosevelt took him from the relative obscurity of the secretaryship of the New York state Democratic organization and, on the suggestion of Ed Flynn, made him chairman of the state organization; then, when the slip-up of the Raskob program brought Roosevelt the Presidential candidacy, it automatically elevated Farley to the national chairmanship and the directorship of the Roosevelt destinies up to the convention of 1940.

**J**UST when the break started is a moot question. At national headquarters one school of opinion was that the germ was planted when a candidate for a minor federal job in whom Farley had a personal interest was turned down for some outsider. I don't know whether this was an unintentional oversight, whether Roosevelt thought the outsider was better qualified, or whether it was a case of political expediency such as is frequently a problem for the dispenser of posts. If this episode did rankle in Farley's mind, he gave no sign. I am quite sure he never asked the President the whys and wherefores of the matter, and am equally sure that the President never volunteered any explanation of it.

A more tenable hypothesis is that the trouble began when the President insisted on his campaign against the senators and representatives most responsible for the defeat of his program to modernize the Supreme Court. The attempted purge was regarded by Farley as a political error. It was not that he was against the court plan, though I have reason to believe that he felt that, had the President consulted him beforehand, he might have dissuaded F. D. R. from pressing the proposal to alter the court's make-up by appointing coadjutor justices.

But Farley never attempted to guide White House policies. So he sent his headquarters staff into the fray, to fight for the passage of the Supreme Court bill; but when that fight was lost, he showed no enthusiasm for vengeance against the national legislators who brought the defeat about. Perhaps Farley, who is as close a student of past political history as he is adept at its modern practice, had in mind Woodrow Wilson's vain attempt to supplant Jim Reed, Missouri's prize senator, with Breckinridge Long in reprisal for Reed's blasting of the League of Nations.

It was Jim Farley's job to win elections—to make friends and not enemies within the party. It did not make sense to him to fight popular officials in their own states. He did not underestimate the strength of Franklin Roosevelt's popularity and influence among the voters, but he had a shrewd appreciation of the maxim that while a man may be stout enough to hold citizens to his own banner, the country has never yet found an individual who could deliver the votes to somebody else.

Presently, Presidential ambitions began to stir in the breast of the Democratic national chairman. His popularity among the party leaders rivaled, if it did not exceed, the eminence of the President. Local newspapers began to mention him as a possible, if not a probable, candidate for the big nomination in 1940. At that time, of course, it was not known that Roosevelt would run again; and the party leaders, looking for a winner, were inclined to capitalize Jim's vast friendships.

There was nothing illogical about Farley's potential candidacy. He had the esteem and affection of nearly every subchief of the local and national organization. He had a record unspotted by scandal. He made good speeches and delivered them with sincerity and force. His capacity for making and holding friends was illimitable. His administration of the Post Office Department was better, perhaps, than that of any other Postmaster General. His colleagues and subordinate in politics and in office were devoted to him, and with reason, for no department chief was ever more considerate.

Perhaps he was unique among politicians, but Farley would not lie—even to the newspaper people from adverse journals who came to him with awkward questions.

"Just in the room" (his modification of the familiar "This is off the record"), he would admit that the party outlook was unpromising in this section or that, or agree that some particular candidate had a poor chance. I do not believe that his confidence was ever betrayed deliberately, but these unrecorded comments have a way of getting into print.

We expostulated with him for his excessive frankness, when his disesteem for members of the White House court circle and his lack of enthusiasm for the purge got into the newspapers in this way; but he only answered, "What is the use of lying to a fellow who knows he is being told a lie?"

In one of our talks I broke out with:

"Jim, you are the most honest man alive! You would not steal anything—except an election."

That, I think, is a fair exposition of the code that governs most big political guns in politics today.

I have reason to believe that Farley had, or thought he had, information that the President did not intend to be a candidate in 1940. Whether the assurance was definite, or was merely another example of the President's sunny disposition to make people believe that he is with them, is beyond my information.

In the period of uncertainty as to the President's intentions the Democratic situation in 1940 did not look bright to me. If Roosevelt finally declared himself out of it, I visualized a scramble for the nomination, with likelihood of so much bitterness and division that we might have a repetition of the 1924 experience. So I decided to go to the President and suggest a possible course. I did this without consulting anybody; and I presume that when Jim Farley reads it, it will be the first time he knows that his candidacy was discussed at the White House.

I put my point to the President thus: "I think you will agree with me that no Democrat but yourself can be elected this year. Would it not be better—in the event of your not being the candidate—to let Jim Farley have the nomination? If he ran and was defeated, that defeat would be attributed to religious prejudice. If almost any other of the aspirants was nominated and lost, that defeat would be hailed as a repudiation of your administration and the New Deal."

"No," replied the President, "that would be most unfair to Jim. He is too fine a person to be subjected to the humiliation of a bad defeat and the setback to his prospects and career that would involve. I do not agree that our party is destitute of available candidates for the Presidency. There is Cordell Hull, for example. Nobody can match the universal respect of our people that is accorded him. He has their confidence, and they appreciate his ability, patriotism, and party loyalty."

I do not believe the President ever indicated his idea of the hopelessness of Farley's candidacy to the man most concerned—or that Farley ever consulted the President about it. In fact, it is my understanding that both regarded the question as too delicate to be brought up.

**F**ARLEY, perhaps the wisest of political managers, realized ahead of anybody else that the President would be the nominee. Ordinarily, the preconvention weeks would have been devoted to consultations about the strategies and tactics of the prospective gathering, estimates of the strength of rival aspirants, who should have the second place on the ticket, platform resolutions, etc. This time Roosevelt did his talking mainly to Harry Hopkins, and what that meant was fairly obvious.

My personal view is that the President fell short of his usual political acumen in his handling of that situation. If he had told Farley that he was going to run, either Farley would have declined a share of the convention activities on the ground that he was against a third term on principle, or else he would have played the string out. In either event, the situation would have been much less awkward than it was when the President, ignoring the titular chief of the party organization, sent Hopkins to Chicago to run things.

Hopkins did not even go through the motions of a courtesy call on the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and during all the prevoting period he ab-



stained from any contact with him. White House instructions and questions came by direct telephone to Hopkins and were transmitted to the delegates as if the Chairman had been nonexistent. There never was a doubt of the President's renomination, and it could have come about just as well without the pointed ignoring of Farley. Whether the rudeness of the procedure was Hopkins's own strategy, or whether he was moving under orders, only he and the President know.

The only softening element of the episode came from Mrs. Roosevelt. She consulted Farley as to the advisability of her flying to Chicago. She saw him on arrival, and in the harmony speech she made to the convention she referred to him affectionately and with many tributes to his character, ability, and service. It seemed to us on the platform with her that on that occasion, at least, she was a better politician than her husband. She may not have killed the resentment of Farley's friends, but she did mitigate it.

After that, there was small contact between the President and the ex-national chairman—until conflicting ideas as to the New York governorship brought them together in a futile conference in which Roosevelt sought to change Farley's determination to nominate Bennett. In that session, I am informed, the suggestion was made, or implied, that the President would support Farley himself for the governorship if Jim would take it. Later this was proposed definitely to Farley.

Farley was by then in business and was getting rid of the debts with which his governmental service had saddled him. Moreover, his wife, who hates the whole political setup, was firmly opposed to his re-entrance into that world—a sentiment every wife will understand, whose children have reached or are approaching college age and who wants security for them. The salary of the governor of New York is large, but the social and political obligations of the office make that salary small change. Farley estimated that four years at Albany would increase his debts by a hundred thousand dollars.

I argued with him for an hour on one occasion, urging that the governorship would not only afford the experience but was the best possible springboard if he had any thought of making a try for the national nomination in 1944. Farley simply said he did not want to be governor, but was determined to stick to his business.

Anyhow, the Roosevelt-Farley collision cost the Democrats that election and rifted the party terrifically.

The President has not tendered Farley a post in the war activities, though Big Jim volunteered for such service. Farley's friends attribute this omission to Roosevelt's hostility to his old-time field marshal. That is not the kind of hostility that divides the pair. I have yet to hear a derogatory word about Farley in the White House.

Now the conundrum is: Where does Farley go from here?

## F. D. R. Sows Dragon Seeds

There are certain American taboos, or superstitions, that are usually observed by politicians. High on the list of dangerous things to monkey with is the Supreme Court of the United States. When the President launched his measure to rejuvenate the moss-bound jurists who were knocking Congressional enactments galley-west, we at Democratic headquarters had had no inkling of what was coming. The President either regarded his move as being outside the domain of politics, or realized that Jim Farley would try to dissuade him from it.

There was general accord between the White House and the Capitol on the necessity of having some cure for the high court's fanatic reactionism. It does not seem impossible that, had the President called in Wheeler, George of Georgia, Norris of Nebraska, and a few others from Congress and put the responsibility on them to compass the mutual purpose, he might have obtained what he was after, perhaps even something on the order of what he finally laid before them.

But to hand them a finished bill, full of subterfuges such as making age the criterion, and stressing a non-demonstrable overload of business as excuse for the naming of half a dozen coadjutor justices in the event that

the old men failed to take advantage of the retirement provision, was an invitation for trouble.

Undoubtedly, the root of the President's court program was supplied by Attorney General Homer Cummings, who had all the Department of Justice experts working out a bill to meet the President's demand for a measure that would modernize the Supreme Court. Judge Denman, intimate friend of Thomas Corcoran, furnished a year earlier a memorandum on the "roving judges," and on the Supreme Court proctor idea, which became part of the bill. Senator Wheeler, when in the throes of his bitter leadership of the fight against the President's proposal, meant Messrs. Corcoran and Cohen when he spoke of some of the administration's bright young men as authors, and sellers to the President, of the Supreme Court plan.

Wheeler headed the opposition to the bill. Corcoran was delegated to lobby it through the Senate, with Joseph Keenan of the Department of Justice as his aide. These two were members of the White House strategy board. The other members were James Roosevelt, representing his father; Assistant Attorney General Robert H. Jackson; Charles West, ex-congressman and White House liaison man with the House of Representatives; my first publicity lieutenant, Edward L. Roddan; and myself.

THE President insisted that the people were with him, and that party loyalty and the pressure of the home folks would retain a comfortable majority for the correction of the Supreme Court abuses. Even the swift announcement of Hatton Sumners, Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, that he was off the reservation did not discourage Roosevelt's confidence. He heard the story of Vice-President Garner's holding his nose and turning thumbs down when the bill came to the Senate, and merely smiled at it.

The strategy board was not the most harmonious of aggregations during this fight. The brain trust contingent complained bitterly of the inactivity of the National Committee. "What was Jim Farley doing?" they asked us.

Chairman Farley was stumping the country making speeches in favor of the bill, with frequent descents on the Capitol to do what he could in making converts or backing up wavering members of the administration forces.

Corcoran and Keenan had an inspirational thought that if Farley got after Senator Joe O'Mahoney of Wyoming, one of the administration friends, who early announced that he could not stand for the Supreme Court project, it might be effective.

So Farley went to O'Mahoney, who made such a blistering reply that Farley suggested that he voice his objections to the Department of Justice. This O'Mahoney did, giving notice that he regarded the measure as "obnoxious, undemocratic and an insult to the Senate."

While the Corcoran wing were blaming all the trouble on the National Committee folk, we were equally positive that the error lay in the inefficiency of those who had been designated as the lobbyists to push the bill through. We felt that if the engineering had been entrusted to the experienced party chairman there would have been a greater prospect of success. Corcoran made no secret of his contempt for Congress, and the Congressmen resented Tommy's dictatorial issuing of orders. Keenan was without either close Capitol acquaintanceship or experience. It was easy for senators to turn him down or to give him equivocal answers, which he sanguinely translated into near promises.

Joe Robinson was the tower of strength. He was beloved by nearly all the senators, and in a way this accounted for the long period in which he thought he had a very slender majority for the President's bill. The recalcitrant ones gave him evasive replies rather than hurt him with a flat refusal when he appealed to them.

The resignation of Justice Van Devanter made the situation still more awkward for President Roosevelt. He had promised the first vacancy to Joe Robinson.

Finally the probabilities of defeat became so manifest that Corcoran decided the best bet would be to let the whole thing simmer for a period while the attention of Congress would be diverted to the consideration of various important measures that were before it. That was



probably a good thought, but, unfortunately, the anti-court-bill people figured that they had us on the run and did not see any reason why they should give us a breathing spell.

Then Tommy conceived the brilliant thought of closing the hearings as far as our side was concerned, probably figuring, as I believe the President figured, that the other fellow would soon run out of ammunition. It did not happen that way. The opposition had infinite witnesses and speakers poised for every opportunity. Their tactics were very much better than ours.

I think the President began to entertain real doubts, though he still insisted that the country was with him.

**B**UT then the Supreme Court, under the leadership of Chief Justice Hughes, awoke to the necessity of getting into step with the liberal movement and astonished the country by a complete judicial somersault. It reversed its judgment on the New York Minimum Wage Law by deciding in favor of the similar Washington state law, and upholding the Wagner acts, though to do so they had to go absolutely contrary to their previous holding that labor was a state and not a national problem.

One man was not surprised. Senator Wheeler had prophesied the verdict. He had been close to the court ever since he got Chief Justice Hughes to write the letter that took the props from under the ostensible purpose of the Roosevelt bill dealing with the congestion of the tribunal, and kindred bases, and made it certain that the Senate committee would report that bill adversely.

All hope that the labor lobby and the farm lobby would really get to work on the President's side vanished with the new attitude of the justices.

Vice-President Garner decided to go home to Uvalde in the midst of things, leaving Joe Robinson, on whose health and strength his violent efforts were already telling, to fight it out practically alone. Robinson by this time was convinced that the slim majority he thought was with him had faded.

Jimmy Roosevelt was called to the Capitol for a session with Robinson, Barkley, and Harrison. They told the President's son that there was no chance for the original bill to be passed. Finally, Robinson told Jimmy to tell "poppa" that he had better put the situation into their hands and they would get the best they could of it. Jimmy reported the conversation to the strategy board, but Robinson never did believe that he carried the unvarnished message to his father. Thereupon Old Joe became a little crusty and did not go to the White House for some time. He was miffed at the delay in appointing him to the justiceship.

The President himself showed signs of the general peevishness when Pat Harrison and Jimmie Byrnes called on him and urged the necessity of Joe's appointment at once to spike a rumor that Robinson might not be appointed at all. They told him—rather bluntly—that no compromise on the court bill was possible unless Joe's friends were pacified, but they got no definite pledge of swift action. Within a day or two, Joe Robinson collapsed in the midst of debate and was found dead in his apartment the next morning.

A factor that added to the certainty of the bill's defeat was the election of Alben Barkley to the leadership made vacant by the passing of Senator Robinson. The Senate wanted Pat Harrison for that job. The Senators, apart from any other consideration, resented the President's meddling in one of their purely domestic contests.

The wrangling and essays at bargaining went on, but the best the President's friends could gain for him was that the resubmission of the Supreme Court bill to the Judiciary Committee—the polite method of executing the death sentence on a Senate measure—should not mention the Supreme Court.

Even that was denied him, for Senator Hiram Johnson, ignoring the agreement of the Judiciary Committee, insisted on having it stated that the Supreme Court issue was totally out.

The President got back on the Senate part way by naming Senator Hugo Black for the vacancy that Robinson was to have filled. Black had infuriated the Senate conservatives by the passion and fervor of his New Deal-

ism. The Senate's most sacred tradition is that of standing by its members whenever one of them becomes a candidate for advancement. They did not like Black's Ku Klux record; many of them were shocked by his conduct of investigations. Once he had summoned all the messages filed at a telegraph office to get something on the interests he was investigating.

But they remained loyal to their fraternal tradition and confirmed Justice Black, not unanimously but with a comfortable majority. And Black astonished them, and perhaps many others, by turning out to be one of the ablest lawyers and one of the most conscientious and conventional wearers of the robe. His fellow justices, who received him coldly, presently became his close friends and even admirers.

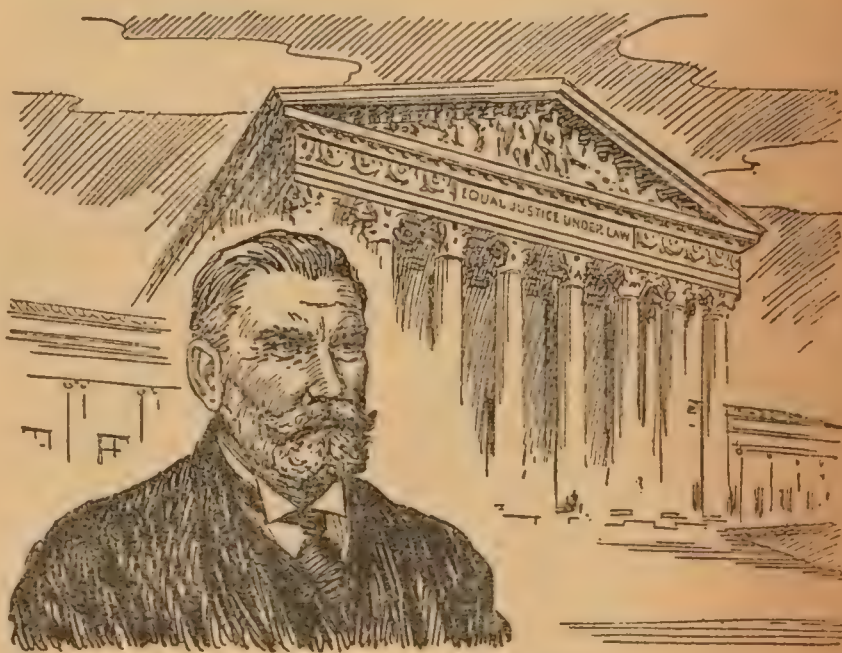
Time has taken care of the President's objectives in the court plan. He has now the liberal court he envisaged. Consequently, he is able to say—and says it not infrequently—that he "lost the battle and won the war." The scars of the fight will be long in healing.

One question remains unanswered. Will Roosevelt be able to realize his ideal of being on such terms with the Supreme Court that he can have consultation and cooperation with the justices about laws in advance of their enactment? He made a proposal for that sort of coalition to Chief Justice Hughes when he first came to the White House. The idea of his talking over—even with a President—cases that might come before the court almost paralyzed the Chief Justice, so that he barely was able to tell the President that he considered it vital to the preservation of our system of government that the executive and judicial branches remain entirely separate from and independent of each other.

### Those Who Thought They Were Driving the Machine

General Hugh Johnson has been credited as the actual author of the economic phases of the New Deal, but perhaps the roster of Franklin Roosevelt's confidential advisers ought to be prefaced by the name of Edward M. House, that shadowy satellite who appeared and reappeared and disappeared in the Woodrow Wilson orbit during the First World War and the Versailles Conference period.

House and Franklin Roosevelt were both consultants



with Wilson, and their friendship did not terminate when the unofficial ambassador at large went into eclipse.

Right after Roosevelt's nomination in 1932 he visited Colonel House. Twenty years before, there had appeared a little volume of fiction, anonymous, telling the story of Philip Dru, a gentle, forward-looking dictator, who seized the government to rid it of the blighting domination and practices of an unscrupulous plutocracy. The author, it later transpired, was Colonel House.

Philip Dru promulgated the doctrine that every man or woman who desires work shall have it even if the government has to give it. He arranged for the eight-hour day,



collective bargaining by unions, bank security, the destruction of holding companies, the reform of the Supreme Court, with compulsory retirement at the age of seventy, and old-age pensions; and Philip Dru even employed fireside talks to get his message to the people.

I don't know that Franklin Roosevelt ever read the book, but it is probable, at least, that in his many talks with Colonel House the philosophy indicated in the volume and subsequently in President Roosevelt's policies were mulled over.

Colonel House may have been the first of the White House courtiers, and possibly one who most influenced the policies of Franklin Roosevelt, but he must yield in point of permanency to Harry Hopkins. That welfare worker has been on top—or near the top—ever since he came to Washington to administer the W.P.A., that organization charged with putting to work those who, but for its offices, would have been on direct relief. He perhaps did as good a job there as anybody could have done, notwithstanding the boondoggle stories, and the reiterated charges by the Republicans that he was using his huge agency to promote Democratic election success.

His first big blunder was when he announced one day, when Gillette and Wearin were contesting for the Iowa senatorship, that if he had a vote in Iowa he would cast it for Wearin. That gave point to the charge of partisanship, for Gillette was one of those on the purgee list by reason of his position during the Supreme Court fight, and the Republicans construed Administrator Hopkins' utterance as a warning to the relievers that they had better vote for the administration candidate.

Organization Democrats were generally hostile to him anyhow, for they said he preferred Republicans to Democrats when he was appointing his key men to the big jobs under him both as relief administrator and as boss of W.P.A. During his New York career in various relief activities, he was credited to no party. Indeed, the apparent type of his mind when he came to Washington seemed to preclude definite devotion to any set of economic principles beyond a shadowy faith that virtue was inherent in poverty and absent from wealth. In his later environment he seems to have drifted far from those unstable mental moorings.

The hostility of the political regulars did not diminish during his term as Secretary of Commerce, but when the cabinet was shuffled again, he emerged as chief of the lend-lease activities, and finally moved into the White House as special assistant to the President. Once there was a move to make him the Democratic candidate for governor of New York. Farley is credited with having spiked that.

Hopkins has done nothing to increase his popularity with Congressmen and Democratic officials. Rather the reverse, as they complain that he will not answer his telephone calls, even when the caller tells his secretary that the President had directed him to talk to Hopkins. Whether this is due to exaggerated ego or to preoccupation with his official duties, the effect is the same.

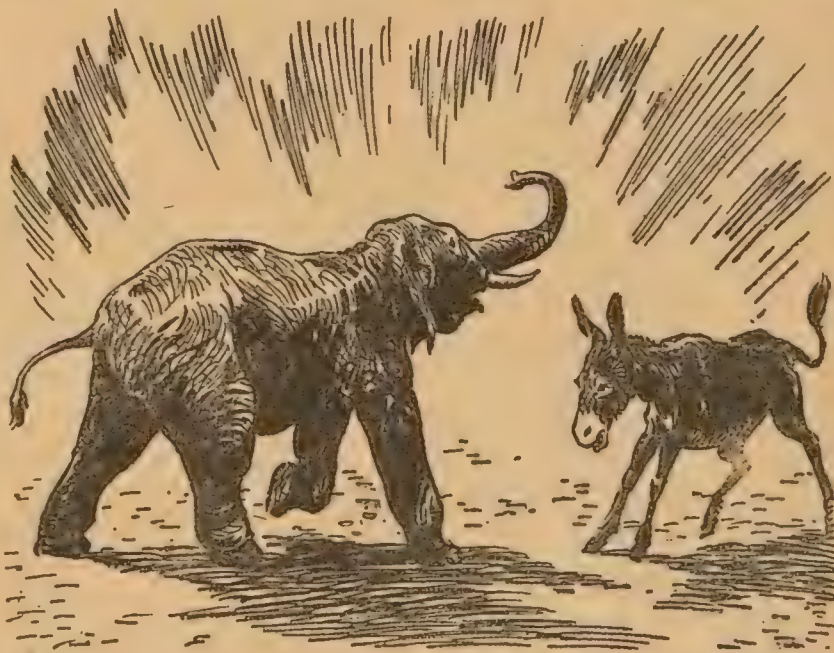
**HOPKINS** is perhaps no more anathema than was Tommy Corcoran, whom, by the way, Hopkins is credited with eliminating from the White House circle.

Tommy is able, witty, companionable, entertaining, and, when he cares to be, courteous and obliging. His trouble with Congress was that he did not bother to exercise his pleasant qualities on the members thereof. They resented his phoning them orders without even sugar-coating the dose. They were irked at the idea that it would be wise to consult him about patronage. There was no question as to his influence; and whether that came to him with authority or whether he was running a tremendous—and successful—bluff, nobody was quite sure. The White House people insisted that he was merely useful to the President as confidential messenger and as an aide with a gift for speech writing, but even the underlings there were not so certain that that was the limit of his status as to cross him. He is a capable lawyer, though in the writing of laws delivered to Congress Ben Cohen did the heavy work.

Under the guise of supplying real experts where they were needed at the beginning of the Roosevelt regime, he

made Jim Farley look like a tyro in staffing the offices. In this way he had his key men in every branch of the government—a circumstance invaluable to his present sphere of activity, that of "practicing law" in the District. No man looking for a fat contract, and no one who is having difficulties with the government, could employ a more useful attorney.

He was after power, not pecuniary gains. Whether he had in mind what would come when he departed from the palace guard, nobody knows but himself. As brilliant a mind as Corcoran's could hardly have failed to look that



far ahead. He is reputed to have piled up a fortune—and not a small fortune—in fees, during the year or so that he has been in private practice.

Corcoran and I had a mild friendship, never an intimate one. On one occasion I felt obliged to say to the young man:

"Tommy, you ought to know that the radio world is one vast whispering gallery, and that when you tell a radio magnate that I am a superannuated incompetent, he calls me within ten minutes and tells me about it."

He made no reply, and the conversation turned to pleasanter topics.

I asked only one favor from him, which he, probably quite properly, refused. This was in the matter of a lawyer who had been presented to me as a particularly bright young man with aspirations to a minor judgeship. He was the son of a Congressman who was helping me in my futile effort to prevent the passage of the Hatch Act. A Congressman was of no importance in Corcoran's scheme of things, and neither was I.

He served the President longer than anybody with a similar relationship except Harry Hopkins. Those two were supposed to have an understanding that so long as their activities did not clash there would be no hostility. I gather that this truce terminated when Hopkins was entrusted with important political missions.

The story is that "Tommy the Cork" decided that he would like to be appointed solicitor general, and that "Harry the Hop" advised against it. It was not a question of qualifications, for worse lawyers than the versatile Corcoran have at times filled that office, which is really the most important in the Department of Justice. The story goes on that his next ambition was to be Assistant Secretary of the Navy. That failed by reason of a prior commitment, and an alternative assistant secretaryship in charge of naval aviation did not come to pass for lack of congressional appropriation.

Whereupon, Tommy shook the dust of the White House from his feet. Nobody would be surprised if he reappeared after he has accumulated money enough to satisfy him.

Another palace favorite, Stanley High, an ex-preacher, is supposed to have lost out for making public the amusing nomenclature of the inner circle—"Tommy the Cork" stuff. No particular damage could result from the disclosure of these whimsicalities, but any tendency to repeat what goes on privately at the White House is taboo.



Actually, High signed his dismissal when he authored a magazine story intimating a Presidential desire to separate himself from such wheel horses as Democrats Joe Robinson, Vice-President Garner, et al., carrying out the theory that what the President would like to see is a new party alignment, with the liberals on one side and the conservatives on the other, instead of the present Democratic-Republican setup with a progressive wing to the G.O.P. and standpatters among the party of Jefferson and Jackson.

General Hugh Johnson, with his pyrotechnic expletives and his blistering comparisons, jarred the professors. His roaring voice dominated their meetings. His tone was that of a commander of troops ordering a charge. There was no disrespect involved; it was simply the emphasis of an intensely positive man, and behind the bluster was a lot of good hard common sense. The General's appointment as head of the N.R.A. was enthusiastically applauded by the remainder of the White House group. They always regarded him, as an economist, with much the same attitude as a regular physician regards a faith healer. I am afraid their enthusiasm for the N.R.A. was more because it took him from their midst than for its promise as a recovery measure. Contrary to the popular estimate of Hugh Johnson as merely a violent master of brimstoned epigrams and pungent allegories, he had been a deep student of the abstruse problems of the day.

Rex Tugwell and Adolf Berle, of the original brain trust, graduated into serious official posts. Berle showed a capacity to mold himself into the classical officeholder status with only a few more controversies than are normal to men so circumstanced; but poor Tugwell seems to be always in hot water. Perhaps nobody could have made Puerto Rico happy, as governor, considering that that island is still in the throes of democratic birth pains, with a heavy hangover of the old *haciendero* philosophy, and with an inherited Latin tendency to direct methods in politics superimposed on its economic misery. The situation was not helped by the mainland habit of calling every exponent of liberalism a communist or socialist. Puerto Rico is prone to believe that we mean our epithets, and that they are not merely campaign currency.

In the "integrated body" grouped about the President, there were, of course, stargazers as well as stuporous bookworms, but each had the stuff the President wanted. Ray Moley was, in my estimation, the ablest of them.

Corcoran was, in a lesser degree, perhaps, not dissimilar in his psychology to that dean of the original brain trust, but he was less assertive in their councils and more domineering in his contacts outside.

I THINK Tommy rather enjoyed the slings and arrows the columnists and others, including the Congressmen, flung at him during his period of exaltation. He generally classified his assailants as business stooges, Silurian mossbacks, and frustrates, whose aspersions contributed to the appreciation of his eminence. The only occasion I know of when he was actually disturbed was when Evie Robert, "Chip" Robert's irrepressible and iconoclastic wife, ribbed him on his carelessness of the amenities. In her newspaper column she said:

"I'm going to look for the most complete book on manners I can find. This book I'm going to send to Mr. T. Corcoran. . . . Of course, he's so busy running the country, with the assistance of a few cabinet officers and others, that I dare say his shaggy head is full of his own importance (for who dares say that the country could exist without him?). . . . If his self-admittedly great and overworked brain should happen to read this, I guess he'll remember what I'm talking about."

The occasion that provoked this was, I believe, a dinner, given by the Drew Pearsons in honor of Tommy's birthday. Drew was reputedly a star member of Tommy's propaganda staff. The party waited a long time, and finally, assuming that some vital summons, probably from the White House, had intercepted him, proceeded to eat. The honor guest, I was told, arrived as they were finishing their dessert, tarried a few minutes, and departed.

Harry Hopkins is the one member of the court circle who has ridden the tumultuous seas of favoritism and remained not only afloat but on the crest. No outsider has

been able to point to any single episode in which he displayed remarkable talents; but he must have something, for Roosevelt has little patience with incompetents, yet has pushed the welfare worker to one important post after another. He carried him along even to Africa and Asia, where military acumen and diplomatic expertness were the demanding requirements, though Hopkins has had no soldier training, and, as indicated by his contacts with the high politicians and the members of Congress, his lack of tact, as well as his incapacity to bring harmony where there is discord, has been demonstrated.

Hopkins is the only member of the group of theorists and economists that the President has lifted to a cabinet position.

During the 1940 campaign he came over to New York, highly excited over a big batch of letters supposed to be from Henry Wallace. Their general purport was silly rather than evil. Hopkins assured us they were forgeries. Doubtless some of them, perhaps all, were fabrications. The Republicans had bought them, we were advised, but were afraid to put them out and could find no publisher daring enough to take the responsibility, though they were shown to every publisher hostile to Roosevelt.

The obvious strategy of the enemy was to get us to take notice of the dossier, by denial or other mention, which might either provoke an unfavorable curiosity or give an excuse to force a revelation of its contents without the danger of liability. Hopkins suggested expedients that would have made admirable chapters in an Oppenheim novel (he regarded the matter as of tragic importance) but fitted into no conception of practical politics. Ed Flynn, veteran of a hundred political battles, refused to be rattled. He felt that it was just one of the incidents of a campaign to be handled like any other foray by the foe.

The opposition could not find a publisher, the Democratic national organization gave them no opening, and so the storm passed without hysteria at headquarters and never figured in the campaign.

### What All This Adds Up To

Obviously, some of the stories I have told convey evidence of flaws in our scheme and system of administration. The first conclusion must be that the chief source of our errors and faults is the circumstance that we take our government less seriously than we do our politics. The next conclusion appears to be that nothing can be done to change this situation.

Utopian impulses will tempt the conscientiously inclined. Could we not, for instance, establish a super-political power, some entirely antiseptic body that would act as a jury or perhaps as a vigilance committee to keep the two great parties to the task of maintaining and improving the government? Because we are a community of human beings, virtuous in the abstract but sublimely committed to our individual political faiths, such an organization belongs in the realm of dreams. Inevitably it would be swayed into the orbit of the Republican or the Democratic outfit, or would develop ambitions of its own to run things, which would involve alliances and deals. The result would be minority government.

So until the misty future may develop a beatific merger of politics and patriotism, we will have to be content to balance the incidental vices of the two-party system against its tangible virtues. We must accept the circumstance that a party in power will be most concerned with remaining in power, and that a party out of power will continue for its objective the ousting of an administration. That may not be as vicious as it sounds, for those in authority know—or should know—that permanence in office, while never totally insured thereby, has its best claim in good government. Ours is the government that suits us; with some patching here and there, through a century and a half, it has met our needs. We have survived geniuses and stuffed shirts in our succession of Presidents and have averaged up pretty well under the job our politicians have done for us. Among the politicians there have been rogues and racketeers, perhaps in the same proportion as among business men, labor leaders, lawyers, and almost any group in our citizenry.

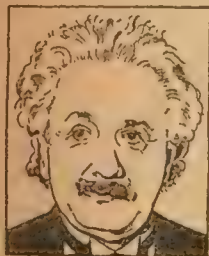
THE END



# BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

THE universal fame of Albert Einstein is one of the enigmas of our time. Practically everyone accepts the verdict that he is a great man; few have anything but the foggiest conception of the reason why. Perhaps the answer is our admiration for the cosmic gall of a man who dared to propose an amend-



Albert Einstein

ment—even though it was one we couldn't understand—to the law of gravitation.

Now that I've read Einstein, a biography by Dimitri Marianoff and Palma Wayne, I don't feel that I've subtracted anything from my large supply of ignorance about the theory of relativity. But it's been a rewarding experience, just the same. Marianoff, who married Einstein's step-

daughter and has enjoyed something like the status of an adopted son, has many anecdotes to tell of his unconquerable simplicity, his rock-ribbed integrity, and his impish sense of humor.

On one occasion, Marianoff says, Einstein went to Bermuda, and carefully explained to all the bigwigs who sent invitations to him that he would have no time at all for social functions. He did, however, accept one invitation—to go sailing, and then have dinner, with the exuberantly friendly chef of a little restaurant.

Once Dr. Flexner, the famous educator, received an inquiry as to whether Einstein's credit was good. The query came from a man who had an order to install an elevator in Einstein's home at Princeton. Perplexed, Dr. Flexner phoned to ask why an elevator was needed in a two-story home. "The man who came to interest me in it—I liked him so much, I could not say no to him," was Einstein's explanation.

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, New York. Price \$2.75.

A VIVID picture of Nazi Germany in the first steps of its disintegration is presented by Franz Hoellering in his novel *Furlough*.



Franz Hoellering

The terse forceful story begins with a quarrel between two of Hitler's Russian Front soldiers, both wearers of the Iron Cross, First Class. Presently, only one of these two stalwarts, Hans, is alive. Being a very practical soul, Hans goes through the pockets of the loser of the argument and finds a furlough paper. This is a present from destiny that must be used and Hans is soon

on his way home, using the stolen document as his passport.

Hans goes to Dresden to visit his family. He carries a precious package containing the big piece of sausage that is issued to each returning soldier—an object that causes eager feminine hands to tug at him as he hurries through the dark streets. But the wonderful gift is reserved for Leni, his sweetheart.

The sentimental murderer, his heart filled with dreams of two weeks of bliss in a Nazi heaven, reaches home. From that point on, nothing seems to happen as Hans had planned it. Bewildered and angry, he finds life at home on the same animal plane as the one from which he has temporarily escaped. So terrifying in its reality is this discovery that at times the reader will find himself sympathizing with the baffled Hans, fighting against the hard facts of life in Naziland for his two weeks of forgetfulness.

Published by the Viking Press, New York. Price \$2.50.

# QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

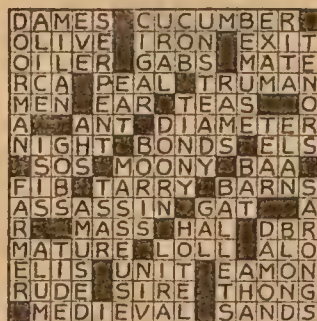
## HORIZONTAL

- 1 Spy, Bezique, and Duck on a Rock are whats?
- 6 Solomon asked to be comforted with little whats?
- 12 Ex-Lt. Gov. Poletti heads the provisional government where?
- 13 By diverting the Gulf Stream scientists hope to influence what?
- 14 Cape
- 15 During the Versailles Peace Conference the German delegates were kept behind a wire what?
- 16 35 cu. ft. of seawater weigh about one what?
- 17 A winter variety of muskmelon?
- 19 At Jewish funerals mourners do what to their clothes?
- 20 A cassowary's cousin might have been a what?
- 22 What verb is commonly used by newspaper men to avoid libel suits?
- 24 What land has just opened new underground shelters for 40,000 each? (abbr.)
- 25 If a lixivium isn't a Roman instrument, what is it?
- 26 Voile anagrams what hardhearted fruit?
- 30 What part of grammar sounds like a vice levy?
- 32 Tomboy
- 33 "Things = to the same things are = to each other" is a what?
- 34 Chit
- 35 What Greek letter is also the number 8?
- 36 What's the last word in music?
- 38 What word's a Boer forwards, and cowlike

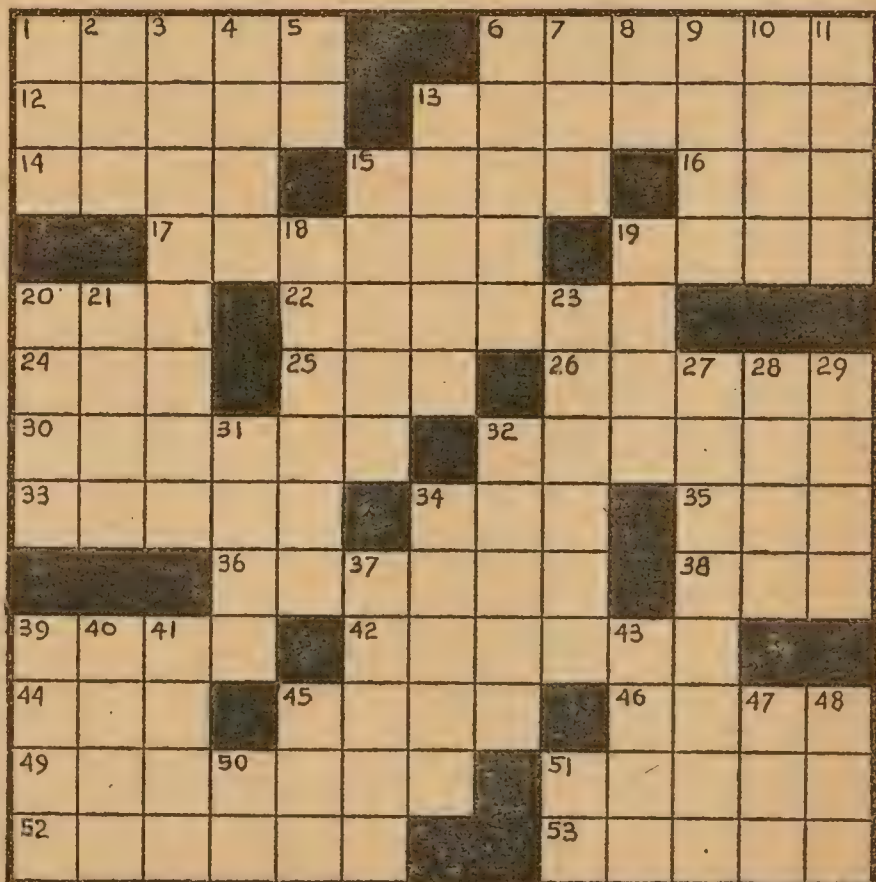
## VERTICAL

- 39 What game was first played on the ice in Holland?
- 42 Without ethical quality; as — as an animal?
- 44 Friend in French?
- 45 What are some of the best places women get fat in?
- 46 The Germans bombed what during their occupation, blaming the Allies?
- 49 What piano was played with the feet?
- 51 Churchill's constant companion
- 52 What're responsible for a razor's edge?
- 53 A Scotch river
- 1 During prohibition, what was Panther Sweat?
- 2 Tea (anagram)
- 3 Who composed Cavalleria Rusticana?
- 4 — Maxwell who writes a column?
- 5 How a sycamore gets its start
- 6 What are the reservoir keeper's mortal enemies?
- 7 What is New England's great culinary contribution?
- 8 Marshall Field III owns what tabloid?
- 9 Despite the poem,

- the 10-o'clock scholar was actually what?
- 10 What school didn't Churchill attend?
- 11 How do the bobby-soxed say "transport thru music into a state of emotional delirium?"
- 13 Radio will probably do away with what form of communication?
- 15 The swaddling clothes of a flower would be its what?
- 18 What is known as Palestine turkey?
- 19 Hang the hopes on
- 20 Same (anagram)
- 21 Cameos are often made of what?
- 23 A peanut's also a what?
- 27 An ism might also be called what?
- 28 Vote anagrams what Presidential no-word?
- 29 See Josh. xv: 34
- 31 What's cockney slang for a swell?
- 32 What kind of hats do Hitler, Goering & Co. imagine they're wearing? (pl.)
- 34 What American city's famous for its cigars?
- 37 Twopenny three-penny, mean sizes of what?
- 39 Mountain passes
- 40 You ^ if you do what?
- 41 When you think of Goebbels you think of a what?
- 43 What month minus a vegetable means a seedy coat?
- 45 A flight's a what in air slang?
- 47 Eddie Cantor's associated with what Russian?
- 48 A cockney's Present!
- 50 Jennie in the song couldn't say what in 57 languages?
- 51 200 for Nero?



Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



"Pinch Pennies"— 2 words that mean fighting inflation



2 words that mean smooth whiskey — "Walker's DeLuxe"

**This grand old straight bourbon** is one of the most genial whiskeys you will ever taste—for Hiram Walker's special distilling refinement makes it gentle-natured right from the start. Further mellowed by four long years in the wood, Walker's DeLuxe is fast becoming the two-word synonym for superlative whiskey smoothness.



*Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.*



Reliability is the very life of the great public utilities. The public demands reliability from them. They, in turn, must have it in all their equipment.

Like millions of motorists, many utilities get the utmost in reliability from AC Spark Plugs, which help to keep their maintenance vehicles ready and efficient,—day and night, in rain, or snow, or summer heat. And to insure top performance, and long life, they clean and adjust those spark plugs every 3,000 miles.

Profit by the example of these experts. Have your spark plugs cleaned and adjusted every 3,000-5,000 miles. When badly worn, and only then, replace them with new AC's. If you do this, you'll get the maximum of spark plug efficiency, besides conserving valuable materials, gasoline, and oil for our fighting forces.



CLEAN SPARK PLUGS  
SAVE UP TO ONE GAL-  
LON OF GAS IN TEN

# AC SPARK PLUGS

BRING YOUR FIGHTING MAN HOME SOONER • BUY ANOTHER WAR BOND

## SHE MARRIED A HERO

Continued from Page 19

that wasn't possible. It was that he was in love with her. And after that, she didn't want to see him go. She fought—and successfully—to keep him there.

Her first impression of him, sitting there in the library, savoring everything, clung to him. He had no discrimination, no taste; but he had a tremendous appeal. It might have been a fight to hold him, except that she had him mostly alone the first two days, and after that, he didn't see or hear feminine invitation.

**Y**OU couldn't argue with him or get him angry. The second night, while they were having supper in the Golden Club in a racket of clinking glasses, many voices, and catchy music, she murmured, "I suppose you find the home front pretty disgusting. I don't blame you."

"Disgusting?" He looked surprised. "I find it wonderful."

She said, "No; you don't understand. I mean those people who don't seem to know there's a war going on. I mean all this dancing, drinking, using black-market gas to drive, chiseling on ration points. Everybody knows the services are doing a wonderful job—but the home front! You must find it revolting. It must make you bitter, after what you've been through."

He lighted a cigarette and sipped his drink. "I guess I'm not very moral. But I can't get bitter over people doing what I like to do, and what I am doing now."

"You're very broad and forgiving," she flattered. "But the home front—really, it's pretty bad. It's so different from the war front, where men are giving their lives every day. Look at those youngsters there at the bar, lapping up whisky, drinking up the profits, probably, of war jobs. . . . But I suppose they haven't let you read about lack of morale on the home front."

"I read about it. Sure, they let us read it. But it doesn't make sense to me."

"Why not? It's so, I assure you. I've tried to do a bit—nurse's aid, Red Cross, that sort of thing." She didn't mention that she'd dropped the nurse's aid course after three lessons, that her part in the Red Cross was attending one benefit luncheon. "Why doesn't it make sense?"

"Well—because those kids you see there at the bar drinking whisky—tomorrow they'll be dy—they'll be in the line themselves. Because the kids in the line today were driving their girls to dances yesterday. Because to believe that the war-front men are good and the home-front men are bad is to believe that men over twenty-six are bad and men under twenty-six are good. We're the same people. And I think most of us would rather be here, having a good time, than in Italy, having a bad time. I would. I am."

He kissed her on the fifth day, and it was the gentle, awed kiss of a man who didn't believe anything could be that good.

On the seventh, Emmett met her in the hall and said, "Don't you think it's time Buck went home, Sis?"

"What have I got to say about that?"

"A great deal, I suspect."

"Good heavens, Emmett. You'd think I was twisting him around my finger."

"Aren't you?"

She was suddenly serious. "Emmett," she said, "I think it's just the opposite."

"That," her brother said, "was something I was afraid of."

"Why?"

He struggled with himself. Finally he said, "I'd be a snob to talk about it."

On the eleventh day they were married in the Municipal Building, with Emmett, (Continued on page 54)





*because*  
**NO OTHER CONTAINER  
PROTECTS  
LIKE THE CAN...**

Your family can always enjoy real  
home-style soup . . . in the steel-and-tin can.

No other container combines  
*all these 4 advantages . . .*

**Cans Fight for Victory**

That's why many favorite products in cans are missing from your dealer's shelves. They'll be back—after Victory. New improved cans, developed by research and tested by battle, will serve America. *Meanwhile, please use wisely, without waste, all items you get in cans. Turn empty cans in for salvage!*

**1. SAFETY:** Happy eating for the family when Mother serves soup! And the steel-and-tin can protects against air, light, loss of flavor. Food cans are sterilized in the canning process—so *there is no safer container for any unused portion!* Simply cover and refrigerate.

**2. ECONOMY:** Wiseshoppers know the can is a real friend of the family budget. Because the can itself is easy to make, ship, and handle. No wonder that the can is the preferred container for some 2,500 products normally packed in cans by over 135 industries!

**3. QUALITY PROTECTION:** Good cooks praise the air-and-light-tight can that gives *lasting* protection to color, vitamins, and minerals. Canned foods frequently retain *more* vitamins and *more* minerals than many foods bought in market and cooked at home.

**4. CONVENIENCE:** We all know the steel-and-tin can is a typically American symbol of convenience! Cans don't break. They're easy to carry, easy to store. Quick to chill. Easy to open and to dispose of. No other container gives you *all* these advantages.

**CAN MANUFACTURERS' INSTITUTE, INC., NEW YORK**







OWI photo from Signal Corps

**TODAY** Johnson Sea-Horse outboard motors are made only for the armed services and essential needs. Here you see one of these modern instruments of war at work in the European theatre.



**TOMORROW** Johnson Sea-Horses will serve mankind in rehabilitating tired minds and bodies. Probably no marine development has ever done so much to bring fun and peace and happiness to so many people as the outboard motor.

**ALWAYS** In war or peace, the Sea-Horse is notable for its **DEPENDability**—the result of millions of man-hours of experience in the manufacture of outboard motors. There is no substitute for experience!

DO YOUR DUTY — BUY WAR BONDS



**JOHNSON  
SEA-HORSES**  
for **DEPENDability**

**DEALERSHIPS:** If you are interested in selling AND SERVICING outboard motors after the war, write us—no matter what your location may be.  
JOHNSON MOTORS, WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS

(Continued from page 52)

looking very old, standing by. On the fourteenth day they started for Parthenia in the cream-and-chrome convertible.

Buck wanted to go alone.

"My people aren't exactly in your class, Van," he said.

"Buck, do you really think I'm a snob?"

"Of course not."

"I know your folks are poor. Do you think that makes any difference?"

He gave her a glance that was soberly veiled. "I don't know, Van," he said.

"You'll find out," she assured him.

"We have a good hotel," Buck said. "The Parthenian. Care to stop off there first?"

"Your folks must be anxious to see you," she objected.

He said, "Oh, I meant I'd drop you off there and go right on."

"Nonsense! What would they think?"

So he was still secretly afraid she was a bit of a snob, was he?

He agreed, "That's right, too."

**T**HE cream convertible was in heavy traffic in the heart of the city. It left the main thoroughfare presently, and threaded its way through a maze of narrow crooked streets lined with flat square wooden tenements, sooty even in the twilight. Children, not very clean, got out of the way of the cream convertible, yelled occasionally indistinguishable words at it. Saloons and junk shops and messy little stores broke into the flat sooty monotony here and there.

"Goodness!" she said, after Buck had made a half dozen sharp turns. "I don't see how you remember this short cut."

She felt Buck stiffen. He said slowly, "It isn't a short cut, Van. This is it, just another block."

She said, "Oh!" and because, even in her ears it was a shocked little sound, she said, "Oh!" again brightly, but the brightness was so false it cracked.

It was a shock. She had known, always, that Buck had nothing. Long before she met him she knew from Emmett's letters that he'd gone in as an enlisted man after Pearl Harbor, with no prospects. Those were the days of swift Army expansion, and he was a corporal in four months, a sergeant in eight—and he went to the flying school the same week as Emmett.

But at first she had conceived a background that was poor but rich in dignity. A farm, perhaps, rather like the Maine cottage that the Dalwoods once bought because it looked out over a grassy meadow to the sea.

And when he mentioned that his father worked in a steel mill, she changed that picture, but the new one still had dignity. It was a neat little suburban house, clean as a pin. His mother would be a wonderful cook, and his father would be a toiled-marked, grave man.

And both would be overwhelmed when their son's wife bought them a place in the country, a place where they could have chickens and a cow, and the leisure and peace they should have.

She had never pictured this—flat, drab, gray tenements, saloons, junk shops. This was poverty, all right, but without dignity. It was harsh and unclean.

"So you grew up here," she said lightly—carefully lightly. "You'd never know it."

"I've lived with your brother for two and a half years. He"—he was carefully light himself—"cultured me, you see."

He braked to a stop before a house with a saloon on the first floor. "This," he said, "is where my mother lives."

"Fine!" she said. "It's time I stretched."

He got out, came around, and opened the door for her. Because she felt crushed inside, she tried hard to be nimble getting

(Continued on page 56)





THE BRAGANZA DIAMOND, said to weigh 1680 carats, is considered one of the world's greatest diamonds... just as William Penn, popular since the year 1898, is regarded by experts as one of America's greatest blended whiskeys. Millions say "When" with William Penn.

## The gem that meant freedom

Convicted of numerous crimes and banished to the remote interior of Brazil, three outlaws wandered through the jungles for six years searching for gold. In the end, they found something far more valuable—a huge yellow diamond "as big as a goose egg"—which won them a royal pardon. Like this Braganza diamond, every bottle of William Penn is a glorious "find" wherever

and whenever you come across it. This fine whiskey is called the gem of the blends because it is a *shining* example of premium quality at a non-premium price.

### SPEND WISELY — OR NOT AT ALL

Keep prices down by purchasing only what you need. Buy your share of war bonds.

# William Penn

THE GEM OF THE BLENDS



Blended Whiskey, 86 proof—65% grain neutral spirits

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS.



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*\*Clairol banishes every trace of gray or graying hair . . . swiftly, surely, beautifully*

No one means any harm in overlooking you when exciting things are planned. It's just that your gray hair makes your friends think you're too old to enjoy gay times.

And isn't that absurd! Why, you feel as young as you ever did! Your face and figure are still youthful, too. So why not do the sensible thing and add young-looking color radiance to your hair . . . "naturally, . . . with Clairol."

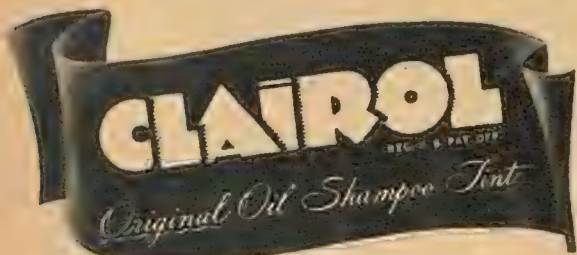
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(Continued from page 54)

out. She tried to smile, and her smile felt shaky and stiff.

He opened the vestibule door and held her arm to guide her. He had to—it was dark inside, and thick with the scent of dust and many other smells.

"Only three flights," he joked.

They got there finally, and Buck rapped at a chipped brown door. Inside, a voice said, "Oh, damn!" and a chair scraped the floor, and there were footsteps. The door opened.

"Buck! My God, it's you!" the woman said, and clasped Buck and hugged him.

Why—oh, why had she pictured Buck's mother as being small, silver-haired, very neat, with rosy cheeks?

She was large, flabby, and her coarse hair was hennaed to a shrieking stage. Her lipstick was dark and purplish, and her flowered house coat was soiled. She cried a little, messily, noisily.

And the man who got up from the kitchen table—the door had opened into a kitchen flavored with fried onions, with a sink piled with undone dishes, and scuffed newspapers on the floor—he didn't fit into her picture either. He wore a black shirt; he was stout, balding, and his eyes had the hard glaze of liquor.

"Buck! Old boy, it's good to see you!"

He wrung Buck's hand, clapped him on the shoulder.

"But come in! Come in!" the large, hennaed woman urged. "So this is the bride! Well, well!"

She swept Van approvingly with faded blue eyes, reddish about the irises. "And very wonderful, too. Would you kiss your mother-in-law, dearie?"

"That," Van said, "is an invitation I've been waiting for." Her heartiness sounded almost sincere. But she felt herself turning pale under the kiss. It was redolent of beer, so very much beer.

"Hey!" said the man in the black shirt. "Don't I come in on this?"

"You do not!" said Buck's mother. "But sit down. Sit down! The two of you!"

She dragged out enameled chairs, once green, by the paint showing through the worn spots, but mostly beige now. "John, open another bottle of beer. I suppose, dearie, you're used to cocktails, but beer's the best we've got."

She lied, "Oh, no—I love beer."

**BY** her watch it was an hour and twelve minutes later, but ten haggard years later by her mind's sense of time, that Buck pushed back his chair and said. "We've got to be going. Really."

She was sickish, maybe from the unaccustomed beer, three thick tumblers of it; maybe from something else.

"Why don't you stay here for the night?" said the man in the black shirt. "We could fix up the couch."

"John!" snapped Buck's mother. "They're newlyweds."

"Oh, well!" The hard glazed eyes were a little harder, a little more glazed now. "It's polite to ask, you know."

"Besides," said Buck's mother, "I guess Buck wants to go over and see his father."

Her mind retraced the words dully. Buck wants to go over and see his father. So this man wasn't his father.

There was a little more messy crying, another beery kiss. Then Buck steered her down the steep dark steps. He put her in the car on the right side, went around, and got behind the wheel.

They flowed through dark empty streets, silent for a long while.

Then, "I didn't know your parents were divorced," she said.

Buck drove a long half minute before he answered. Then he said gently, "Divorces

(Continued on page 58)





## An Eternity of Twenty Seconds

**W**HAT caused the ship to explode no one will ever know. One moment the bombardier was peering down at England three miles below—an instant later he was enveloped in a flash of flame and the B24 Liberator was breaking up in midair. He dived through the door in the nose compartment but his parachute caught on a cable and he hung, fighting desperately to climb back as the disintegrating ship plummeted down. Somehow he managed to pull himself up far enough to free the cable from his chute and dropped—now less than 1,000 feet from the ground. He landed hurt, but safe—one of only two survivors out of the crew of ten.

Before his enlistment, this bombardier was one of our younger employees in our Replacement Parts Division, typical of the fine type of up-and-coming American boys who are hand-picked by Thompson for training and development into positions of trust and responsibility.

In a letter to his former department head, he says,

*"Only by the grace of God I escaped. The shock of the loss of those wonderful companions in our crew, I can't get out of my mind. Their screams still ring in my ears . . . I wish the people back home could realize the terrific turnover of materiel and supplies over here. Maybe then we wouldn't read some of the things that make us wonder . . ."*

The workers at Thompson truly have had a part in every bombing raid their former fellow worker has flown, for many of the 1,000 different aircraft parts and accessories made by Thompson go into the American Liberators, Fortresses and the U. S. fighting planes that fly with them as protection on their missions. Since Pearl Harbor not one hour's production time has been lost.

Yet, all we may do is so little compared to the risks, the sufferings and sacrifices our boys overseas are making. Someday we shall welcome these boys back. Only by giving them every ounce of support now can we then look them in the eye and grip their hands in honesty and sincerity.

*Beating Production Schedules on Vital Parts for Planes, Tanks, Submarines, PT Boats, Torpedoes, Jeeps, Half-Tracks, Tractors, and Trucks*

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(Continued from page 56)  
cost quite a bit, Van. My parents never got one."

She tried hard to keep down the feeling of revulsion, but she couldn't. It was a feeling like the neighborhood—drab, sordid, sooty. It choked her.

All the shining magic of these past two weeks made this past hour all the more shockingly ugly by comparison. It was, she thought wildly, like the time she came out of a beautifully fantastic dream, super-induced by ether, to find herself still on the operating table, feeling the knife and the trickle of blood; that time in the hospital she had heard Dr. Carstairs swear at the anesthetist, who promptly slipped her back into—not the same dream but one nearly as good.

She wished that there was some way to blot out that hour and twelve minutes, as the anesthetist had blotted out the moment of reality. She wished there was some way to recapture ignorance of Buck's early life, recapture the feeling that nothing unclean had ever touched him.

I'm not a snob, she told herself. I'm not a snob, but— And always the "but" followed the thought. But I want to think of him as fine, wonderfully fine, and I can't against that background.

The car stopped before another house, surprisingly like the first, except that it had a food shop on the first floor.

"This," said Buck, "is where my father lives."

The memory of the anesthetist was bright in her mind. Why not? she asked herself. She began talking even before her thoughts were fully shaped.

"Buck, it's been such a lovely day. I haven't had my fill of it yet." She ran her hand across the shoulder of his tunic. "Why can't we drive straight on? There'll be a moon—I'm sure. We'll just drive and drive until we're tired, and then find a place to sleep."

She knew he'd understand. He'd know she was saying, "Buck, take me away from all this. I can't take it. I want to forget it, and I want you to forget you were ever here. Make a clean break now."

She felt his shoulder sag just a trifle. He said quietly, "I couldn't do that, Van. You see, my father would be very disappointed."

That was that. He wouldn't make the break. He would always come back—to the mother with the hennaed hair and the lover; to the man who lived here, perhaps with— He'd come back often enough so that she could never forget.

"Oh," she said brightly, "of course not." Then, after a pause, "Buck, do you mind if I don't go up with you? That beer—it upset me a little."

He said, "Sure not." She sensed then that he knew what was in her mind. Not by his tone, which was quiet and warm. Nor by his actions. He simply picked up her hand and held it for a moment. But this touch said things.

It said, I was afraid of this. A wonderful two weeks—thanks, much.

All he said, as he got out, was, "I won't be long."

After he disappeared in the vestibule she searched her purse and found a small gold fountain pen and a bit of paper. She wrote—after finding she couldn't put into words what she had to say:

"Dear Buck: Please keep the car. Please. VAN."

Then she got out of the car and walked down the street. In front of a saloon she got into a taxi. "Take me," she said, "to the railroad depot."

Two days later she got up in the morning, looked out the window, and saw the cream convertible at the curb, the top still down. By looking hard, she could make out the keys dangling from the steering-post lock. She dressed carefully and went downstairs.

"Is Mr. Wilson here?" she asked. The butler looked surprised. "Mr. Wilson? Why, no, ma'am."

That was the day Emmett came back from Saranac, looking a little younger, a little more like the old Emmett. He lost the younger look while he listened to her in the little upstairs sitting room.

"I was afraid of that," he murmured. "You knew it?" she demanded. "You knew it all along—and didn't tell me?"

"Knew what?" With icy deliberation, "That my sister was a snob?"

"You know I'm not!" she glared. "That he was poor made no difference to me. That he had no background—that made no difference. But there are some things at which one draws the line."

"Sure," he said. "That's it. The real snob always says, 'I'm not a snob. I draw the line here. Now, my acquaintance, Jones draws the line there, an inch higher, which proves he's a snob.'"

She said, "You don't understand. I—"

HE interrupted. "But I do understand. Look. I was bred in the fine tradition, too. Heroes were a type—polo players, football stars, spoiled sons of bankers, farm boys. They had glamour, they didn't have a home life you wanted to turn your head away from."

"You know very well," she said, "I'm not class-conscious. I knew his father worked in a mill. I knew—"

"I saw six men being decorated by a visiting general once," Emmett went on. "Three of them I knew. One was a shoe salesman from Chicago. One of them used to drive a garbage truck in Brooklyn. The third was a subway conductor. The other three—probably a plumber's helper, a machinist from First Avenue, an elevator operator."

"That still isn't the point," she said. But he went on: "It strikes you, after a while, after months of seeing the medals going to grocery clerks, that the polo players crop up very, very seldom on the decoration lists."

"You're not even trying to understand." "But I do," he said wearily. "Once it was the rage to marry a title; now it's the rage to marry a hero. Sure I understand. I rather expected, though, that you'd wait to discard him until after the war, when heroes are unfashionable again, as they were after the last war. But you wanted a hero out of a storybook, not a tenement. He had to be a well-bred hero with no embarrassing background."

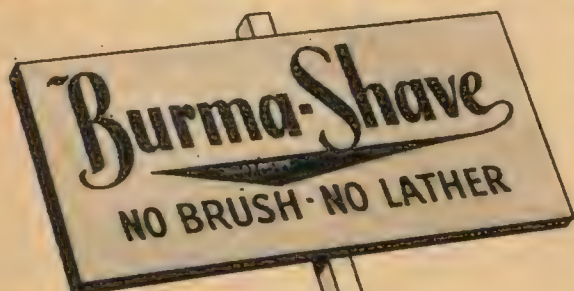
She said, "You're being unfair to your own sister, and for—"

"For my best friend," he reminded her. He mellowed somewhat. "And quite a man, Van. He and Tony—the chap who drove the sanitation truck in Brooklyn—and I were together most of the time. Tony,

(Continued on page 60)



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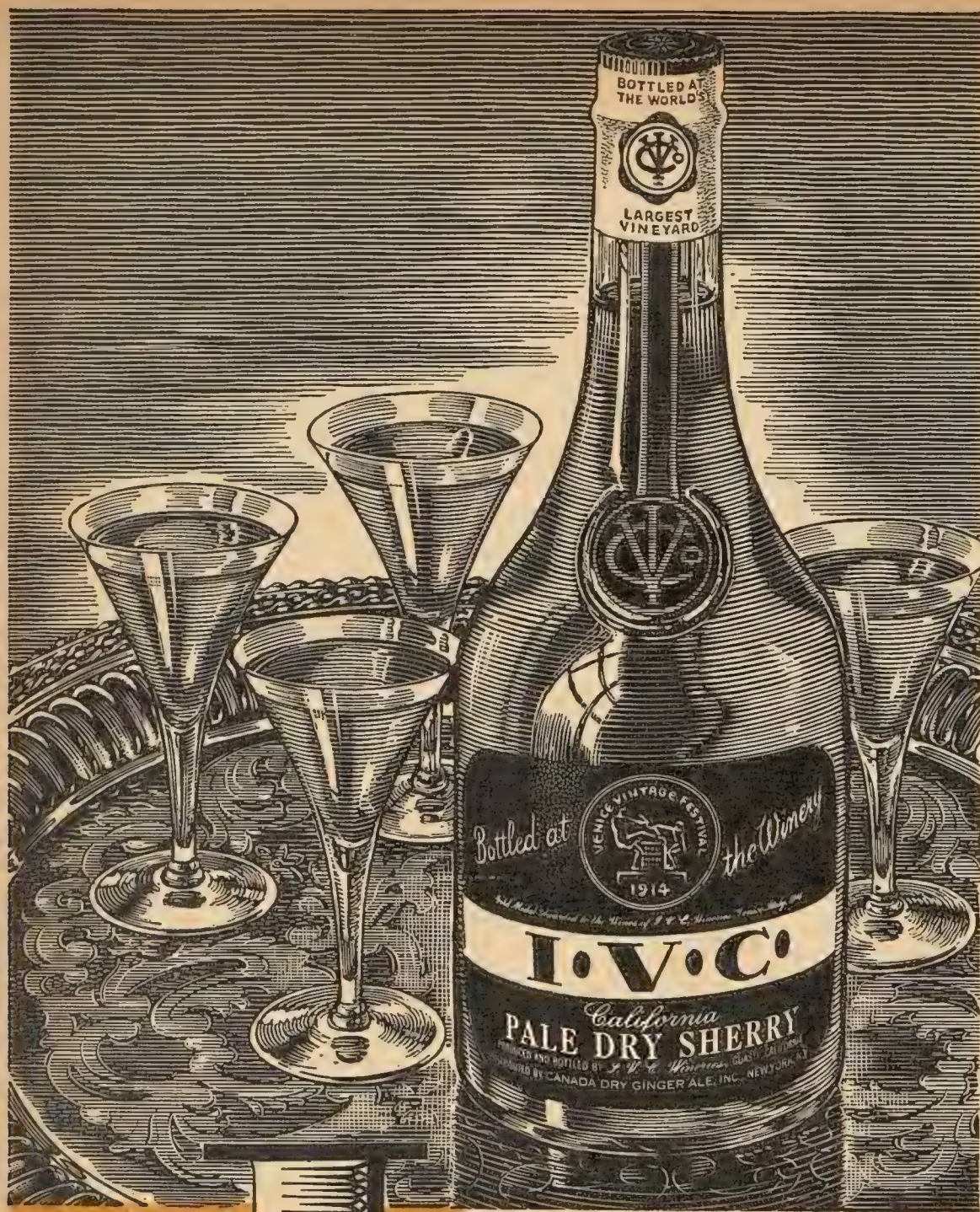
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# WINES

BOTTLED AT THE WINERY

(Continued from page 58)

now there was a man nothing could change—he really said thoid for third and foist for first. He thought I had an accent. Buck, now, he absorbed fine little things like a blotter absorbs ink."

She said, "I know that. I know he's deeply fine. Really. But when I practically begged him to break away from that miserable background, he wouldn't. That doesn't make sense."

"Doesn't it? You think it would make sense if he washed his hands of his parents because he had a chance to better himself, because he'd married what Tony would have called a high-hat dame?"

"But he doesn't owe them anything, after all."

"He thinks he does. Oh, I gathered—very indirectly—that it didn't make life too pleasant for a youngster, even in that part of Parthenia, to have his parents living apart, under sinful circumstances. But they were kind to him. They'd spend less money for beer when he came to live with one or the other, and use it to buy him candy or gifts. They tried, in what ways they knew, to make him happy. He thinks he owes them something—and I'm glad of that."

After a while, she said, "It's no use. You won't see my point. But he's back in town. Find him, and bring him here. Maybe we can work something out."

He said, "A thousand horses couldn't drag him here. That's probably my fault. One of the things he got from me was a sense of pride."

"If you will come now, please," the major said. "This way, Mrs. Wilson."

She rose from the red settee and followed him, dimly aware that the cameramen were following her, into a magnificently big room with a big mahogany desk, behind which sat a small gray man with fagged eyes.

The small man rose and shook her hand and said something which she couldn't hear for the dull roaring in her ears. He took a paper from his desk and read it, but she couldn't hear yet. The popping of the flashlights confused her.

Afterward he pinned something on her jacket. He kept his hand there because somebody kept calling, "Just hold it another second!" And finally annoyance flickered across his face. There were no more calls after that.

The cameramen trooped out. She turned to follow, but the small tired man held her for a moment. He spoke in a voice she could suddenly understand.

"Stay a moment, Mrs. Wilson. I'd like to talk to you."

He made her sit down, and sat down himself on the other side of the magnificent desk.

"Nothing," he said, "gives me greater pain than these posthumous decorations. What can I say—or anybody else—that would make up a loss like yours?"

She said faintly, "Well—" He said, "I believe you lost a brother in the same action?"

"Yes," she said woodenly. "Yes."

"You have a son, I understand."

"Yes, sir."

"He will be a great comfort to you, I'm sure."

"I'm sure."

"Knowing your husband's record, I hope he will be as good a man as his father."

He was unprepared for the tears that burst out then. He came from around the desk, murmuring, "Now, now, now!"—in alarm. "Please! I'm sorry."

She caught herself, gripped herself firmly. "I'm sorry. You see—that's been my hope, too."

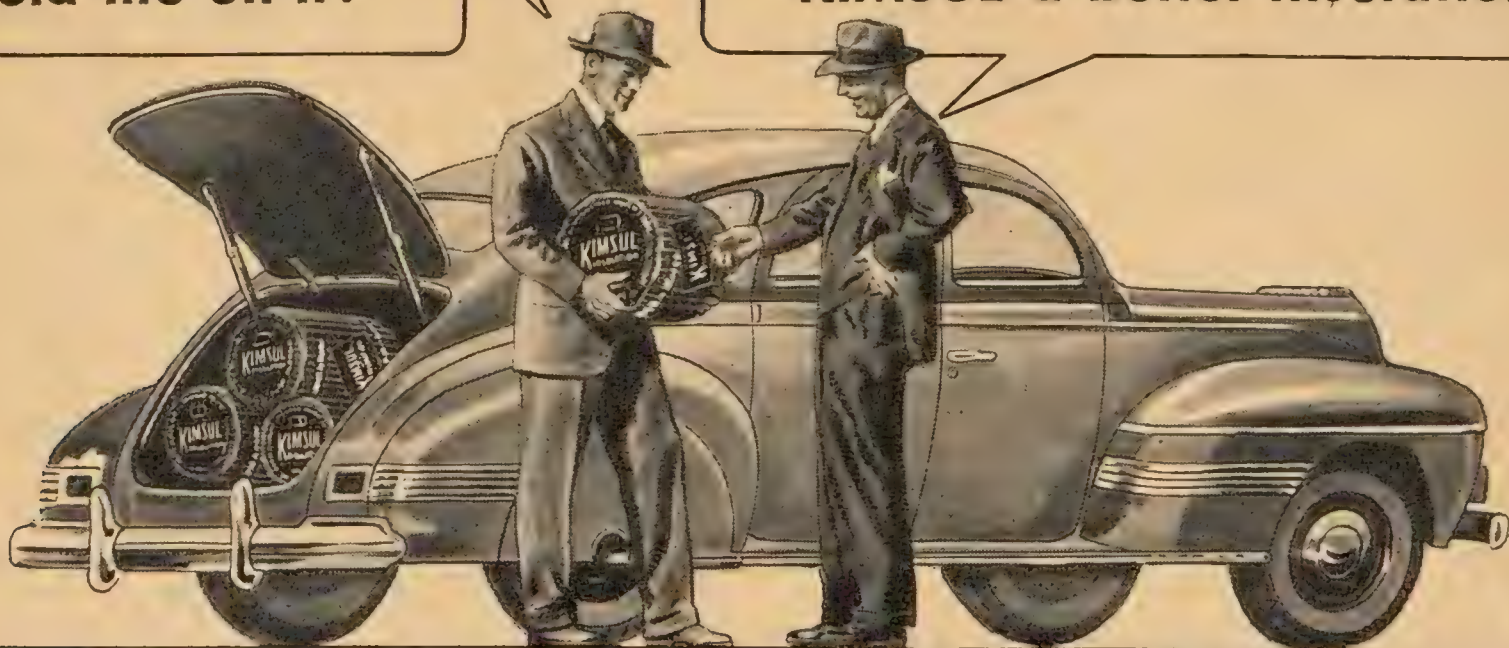
THE END

LIBERTY

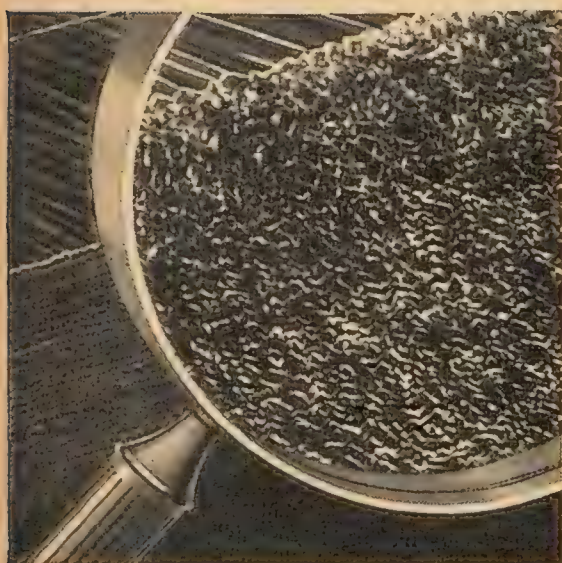


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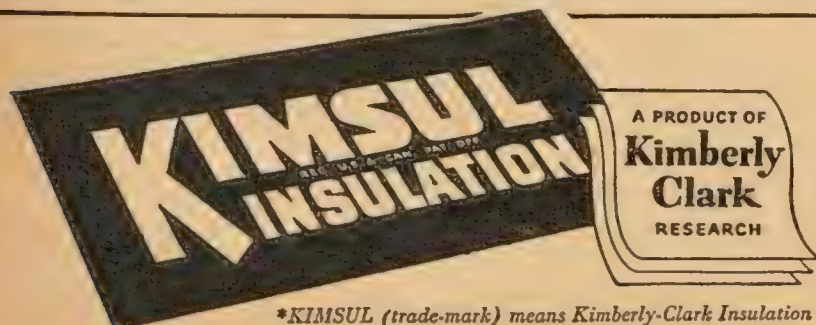
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# RUSSIA'S WIZARD OF WAR

Continued from Page 21

on a siding in Moscow's great railroad yards.

Except for such trips, the Soviet chief of staff seems always to be at his desk. Every hour of the twenty-four the giant marshal is available for conference. He consumes huge quantities of black coffee as his keen mind sifts rapidly through mazes of facts and figures. Occasionally he retires to an iron bunk for a few hours' sleep.

Such is Marshal Alexander Mikhailovitch Vasilevsky, Premier Stalin's super efficient Number One soldier.

In a military sense, Marshal Vasilevsky's story began in July, 1918, when, as a young recruit to a Cossack cavalry regiment, he was ordered to Stalingrad, then known as Tsaritsyn.

When young Vasilevsky first saw the town where he was destined to win renown, the fate of the Soviets hung in the balance. Lenin and his Communist Party had overthrown Czar Nicholas. Later they signed with Germany the disastrous peace of Brest-Litovsk, by which Russia lost nearly half her territory in Europe.

Then came the White Russian counter-revolutions led by former officers of the czar and political adventurers. By the summer of 1918 White Russian counterrevolutionary forces under the Cossack General Krasnov had conquered the Ukraine and were advancing on the Volga. Other White Russian forces were moving from central Russia down the Volga to meet them. If the two armies should unite, there seemed little hope that the Soviets could survive.

The harassed Lenin had no troops to spare, but he sent the ablest political commissar at his disposal to the south to see

what could be saved. The name of the commissar was Joseph Stalin, and he turned out to be the man for the job. Stalin picked Tsaritsyn as the strategic spot where the advancing forces of the White Russians could be met and defeated separately.

At Tsaritsyn he met another Bolshevik commissar named Voroshilov who had turned soldier and had accumulated a band of guerrilla warriors. The two were soon joined by a huge but somewhat bewildered Cossack horseman named Simeon Budenny, with a "brigade" of cavalry. Budenny had been a sergeant major in the army of the czar and knew drill. Although his "brigade" consisted of only three troops or companies, it was well equipped and disciplined, by far the strongest military force of Stalin's new command. One of the troop commanders in it was a young ex-sergeant named Timoshenko.

STALIN, Voroshilov, Budenny, and Timoshenko constituted themselves the command group of the People's Army of Tsaritsyn and took up quarters in a battered house on the Volga, overlooking the approaches to the town. According to Red Army traditions, Vasilevsky, a private in Budenny's cavalry, served the group as a messenger and table attendant.

Somehow, he won the favorable attention of Commissar Stalin. The present Soviet Chief of State has the reputation of never forgetting a friend—or a foe. As he rose in the Soviet hierarchy, he carried his comrades of the early days with him. One after another, Budenny, Voroshilov, and Timoshenko, charter members of Stalin's so-called "Tsaritsyn Group," became marshals of Russia and commanders of the Red Army. Now it is Vasilevsky's turn.

At Tsaritsyn, after a desperate siege in which Budenny and Timoshenko especially

distinguished themselves, the White Russians were rolled back. Subsequent attacks resulted in the liquidation of their armies. Within a year all of southern Russia was regained and organized as a part of the Soviet state.

Then came the Polish War in 1920 in which the forces of southern Russia, still under Stalin's direction, again achieved victories, although, according to some Moscow opinion, their strategy, directed apparently by Budenny, was definitely bad. Considerable territory was regained and held after the peace treaty.

In the years of peace following the Polish War, the Red Army, in accordance with Lenin's dictum, learned to "read, to write, and to think." Everywhere in the vast Soviet territory, military schools were established to give the new officers, commonly elected by their soldiers, an idea of their military duties.

Shadowy figure behind the new system of military education was Shaposhnikov, the former colonel of the Czar's general staff. At first he was distrusted by the officers of the Soviet state, but his encyclopedic military knowledge gained their respect and admiration. He was the founder of the Frunze Military Academy, first Red Army school of higher military education, and the organizer of the Soviet's first General Staff. His influence became tremendous.

Vasilevsky, son of well-to-do Cossack parents, had received an excellent academic education. As he passed successively through the officers' schools of the Red Army, he stood almost always at the head of his class. His brilliance attracted the attention of Shaposhnikov and gained him staff appointments close to the elderly marshal, whose esteem and admiration he won. The rest is history.

THE END

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## AVIATION'S BIG QUESTION MARK

Continued from Page 27

wages, and subsidies. An American overseas monopoly, it is held, would succumb to the same crippling inefficiencies as the foreign ones. It would need to be heavily subsidized, leading either to subsidy fights that might bring on another world war or, if subsidies became prohibitive, to international cartel agreements limiting traffic and keeping rates high.

The domestic lines point out that monopolies tend to hold back technological progress in order to safeguard investment in antiquated equipment. Whereas competing air lines encourage competing aircraft manufacturers to produce new models, they say, a monopoly of air transport would tend to produce a manufacturing monopoly concentrating on one type of plane. Since a healthy up-to-date aircraft manufacturing industry is essential to national security, it is argued, the competitive system must be strengthened, not weakened. The domestic air lines point out that before the war American-built air transports were taking business away from foreign planes in various parts of the world because of their superior efficiency and comfort, even in places where they had to contend with almost impossible discriminations from foreign governments.

It is emphasized that the British, who are expected to be our leading competitors for postwar air traffic, are reconsidering the whole question of the "chosen instrument." Powerful British interests, including some of the largest shipping companies, are arguing in favor of competing air lines.

**T**HE "community company" advocates reply that Pan American has always kept on its toes in developing new types of planes. They point out that it had to compete with foreign lines, and that an American community company would have plenty of such competition in the future. Moreover, they say, the domestic American air lines will be competing with one another after the war on an even wider scale than before, and there is no danger that American aircraft manufacturers will lag behind in technological research and progress.

As for the dangers of excessive subsidies or international cartel agreements, they contend that Congress could be expected to include sufficient safeguards in its postwar legislation to protect American national interests.

The "community company" side argues that monopoly, if properly regulated in the public interest, is more efficient in certain fields than is competition, and cites the American Telephone and Telegraph Company as a "good" monopoly.

It also points to the recent Western Union-Postal Telegraph merger, and the proposed combination of American overseas telecommunications companies as examples of fields in which experience has shown the economic need for a "united front." International aviation, they say, belongs in this category.

Conceding that unregulated competition abroad would create chaotic conditions, the domestic lines emphasize they are not asking for this, but want the same kind of regulated competition that prevails in the United States itself. Under this plan, as set up by the Civil Aeronautics Act of 1938, the CAB issues certificates of convenience and necessity for routes where potential traffic exists and where the applicant company can show it

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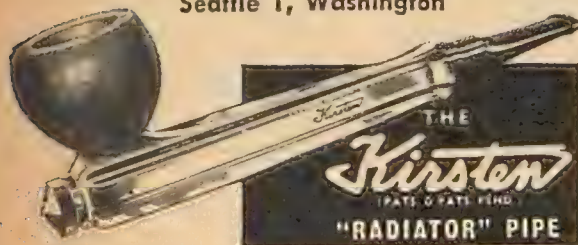
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is ready, able, and willing to meet the demand. On the main traveled routes certificates are issued to more than one line; on others, to only one.

The "community company" advocates oppose this also, saying that several foreign countries experimented with it before adopting the single "chosen instrument" policy and that it is open to the same objections as any other failure to maintain a "united front" on the world's skyways as a whole.

CAB certificates in the foreign field are subject to approval of the President of the United States with the advice of the State, War, Navy, and Commerce Departments. Under the provision, the State Department has assumed responsibility for the negotiation of all foreign landing rights and other privileges sought by American companies in contrast to the former system under which Pan American negotiated its own rights.

It would be wise to wait until all the evidence available has been presented at public hearings by all the interests concerned before coming to any conclusions. However, it is only objective reporting to say that the majority opinion in the administration at Washington appears at this time to be on the side of regulated competition.

Nevertheless, Mr. Trippe is a resourceful and vigorous fighter with strong backing in important quarters. Some influential sections of congressional opinion are either leaning toward his side or have not yet made up their minds, so that the "community company" can hardly be counted out at this stage of the game.

INCIDENTALLY, whichever side wins, there seems little doubt, judging from dominant sentiment in both political and business circles, that our international aviation will be owned and operated under the traditional American system of private enterprise on one hand, but on the other hand will be subjected to strict governmental regulation because of its potential effects upon national security and international relations.

Thus, with the knowledge of how to fly the oceans spread throughout the air transport industry, and a sound financial structure to work with, plus technological advances in both airplanes and flying technique that cannot be approached by any other country, the industry looks to the future with confidence.

THE END

## YOU CAN'T ARGUE WITH THE JUDGE

Continued from Page 34

Since that time, however, Landis has kept all interviewers at arm's length, if not farther away. Today, truculent, razor-sharp, white-headed Kenesaw Mountain Landis works and lives so privately, so aloofly, so mysteriously that the public and even some ballplayers regard him somewhat as they might a High Lama.

In the Horatio Alger tradition, Landis came from a large family in poor circumstances. He was born in Millville, Ohio, on November 20, 1866. His father, Abraham Landis, a physician who was wounded while performing an amputation in the Civil War Battle of Kenesaw Mountain, named him after that battle. When Kenesaw was seven, his father moved to Logansport, Indiana, and a few years later the boy was selling newspapers and doing various after-school jobs around town.

Thrown for a loss by algebra in his first high-school term, he decided to quit school in favor of a grocery clerkship. Years later, when he ruled the U. S. District Court of Northern Illinois, his detractors could point out—speciously—that here sat a justice in an important post who had never even gotten through high school.

Instead, Landis had studied stenography at home and gotten himself a job as local court reporter. He became attracted to the profession of law, saved his money, and went off to Chicago to attend the Union College School of Law, from which he was graduated in 1891 at the age of twenty-five.

Soon after that, the U. S. Secretary of State was Walter Gresham. It happened that Gresham had been Dr. Landis' commanding officer at the Battle of Kenesaw Mountain, and the old colonel offered his friend's son a job, so young Landis went to Washington as secretary to the Secretary of State. He was not universally liked. In our State Department at that time were many pompous men who wore striped trousers and waistcoats on the slightest pretext. In contrast to them, Landis strolled through the corridors of the building in a baggy old gray suit—a backwoodsman, telling effete Easterners that their long-winded backgrounds and snobbish families didn't mean "one damn thing."



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## COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY (Unabashed)

SAINT: What little Willie isn't.

RICHUALS: Rites for the wealthy.

MOCEAN PICTURES: Action on the North Atlantic.

O.P.A. TE: A narcotic for people who overindulge in necessities.

BOUTDOORS: A prizefight in the open.

LASS-IVIOUS: A strip teaser.

CUSHUNS: Hates pillows.

CONFATHERATES: Birds that flock together.

WOOL-F: One in sheep's clothing.

PIGGY-UNE: A very small hog.



But Landis, a salty, picturesque character epitomizing democracy, managed to make as many friends in the Department as enemies, and eventually he was offered the job of Minister to Venezuela by Grover Cleveland. He turned it down to resume his law practice in Chicago.

In the Windy City he entered Republican politics, and in 1905 was appointed by Theodore Roosevelt to the U. S. District Court of Northern Illinois. Two years later, on the basis of a single decision, he became the most popular judge the United States has ever had.

In 1907, under orders from "Trust Buster" Theodore Roosevelt, the Attorney General charged the Standard Oil Company of Indiana with accepting freight rebates from the Chicago & Alton Railroad. The case was brought to trial before Judge Landis, who quickly decided that no less a personage than John D. Rockefeller must be on hand for the defense. Standard's attorneys objected. Mr. Rockefeller, they declared, had nothing to do with the case. He was in New York and had no connection with the operation of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. But Landis insisted and Mr. Rockefeller, accompanied by a flock of newspapermen, came on from New York.

The jury found the company guilty, and Landis, after four days of deliberation, imposed a fine of \$29,240,000 on the officials. The court audience cheered the Judge madly. The New York World called his decision "a great event in American and political history." Overnight, Landis became a popular hero. His name spread throughout the land.

It mattered little to Chicagoans that Landis' Standard Oil decision was reversed, or that many of his subsequent rulings were to meet with the same fate. In him they found a character who had captured the public's fancy, and they stuck with him. For the next ten years they escorted thousands of visitors to his court. Landis never disappointed his guests. He would thrust out his jaw, grimace fiercely, scratch his head violently, threaten an unfortunate witness. The local gentry would beam with pride and mutter to the visiting firemen, "That's him—that's the gent that fixed Standard Oil."

IT was Heywood Broun who said of Landis, "His career typifies the heights to which dramatic talent may carry a man in America if only he has the foresight not to go on the stage."

Landis never went on the stage. It was rather as if the stage came to him. In 1917 he sat in judgment on several Socialists, Victor Berger among them, who were charged with sedition and conspiracy against the government. Wartime hysteria heightened the prejudice against these men, and, denouncing them in the gustiest language he could summon ("I wish I could shoot Berger"), Landis sentenced them to terms of from ten to twenty years. Shortly afterward, all the defendants tried before him for sedition were freed by the higher courts.

Jurists who have studied Landis' record on the bench agree that in his rulings he was rarely governed by the law or reason as much as by emotion and his own personal feelings. For example, a youthful Ottawa bank teller named Carey who had embezzled \$96,500 was paroled by Landis on the grounds that the boy's \$90-a-month salary was so low it had prompted his stealing. A postal employee accused of robbing the mails was sentenced to a one-hour jail term. Landis blamed the low postal pay for the crime.

Apparently the chief reason the baseball club owners offered Landis the job of baseball commissioner in 1920 was that four years before, when the Independent

Federal League had brought suit against the two big baseball leagues on charges of violating the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, the Judge had made a thorough study of the game before dismissing the case.

The Black Sox scandal had sunk the game to a new low, and the club owners knew they needed someone like Landis to put it back on its feet.

In 1919 Kid Gleason's Chicago White Sox had romped away with the American League pennant. In the National League, however, the Cincinnati Reds, a mediocre club, had found the going rather tough. Consequently the World Series odds were 5 to 1 on Chicago. By game time, owing to the manipulations of a syndicate of gamblers, reputedly headed by the notorious Arnold Rothstein, the odds had slipped to even money. A good many people apparently had gotten wind of the deal in which the gamblers had offered eight members of the Chicago team \$100,000 to "throw" the Series. The eight Chicago men in the "fix" were Gandil, McMullen, Risberg, Felsch, Cicotte, Jackson, Weaver, and Williams. Their teammates knew nothing of the frame-up, and when Chicago lost the first game, 9-1, Kid Gleason, the manager, practically went crazy trying to figure out how such weak hitters as the Reds could pound Cicotte, a truly great pitcher, all over the lot.

In the second game Claude Williams, the Sox pitcher, made certain Cincinnati would win by walking the opposing batters in critical spots. Dickie Kerr, an honest hurler, won the third game for Chicago, but by this time the frame-up was so evident that Charles Comiskey, owner of the Sox, began hiring private detectives to trail his men. Cicotte tossed away the fourth game, and the other crooks on the field helped lose the fifth one.

It took five games to win a World Series

in those days, and Cincinnati brought home the foul-smelling bacon, five games to three. A year later all the "bought" players were exposed.

It was then that a committee composed of Charles Comiskey, William Veeck, Jacob Ruppert, Clark Griffith, Charles Dreyfuss, John Breadon, Connie Mack, Robert Quinn, and James Dunn decided to offer Landis the job of baseball arbiter with autocratic powers at \$50,000 a year.

The day the committee went to Chicago, Landis was hearing a case in which a \$15,000 bribe had been passed in connection with a false income-tax return. As the magnates filed into his courtroom, the Judge banged his gavel sharply. "You gentlemen will have to make less noise," he shouted, "or clear the devil out!"

Three quarters of an hour later he agreed to accept their offer, specifying that his federal salary of \$7,500 be subtracted from the \$50,000.

HE ruled with an iron hand during that first year as baseball czar, and one of his first moves was to bar for life from organized baseball all the eight Chicago players who had engaged in the frame-up of 1919. But while the public did not mind, several congressmen and senators seemed to think it unfair that the Judge should be holding down two jobs at one time. Accusing him of using his legal position to lobby various baseball matters through the legislature, Representative Benjamin Welty of Ohio jumped to his feet one December morning in 1920 and cried, "I impeach Kenesaw M. Landis as District Judge of the U. S. District Court of Northern Illinois."

"Pish-tush," replied Landis.

Finally, in 1922, when the demands for his impeachment grew more incessant, "the Judge" stepped down from the federal

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"Your wife says not to forget to stop on the way home and pick up some Wheaties."

Now you're really talking, Polly. "Wheaties!" Big flakes of rich whole grain. Roasted and toasted and flavored with sweet malt syrup. You'll go

for that good nourishment and grand flavor. Stop off at your grocers and pick up two or three packages of Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions."



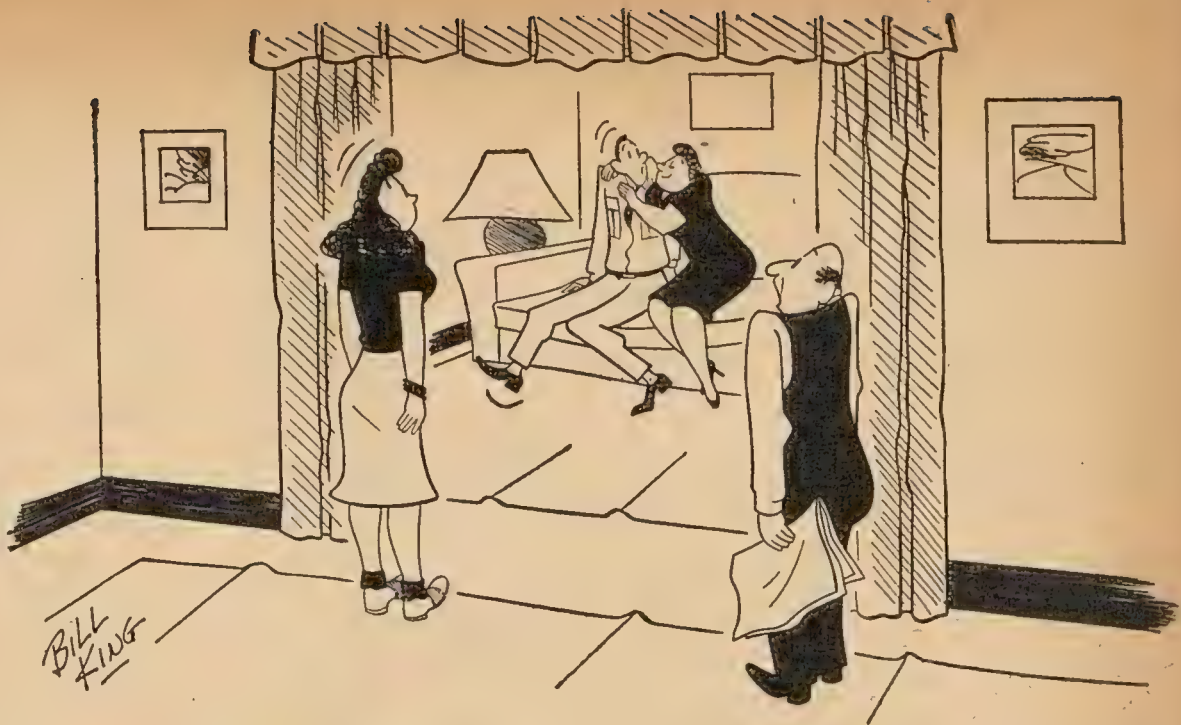
bench to devote all his time to baseball. That same year, without consulting anyone, he gave away to charity the gross receipts of a called game in the World Series. He also forbade World Series players from taking part in post-season exhibition games. When Babe Ruth and Bob Meusel, two New York Yankees, told the old scout to go fly a kite, that they were going to barnstorm anyway, he promptly fined them their World Series money and suspended them until the following May 20.

A master of profanity and invective, he began to show the ballplayers he meant business. Soon he was touring the training camps, insisting on better umpires, and all the time preaching on the dangers of gambling.

Landis hates gambling intensely. Last year he banned W. C. Cox, owner of the Philadelphia Phillies, from baseball for life, because Cox had wagered money on his own team. In 1941 it was said that he vetoed Bing Crosby's bid for the Boston Braves because the crooner owned a racing stable. Ballplayers insist he has established an efficient espionage system of his own which tells him exactly what he wants to know about the after-hour habits of every professional in the game today. It is a well-known fact that he never approved of Rogers Hornsby's horse-race-betting proclivities.

Only one player has ever dared to talk back impertinently to the old Judge. Years ago he fined a New York Giant catcher Earl Smith \$100, and then gave him the alternative of apologizing to the umpire he had insulted. Looking at the famed Landis mop of white hair, Smith snapped, "You need that hundred dollars. Go buy yourself a hat and a haircut."

Although at seventy-seven the Judge is a bit milder than he formerly was, he still commands the respect and absolute obedi-



"Well, your mother seems to approve of him."

ence of all his charges. He is curt, clear, and quick. Most of his business letters consist of one or two sentences. A typical Landis letter usually reads: "Dear Sir: Yes. Very truly yours, K. M. L."

He had hoped in his declining years to take things easy, to golf and fish a little more, but he has had a full-time job ruling on the various baseball problems brought to the fore by the war. He happily O. K.s practically all exhibition contests designed to increase the sale of war bonds to the baseball public; he quickly sanctions baseball broadcasts beamed to our troops overseas; in short, he makes certain that the

game contributes as much as possible to the national war effort.

His private life remains much the same as it always was. He lives with his wife in a modest Chicago hotel suite, where they will celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary next year. They have two children, a daughter, Susanne (Mrs. Richard W. Phillips), and a son, Reed Gresham Landis, vice-president of American Air Lines and one of the heads of the Civilian Air Administration.

Despite his ironclad ruling that he will grant no interviews, Landis from time to time issues statements to the press and broadcasts a few words over the radio networks. He never declines to pose for photographers, who like to feature him eating hot dogs or imploring a base runner to come on home.

Although he insists upon privacy, he is no recluse. He has the small-town man's affection for banquets, dinners, and speeches. When he indulges in these, however, he never discusses baseball. He has a sense of humor, although it sometimes lies dormant for many months. One of his favorite stories concerns his wife, Winifred. One time, it seems, they were getting out of a cab to attend the Chicago opera. Observing how very slippery the sidewalk was, the Judge called out to his wife, "Be careful dear, or you'll break your goddam neck."

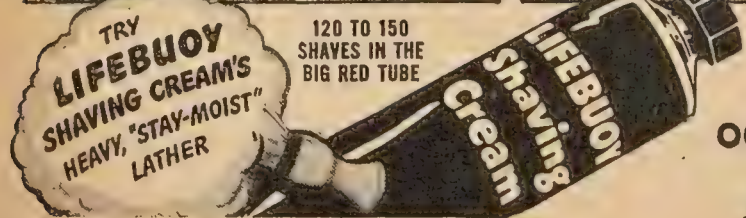
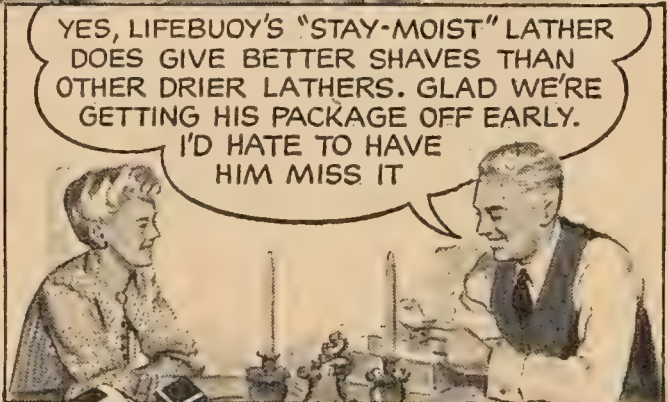
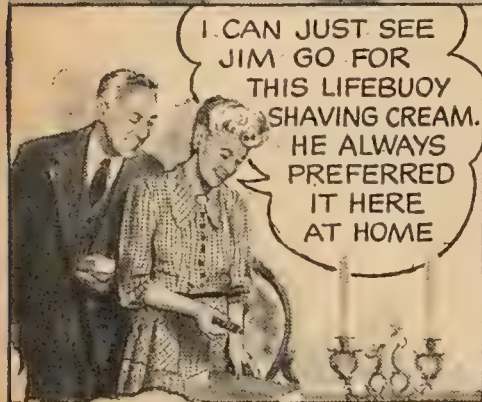
THAT'S the way the Judge talks; that's the way the Judge acts; and that's the way he also feels about the game of baseball—fiercely possessive, proudly protective, and subtly sentimental.

When it was suggested to him that he had better organize a lobby to see that baseball was declared an essential industry by the War Manpower Commission, "the Judge" got up on his hind legs and roared, "Baseball asks no special privileges, baseball needs no lobby—sixty million fans are our lobby! If it's a question of the game's dying or living, I've got into the habit of living."

Needless to say, when the pennant winners once again battle it out in the coming World Series, the Judge will be on hand, his ear to the ground, listening for the slightest rumor of gambling among his charges. In the final analysis it is this constant, fearless vigil by this keen-eyed, outspoken old man which has made baseball the honest and respected pastime we know it to be today.

THE END

## MOM SURE KNOWS WHAT TO PUT IN A CHRISTMAS PACKAGE



OCTOBER 15th LAST DAY FOR OVERSEAS MAILING

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and berries from many lands combine to give Dixie Belle its own distinctive bouquet and flavor.

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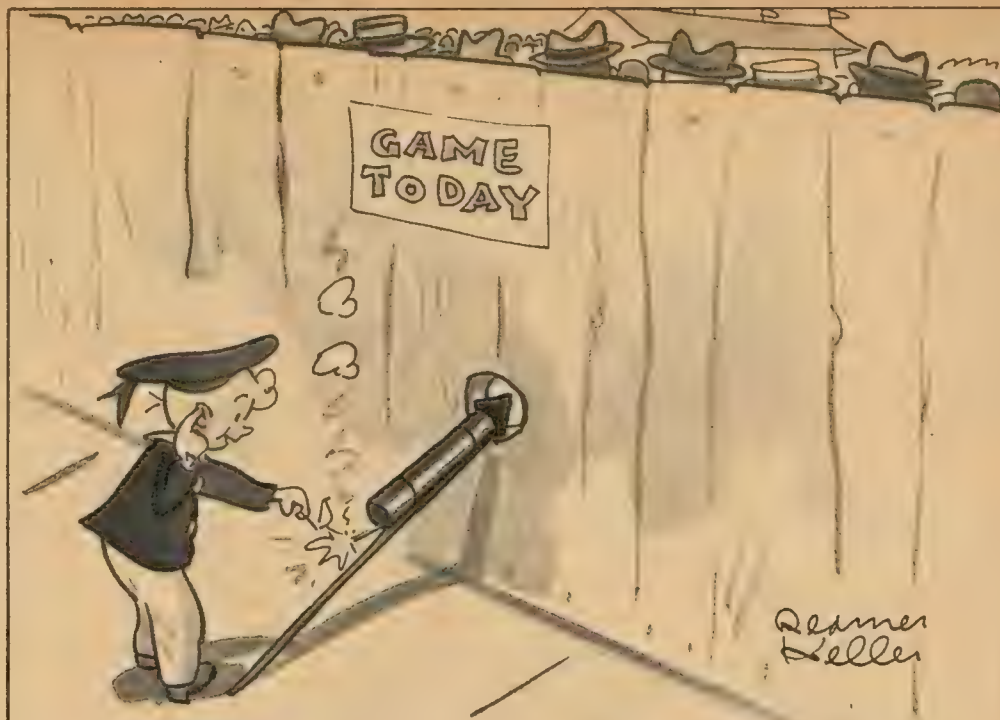


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## HARDTACK



## SEVENTH AVENUE VENUS

Continued from Page 25

wagging. Some designers say sample models are born, not made. That's a lot of hooey. A girl makes herself as she works."

Most of the girls are high-school graduates, and many of them have been through college. "Moreover," said Joe, "ninety-nine per cent of them work because they have to. We don't like pin-money gals. They ain't reliable. There's a future in the job if the gal cares to use her brains. She can sit and do nothing while she's not working, or she can learn the business by giving a hand at odd jobs, and get hep how to start a business of her own. I know girls who modeled for ten years or more, then they stepped into big-money jobs as designers, saleswomen, or buyers."

"Yes, and you really get to know your fabrics, too," put in Jean. "You can tell weave and texture. No smooth saleslady can pass inferior goods on you. And you can meet another woman and tell how much she paid for her dress at a glance. And of course you can spot some woman wearing your own firm's line a mile away."

"At one party I went to there were six women wearing our numbers. One came up to me and asked me where I got my clothes! I didn't tell her I was a model. Women who don't know our business turn up their noses at models. They seem to think we're husband stealers. Actually we're husband getters for many of them—that is, if men go for clothes, as they're supposed to."

The model's weekly salary is not high. Prewar, thirty-five dollars was tops; now it's fifty. Few models get holidays with pay. Some firms dock by the hour when the girls are out sick or late for work. Top-flight models punch clocks, and pile up records of service without missing a day. They drink quarts of milk, eat ice cream, and sizable lunches. Most of them swim or play tennis, and keep late hours only on week-ends. Their health is above average.

The majority of the successful models are country raised. The girls from out of town seem to last longer. Few of them are fragile or dainty in the accepted sense of feminine beauty. Most of them wear size-eight shoes. Many of the gorgeous girls you see on Seventh Avenue belong to first-generation American families of Irish, Polish, Swedish, German, English, or Danish stock. A high percentage were in other occupations before they started modeling.

The girls grade themselves according to the locations of the firms they work for. It's class to work north of Thirty-eighth Street on the West Side where wholesale prices are generally higher. South of the line the jobs pay less. And Seventh Avenue models look down on Broadway jobs.

The models acquire a clothes sense that never leaves them. Anyone experienced in the wholesale or retail trade can spot an ex-model in a second, even if she's been out of the business for a decade. Most of the girls save clothes as capital. They buy carefully, sometimes wearing their things for years, altering them to suit existing vogues.

But they don't get their clothes free. Many firms charge the models full price for clothes made on them; others give a 20-per-cent discount. It is trade custom for the sample model to have the privilege of buying the dress made on her.

Economical manufacturers like to sell their samples to the models, because not many women can wear them. Some employers who have models they want to keep let their girls pay for the dresses by installments out of their salaries. As long as the girls owe them money, they figure, they can't quit. It works both ways. Some girls figure that a boss who is owed a few months' salary won't part with a model.

IN prewar days the sidewalks outside the garment buildings would be lined with limousines and hopeful Johnnies at 5 P. M. But the girls rarely date men in the Market. For the most part they marry ordinary men: clerks, business men, automobile salesmen—the guy who lives out of town and likes to putter in his yard.

"It all adds up to the fact that for a pretty girl it's a bum job," said Joe. "But they like it. Many of 'em come back after they've been married and had a family. We've got models who've been at the job twelve years. Course they ain't still size twelve, but they're fine-looking women."

"I still don't see why these girls don't try Hollywood," said the talent scout.

"Well, here's one reason," said Mary. "We figure Hollywood is just like the Market on a big scale. If you have to work in a tough business like this, it's better to be only a nickel subway ride away from home. Any girl who travels three thousand miles on the chance of getting temporary employment when she's got a steady job near home is a dope."

THE END



Delicious candy coating. Let them melt in your mouth for cooling, lingering candy refreshment.

We're supplying the Armed Forces. They come first. So if your dealer doesn't have these sweets today, look for them tomorrow.

**5¢**

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MADE BY **Candy Crafters, Inc.**  
LANSDOWNE, PA.



# WHERE THE PRINCE CAME ALONG

Continued from Page 33

ing tuned and ready to roar from the field at a word of command.

When Madder was gone she found the package he had hung on the inside knob of the door. A two-pound box of candy!

Seekie glowed. There, Mr. Harnet, see what you're getting! New York boy who has been around—it's not just any girl he'd drive miles and miles to bring her candy.

But she wasn't bowled over—only budged. No fellow, not even one from New York, could undo in two evenings the dreams of eight years.

Suddenly Seekie started. She gasped. He had signed the logbook two weeks running, and both those times while she was on post! Laura Shermer would see that entry at 0800 tomorrow!

It was easy enough to foretell the rest. Likely as not the line would be busy, but that would not stop Mrs. Shermer. She'd just cut in on the conversation, "That you, June?"—or maybe Ede Mack. "Who you talking to? . . . Oh, it's Cora. Who you girls think was here last night when Seekie Vail was watching alone? . . . Well, here it is in black and white—more black than white, if you're asking me. 'S/Sgt. William Madder, IV, Fighter Command, inspected o/p at 2016.' That's Army for 8.16, you know. Why didn't he come at 7.16, when old Doc Luke was watching for planes? . . ."

By the time the mail had reached the store, half the valley would know the news!

Doc Luke was all smiles the following week when he waved to her from the

lookout balcony as she cantered up the slope.

"It means that the war's going better, Sequoia. Japs will think plenty before they'll raid this coast."

"I guess you're right, Doctor. I'll miss the post. It made me feel as if—if I was having a part in the war."

"And the sector sergeant?" Doc asked slyly. "You'll miss him too?"

"Doctor!" Seekie reproached him.

"Been hoping he'd be like that prince I was talking about."

SHE could feel her cheeks going hot. "I'd love to wring Laura Shermer's neck. Tom was hopping. We had a quarrel." You could tell things to Doc, knowing he'd never make talk about them. But not Tom's words when he first accused her, so crazy jealous his eyes went black. "Now I'm starting to understand why all this int'rest in watching for Japs. Especially that Jap named Madder!"

Doc blinked. "But you patched it up?"

Seekie nodded. "It's all right now."

She knew that Doc was disappointed.

"Look here. Where is that rascal now?"

It wasn't the question so much as the tone, the sharpness of it, which startled her. "Why?"

"Wondering."

"Tom's gone up the Cachagua. He won't be back till the end of the week."

"Good. I'm glad to hear it."

"But why?"

"If the sergeant should come tonight to—well, to inspect the post, of course!"

"Doctor!" cried Seekie.

But she did expect Madder. What fellow who left you a box of candy would fail to follow it up in person?

At 2130 she wrote in the logbook: *Visibility poor, high fog. Half past nine and still no Madder. Seekie started a fire in*

the stove. The silence oppressed her. He wasn't coming! Not that it mattered.

Yet the sound of a motor in second gear ascending the grade was like a reprieve. Seekie rushed to the small square mirror glued on a Monterey feed-store calendar. The face in the glass made her pause and stare. Here, wait a minute. Who's coming to see you—the man you are going to marry, or a sergeant named Madder?

She heard his voice, "Good evening, Chigger," greeting the mare as he jumped from the truck. He took the stairs two steps at a time.

"Hi-yo, Sequoia."

"Oh, hello, sergeant."

"Name's Bill," said Madder.

"Hello, Bill, then."

"That C. O. in Castroville!" he groaned. "Like shaking a cold to get rid of him."

"Oh, you were over in Castroville?" Seekie tried not to look as she felt.

This was going to be difficult.

"Do me a favor?" Seekie asked him.

"Please don't sign the logbook tonight."

Madder looked puzzled. She was watching his face, saw his lips push the word out, "Why?" But that was as far as his question got. A chilling scream like a cry of terror cut through the darkness outside the post. Chigger snorted, quick trumpeting blasts which betrayed her fear as she started to kick.

Madder broke for the door.

"I'd better handle her," Seekie said.

"Who?" snapped Madder. He was startled to learn that she meant the horse. "But that woman's in trouble! She screamed for help."

A quick tender feeling touched Seekie's heart and seemed to glow there. A woman in trouble, attacked in the dark; and this city boy without any weapon hurrying down to go to her aid!

It made no difference there wasn't a

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woman. He thought there was, and in Madder's mind the risk was as great.

"Lord love you," smiled Seekie. "That's only a cat."

"A cat?"

"Mountain lion come down from the hills to look for a calf or a sheep."

Seekie's smile faded. She had heard something Madder had not. Heard Chigger's first trumpet snorts being answered by another horse down the slope.

She remembered Doc's question, his tone going sharp, and then his relief when he learned that Harnet was up the Cachagua. But what if he weren't!

From those trees, as in ambush, he could see the post without being seen. See the sergeant's truck. See how long Madder remained with her.

"Chigger, behave!" She was stroking the mare while her own sense of alarm kept growing. That horse down there had called only once. If it were Tomcat's big roan stallion, he would have soon enough shut him up!

The cat screamed again, and now all the cattle for miles around bellowed.

"Sounds like a woman," Madder said.

"I suppose," said Seekie, wanting to spare him, "if this was New York and some lady should scream, I'd think she was just a mountain cat."

They were climbing the stairs, and abruptly he asked her. "Why don't you want me to sign the log?"

Seekie faltered, "Because—well, I guess New York isn't the same as here."

"It's got a few more lights."

"And people."

"Never bothered to count 'em."

"So many," said Seekie, "a nosy woman would have a hard time to—" Then she froze. Faintly, over the bellow of frightened steers, came a wasplike drone. "Plane!" she cried.

## THE HOME FRONT



"He lights 'em all for a conviction."

"Yep . . . coming nearer. You better wait a moment," he added. Madder was watching her upturned face, dark eyes eager and cheeks going flushed and lips parted breathlessly to listen. "Look out! You'll lose that ten-gallon hat."

She brushed at its brim and it fell from her head to hang by the thong loosely looping her throat. "Oh, dear! I've had so few to report. All right to call now?"

"Fire away," he grinned.

Seekie flung at the operator the words, "Army flash! This is One-R-Three." A girl's voice, very brisk but calm, amazingly calm, said to go ahead. How in the

world could she sound so calm when Seekie's pulses were racing like mad!

Not only calm but amused at her. That voice up there in San Francisco seemed to be smiling as it said, "Thank you." As though the city girl taking the call could actually see her excited face.

As Madder could see it. She hung up the phone and looked at him as he started toward her. Knowing at once what he meant to do. Making no move at all to stop him. Wanting his kiss.

But then the reaction came like the kick from a shotgun's blast. Suddenly she remembered Harnet.

In her fear and remorse she started to struggle. "No, no!" she cried. "You've got no right—!"

"I love you."

"Let go." She tore herself free and snatched the revolver from its holster. "There!" she panted.

MADDER said nothing, his eyes going large with unbelief. Seekie saw their surprise and their hurt. After a moment he shrugged and turned and walked out.

But there he halted. "It's circling," he said. "You'd better send a second report."

Seekie took up the telephone. All the excitement and pleasure were gone. He had spoken to her as impersonally as if she were just another observer. He would help her now, for that was his job. And then he would go. He would never come back. Always he would remember her as the girl who had answered his frank "I love you" by angrily drawing a gun!

"Central doesn't answer," she said.

Madder kept silent. At last he muttered, "That pilot's in trouble."

"Oh, shoot! Why doesn't she answer?"

He ignored her now. Didn't even hear her. Standing there, frowning up at the sky, his jaw tensely set as he tried to see through the starless night.

She started, hearing that sound out there. The sound was unlike any other she had ever heard; yet she knew what it was. It was made when a stricken plane crashed on the side of Piñon Peak.

She could see the flames beneath the ceiling of fog round the slope.

"Call Intelligence flash," prompted Madder. For a wonder, the operator answered the instant he spoke. Seekie urged her, "Hurry!" Madder cut in, "I'd better take it. A-Two officer gets these calls, and he'll probably want me—How far's that off?"

"Three miles," swallowed Seekie. "West of post. Name of hill's called Piñon Peak."

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"Thank you." He was being polite to her! Numbly she heard him give the report in the order fixed by the special instructions tacked to the wall above the desk. "... Might have jumped, sir. Motor was missing. ... Yes, sir. ... Yes, sir."

Madder hung up. He glanced at Seekie. "You'd better phone your chief observer. Ought to be two on watch tonight."

"You mean you're—?"

"I'm going down the road to guide the ambulance crew," he told her. With a queer little smile he put out his hand. "Sorry I bothered you. Didn't mean to." A twisted smile. "Good luck, Miss Vail."

"But—!" exclaimed Seekie. Madder was leaving and she still hadn't had a chance to explain. "You don't understand. I don't want you to think—"

From the steps he called back, "You'll be getting some planes. They'll fly over soon and start dropping flares."

The telephone rang. It was Mrs. Vining to ask her if she had reported the fire. More minutes were lost in rousing Walt Lindgren; and he had to get dressed and drive the two miles to the post, all of which took time.

When he reached it he snorted, "The dang-fool Army! Leave a truck parked, no lights nor nothing, right plump in the road. Like to run it down."

Seekie gasped. Suddenly it was as if she *knew* what had happened.

"An Army truck! Where?"

"Foot of the grade, by Gellert's oaks. Hey! Where you going?"

It didn't take her long to find him. With her flashlight Seekie found the sergeant still unconscious beside a tree. He was beaten bloody, with the mark of the spurs where their points had been jabbed in his cheek and neck.

For a moment she thought that Madder was dead. It came to her logically then, when she saw him, that she would kill Tomcat. She'd do it herself. She'd kill him the same as she would a rattler.

Seekie tore her bandanna in strips. She gripped the flashlight between her thighs while she knelt beside him to stop the bleeding. As she worked she kept thinking. He said, "I love you!" He'd kissed her and then he had said, "I love you"—and in her blindness she had not known the truth till now.

Seekie tried the words aloud. It was as though there was life in their sound. He opened his eyes. He smiled.

She said the words again, "I love you."

The flashlight slipped to the ground, and as Seekie picked it up her hand was trembling. For an instant its beam shone full on her face, lighting her cheeks and eyes and lips, the tears in her eyes, her cheeks flushed pink, her lips so ready to tell him yes.

That was the vision Madder saw. . . .

**H**E entered the post and glanced around at the rickety armchair, the kerosene lamp, the faded instructions, the logbook covered with dust. Walt Lindgren slapped Madder's back.

"Well, how's she look?"

"Best post in the U. S. A.," grinned Madder.

He unscrewed the cap of his fountain pen and wrote the date in the log. Then he paused. This was not a routine entry. This was a once-in-a-lifetime thing.

S/Sgt. William Madder and his bride, the former observer Sequoia Vail, began their honeymoon by inspecting the best o/p in the U. S. A.

"O. K?" he asked.

"Let me take that pen."

Seekie added a comma, then wrote: *where the prince came along, just like the story.*

THE END

SEPTEMBER 30, 1944



# AS *American* AND AS THRILLING AS *Baseball*

The great national game reveals the true flavor of American democracy.

Just as truly American are Sunset Cordials.

From rich American soil come Sunset's luscious fruits.

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## The other kind of loneliness

A lonely heart is one thing. But there's another kind of loneliness that many people experience because of "visual isolation." As a result of subnormal vision, they go through life only half-seeing the world around them—passing friends unnoticed on the street, for instance. If your eyes need help, place your confidence in the professional man who has spent years in the study and practice of eye-care. *Better Vision Means Better Living.*



### *Smartest Thing in Eyewear*

Pictured here is an ultra smart Shuron Ful-Vue mounting by Shuron. It has glamour. And it holds professionally prescribed lenses in positive alignment with maximum security—a feature that has won favor with millions. When glasses are prescribed ask for Shuron by name.

# Shuron

SMART EYEWEAR

## EASY THERE, EDDIE!

Continued from Page 29

a job anyhow, so he had a lot of time to think up impudent pranks.

But when he got to Mountain View, he had to admit he still had his job.

"Well, that's too bad," said Raymond, "because I go in the Army in less than three weeks now. I've passed my physical and all. If you don't want to come here, I'll have to get someone else—"

"Don't get anyone!" Eddie begged. "It's just a matter of a few days now."

Eddie was back on the job. Or rather, not on the job at all. He wasted so much time he almost went mad. He stuck cards together with glue—and let Fleming find it out. He tore up important papers.

"I'll end in jail," he told himself. He didn't end in jail—then. But he didn't get fired, either.

There was something very odd about it.

AT the end of another week he had to report the bad news in Mountain View. "If—if you loved me—" Sally wept.

"I do love you. But I don't know what else to do! If I killed anyone, they'd put me in jail. Short of that—"

"I'll wait until next Saturday," Raymond said, "though I'm a fool to wait that long."

"It may not take the whole week. I'll think of something! Maybe in a day or two I'll telephone you."

He didn't telephone Raymond. But he continued to do everything that might be annoying and wrong. He did a couple of dozen things a day that would ordinarily cause a man to lose his job. But Fleming bit his lip and held his tongue and walked away. It was annoying. Funny, too!

He waited until Friday. Then he couldn't stand it any longer. He knew it was up to him to do something that really would cost him his job.

He started to leave early. Thought better of it. Sat around, keeping other people from working. Then, as he was walking out of the door, Fleming spoke to him. Said, "Did you file the rest of those cards, Wilson?" A simple enough question, as Eddie should have filed all the cards.

"I certainly didn't. And I have no intention of doing it. I don't give a damn about you or the whole filing system!"

Eddie saw Fleming draw himself up. Now something is going to happen! Eddie thought and couldn't help but laugh to himself about it.

Fleming came toward him. Started to say something. Evidently changed his mind.

Eddie started to go out the door. Waited. Just in case! Fleming came out too. Eddie looked around. A dozen men were standing there.

"So what?" said Eddie. "So what?" His voice was high.

"Nothing," said Fleming. "Only, I thought—"

"Well, you think too much, Fleming." The others were watching. "Stop thinking for a while and give your half-sized brain a rest."

Fleming came toward him. And didn't say anything!

Eddie had to do something! Right away! He hardly knew what he was about. His right arm shot out. He landed Fleming a glancing blow on the chin. Fleming fell down. Dozens of men out of nowhere rushed to the scene.

And that will be that! Eddie thought. If I'm just not arrested. If I am—

Someone blew a whistle. Someone else seized his arm. Eddie was under arrest!...

They took him to jail and asked him questions. A man named Walker appeared. He was an attorney for the plant, it turned

(Continued on page 74)



# SABOTEUR?

*Who- Me?*

**Yes, lady, YOU!**

Oh, of course you're 100% American . . . *you think*. You said so in a letter to son Bob last Saturday.

You sent him a sweater you'd knitted, too.

But, lady, that sweater won't protect him from the stab in the back you . . . yes, *you*, dealt him while your needles were click-clack-ing away.

Remember, how you talked about your neighbors down the street who go to a different church? Remember those thoughtless remarks you made about folks whose skin is a different color, or whose names are hard to pronounce?

You, lady, and your friends . . . when you say, directly or by innuendo, anything to rouse hatred or distrust among groups of Americans . . . when you speak disparagingly of Protestants, Catholics, Jews, Negroes and Whites . . . *you* are hindering America's war effort.

You are doing the thing our enemies want most for you to do. You are denying the very things your sons are fighting for. You are weakening the strength America needs to win this war . . . by setting Americans to distrust-ing each other instead of the enemy.

As surely as though you landed on these shores in the dark of night from a submarine, bent on blowing up factories and burning bridges . . . in spite of your charming manner and your "all-out" war record, lady, *you* are a saboteur!

*This is one of a series of messages available for local sponsorship in newspapers and as 24-sheet posters in full-color for outdoor billboard display. Write for details.*

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**INSTITUTE FOR AMERICAN DEMOCRACY, INC.**

369 LEXINGTON AVENUE

*Rev. William C. Kernan, Exec. Dir.*

NEW YORK 17, N. Y.



(Continued from page 72)

out. He asked questions too. And then Stone himself visited the jail. And asked more questions. Eddie was sullen. But not too sullen. He wanted to lose his job but he didn't want to stay in jail.

He was out on bond presently.

"I guess I'm fired all right," he said to Walker.

"No," said Walker. "Mr. Stone and I talked it over. We decided it would start an unfortunate precedent. What if you'd really wanted to be fired and had done something like that, and other men at the plant found it out and, for some reason, wanted to be fired? Why, there'd be more slugging around here than we could stand. There wouldn't be an employer or a boss who'd be safe. It would give the men ideas."

So that was that! Eddie had to report his failure to Sally and Raymond.

"I slugged the boss," said Eddie, "and they didn't fire me. I don't know what I can do. I'll be put in jail for life if I kill anyone or set fire to the place!"

"Well, you've had your chance," Raymond said. "I'm going to get my cousin, Gus Sharp. He's not too bright, but I have to have someone—"

"If you'll just give me a day or two!"

"There doesn't seem to be much use!"

"You—you don't love me!" Sally said. "Other men who love girls do anything for them! If you really cared—" There were tears then. It wasn't a pleasant week-end.

Back in the plant, Eddie sat despondently. He didn't try to work. Nor even to think. This was fate! You tried to get fired—and you got arrested. You tried to get fired and—here you were!

But why didn't Fleming fire him? Why did Fleming put up with him? As a matter of fact, why did Fleming act the way he did, anyhow? Something funny there!

He remembered a lot of things Fleming

did. He was always going out when he was supposed to be there. He was always looking at cards and checking things that, as far as Eddie knew, he had no reason for checking. He came in with papers in his pockets, looked them over. Blueprints of the new machinery. That was odd!

When he'd been attending to his job, he hadn't bothered about Fleming. But now—

He began to watch Fleming. To pretend to work and to keep an eye on him. A lot of things—

In the first place, the filing system was all wrong. Now, if he'd been designing a system, he could plan one that was half as much work. Take less people and less time. He'd tell Fleming, except that wouldn't help him get fired. And Fleming—

Sally telephoned him. Raymond had left a few days earlier than he had planned. And he'd put Gus Sharp in his place before he left.

"I'll see you this week-end," Eddie said.

"You needn't bother!" Sally said. "This week-end or any other. I'm through!" Sally hung up on him!

AND then Stone came in. And Granite was with him. They looked around. "I hear you aren't doing very good work," Stone said.

"I—I—" said Eddie. There wasn't anything to say.

"Fleming didn't report you. It was someone else we put in here—to watch—"

"So we've decided," said Granite, "that in view of what we've found out, we'll have to let you go. We don't like to set a precedent of firing anyone. And we need men. But not men of your caliber—"

"I—I see," said Eddie. He saw.

He didn't have a girl. Nor a job. And not much chance of getting either one back.

He went home. His mother had dinner ready for him. He didn't dare tell her what had happened. He tried to eat dinner so she wouldn't ask questions. Went to his room.

He tried to read. And couldn't read. Tried to sleep. And couldn't sleep, either. And then, as he tossed in bed, he thought of something. Fleming! Of course! A dozen things—

He went to the plant in the morning. And on time, for a change. But he didn't go down the familiar path. He went to Granite's office. He'd never been there before. He asked to see Granite himself.

He waited for a long time.

"He can't see you," Granite's secretary said. "He said there was nothing he could say to you."

"But there's something I've—I've got to say to him."

Eddie's earnestness impressed her.

"All right! Wait here!" she said.

And a few minutes later he was in Granite's private office.

Granite was frowning. "You wanted to see me?" he asked.

"Yes, sir! There's something—"

"If you want your job back, it's useless. We're through with you."

"But it isn't that. It's—it's Mr. Fleming. I've been noticing—"

He began to tell of things he'd seen.

"Wait a minute," Granite said. He called his secretary. In a couple of minutes half a dozen men were in his office—Stone, Walker. Men he didn't know.

"Tell these men what you told me," Granite said.

"But I'm not sure. I think—that—"

"He has accused Fleming of disloyalty to the plant, which means to the country. Things he thinks he has seen—"

Eddie told what he had seen. His heart was pumping a bit peculiarly. If—if he were wrong—He'd really be in trouble then, he knew.

The men listened. Nodded.



"I may as well tell you the naughty thing I did today. Mom will probably squeal on me anyway."

"Funny," Granite said. "I suspected something; put a man in there. All he noticed was that Wilson, here, was laying down on the job, and the filing system—"

"The filing system is awful," said Eddie. "If I couldn't plan a better one—"

"Maybe you'll have a chance," Granite said. "But go on. Tell us other things you've seen—"

Eddie told everything he knew. How Fleming had taken plans home with him, and had tampered with the files, and had been afraid to call Eddie down because he didn't know how much Eddie knew—but took a chance on Eddie not knowing anything at all. And how Fleming had found out things—about the new machinery they'd put in. A lot of things. Eddie didn't know, until later, that they'd got hold of Fleming, so that he couldn't get away, even while Eddie was telling about him.

"So—so I've still got my job?" Eddie gulped at the end. He needed his job now.

"I—I don't think so," Granite said.

"You mean I'm—fired?"

"No, I wouldn't say that, exactly. I've been thinking while you were talking that maybe if you'd do the files over, the way you had in mind—and maybe did some special investigating— You seem to be good at it—"

Eddie gulped.

"You know, we can't give raises on the same job," Granite went on, and the others nodded. "But if we create a new job for you at a special salary, I guess we can get that through all right. It will have to be up to Washington. They'll examine the information we give them. But I've got an idea that when they see what you've done—if we prove you're right—" The others nodded again.

He was right! He knew that! A raise! Enough money to get married on! If—if Sally would say it was all right—

And when he saw Sally, on Sunday, she said it was all right. Better than that, she cried again—and said it was just fine, exactly the way she wanted it. She wanted to live in Forest Mills anyhow. She was sick of Mountain View.

"I think you're wonderful," she said.

Eddie kissed her. He was a little too confused about the whole thing to say much.

"It—it was nothing at all," he said, and kissed her again. "Nothing at all. When I really get set—"

"Easy there, Eddie," he said then. But just to himself.

THE END



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AND WOMEN!





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loved him....

*His Mother...*  
grimly devoted... broke  
the law for him!



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young, loving... broke  
her heart for him!



*Ada...*  
desirable, daring... lost  
her soul for him!



CARY GRANT

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but the Lonely  
Heart"

WITH

ETHEL BARRYMORE

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# LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY



Dr. Morton is discovered by his wife after a gruesome experiment upon himself.

## THE GREAT MOMENT

(Paramount) Joel McCrea, Betty Field, Harry Carey, William Demarest

**T**HIS is an arresting screen version of the story of Dr. Morton, the obscure Boston dentist who discovered ether anesthesia nearly a hundred years ago. The human side of Morton's struggles, failures, and final triumphant self-sacrifice for the good of mankind has the makings of a serious, moving drama. The irrepressible Preston Sturges has approached it with mingled respect and irony—playing up the ludicrous in the minor situations to the point of slap-

stick, without losing sight of the underlying meaning of the whole. If this cocksure approach doesn't take you aback, you'll enjoy the usual Sturges vitality, enhanced by a splendid cast and fine period setting. The picture was made months ago, and betrays some early, experimental quirks in the Sturges technique (corrected in his later pictures). But in spite of its uneven pace and disconcerting lapses, it's a vital, outstanding piece of film biography.



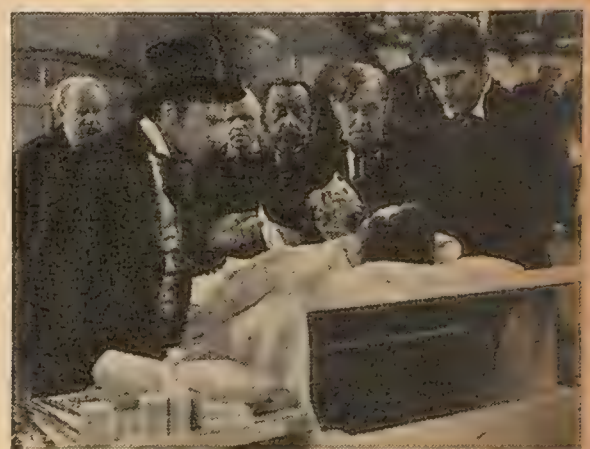
**1** Dr. Morton tries his idea of ether anesthesia on a suffering patient (William Demarest) who's willing to try anything.



**2** The experiment is successful—almost. The patient feels no pain, but impure ether sends him off on a tremendous jag.



**3** When the "painless dentist" finally becomes rich and successful, his wife can't understand why he isn't satisfied.



**4** But farseeing Morton can't rest till he has gone on to prove the incalculable value of his discovery to medical science.





## MUSIC IN MANHATTAN (RKO)

Anne Shirley, Dennis Day, Phillip Terry

HERE'S a pleasant little musical lightweight which hangs on a trite situation, shoves in its production numbers by means of the usual show-business setting, yet somehow manages to be quite appealing. The secret seems to lie in the cast. Anne Shirley makes a sincere and rather decorative little show gal (named Frankie) who's loved by her partner Stanley (Dennis Day) and expects to marry him. But in spite of his extra-nice singing, poor Stan is destined to play a comic part rather than the hero role in Frankie's life—a fact she doesn't realize till a quirk of fate

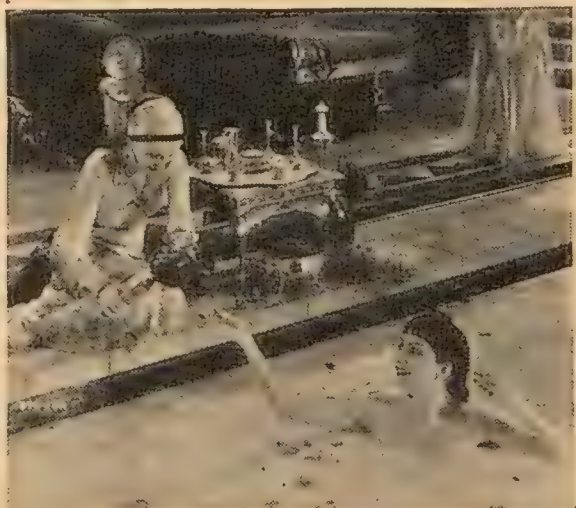
(movie style) gets her into a mistaken-identity tangle with a romantic young war hero named Johnny (Phillip Terry). All the newspapers need is a false lead to make Frankie and Johnny (get it?) man and wife. There are the usual boudoir complications when practically everybody but the "bride and groom" thinks they're married. Meanwhile poor ineffectual Stan bites his nails and goes into falsetto from anxiety. Things get more and more complex—but by some happy accord, the three youthful principals remain natural and refreshing right through to a happy celluloid ending.



## ATLANTIC CITY

(Republic) Constance Moore, Brad Taylor, Charley Grapewin, guest stars.

THE famous seaside resort forms the starting point for another musical cavalcade, and if you can just focus your eyes on the individual acts, there's quite a bit of theatrical nostalgia here. Old-time names like Belle Baker, Gallagher and Shean, Van and Schenck, and Joe Frisco bring back the feeling of the era when the Boardwalk was new; but when Paul Whiteman, Louis Armstrong, Jerry Colonna, Buck and Bubbles, and a host of brain-busting production numbers tag on to an already raveling story, it gets pretty hard to keep track of things, for all the efforts of Constance Moore and good old Charley Grapewin.



## THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

(Paramount) Fredric March, Elissa Landi, Claudette Colbert

IF you saw this DeMille spectacle (about ancient Rome) back in 1932, you probably remember one or two startling details, such as the battle of the gladiators, or Empress Claudette Colbert's milk bath. The picture has been reissued with a modern prologue (to tie in with present-day concern about the Eternal City), but life in Nero's day looks as gory and melodramatic as ever. The persecution of the early Christians is depicted with such emphasis on the more lurid tastes of the Romans that the great spiritual theme is often overshadowed—an effect which persists even after the lapse of years.

## SPECIAL MENTION

DOUBLE INDEMNITY (Paramount). Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck. Drama.

DRAGON SEED (M-G-M). Katharine Hepburn, Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon.

A superb treatment of Pearl Buck's novel about wartime China.

GOING MY WAY (Paramount). Bing Crosby, Risë Stevens, Barry Fitzgerald. Drama with music.

HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO (Paramount). Eddie Bracken, Ella Raines. Comedy.

MR. SKEFFINGTON (Warner Bros.). Bette Davis, Claude Rains. Drama.

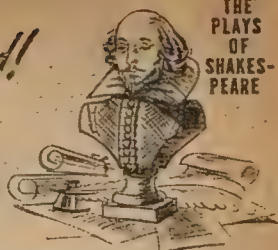
SINCE YOU WENT AWAY (United Artists). Claudette Colbert, Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten.

David Selznick's sentiment-filled panorama of the American home front.

WILSON (20th Century-Fox). Alexander Knox, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Charles Coburn, Ruth Nelson.

A grandly sweeping portrayal of idealist Wilson and his whole era. Top-notch film Americana.

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## WILL THE ATLANTIC CHARTER APPLY IN THE PACIFIC?

Continued from Page 17

equal terms, to the trade and to the raw materials of the world which are needed for their economic prosperity."

On March 21, 1944, Secretary of State Hull stated the policy of this government regarding dependent peoples as follows:

"There rests upon the independent nations a responsibility in relation to dependent peoples who aspire to liberty. It should be the duty of nations having political ties with such peoples, of mandatories, of trustees, or of other agencies, as the case may be, to help the aspiring peoples to develop materially and educationally, to prepare themselves for the duties and responsibilities of self-government, and to attain liberty. An excellent example of what can be achieved is afforded in the record of our relationship with the Philippines."

The eventual liberation of dependent peoples and, meanwhile, the raising of their standards, are highly desirable, if not essential, in our postwar Pacific pattern. Our program for the future demands security and world trade. This may sound simple, but both matters are tremendously complicated and involve many divergent national interests and other obstacles.

Take the matter of military security in the Pacific. Our main base will be Pearl Harbor, and probably we will fortify Wake, Midway, and other islands for which we have been fighting. The Philippines will be free, but we will retain bases there. It is possible that we will build a base on Formosa, which is to be restored to China. Chiang Kai-shek, it is understood, offered us the right to do so at Cairo. We might also insist on a fortified harbor in the Kuriles, north of Japan, and we might again patrol the Yangtze River in China.

In the Indies, Holland would grant us rights to the use of her naval bases at Surabaya or Sabang, if we desire, provided we let her ships use Cavite or Manila. It would be a reciprocal arrangement.

**C**OMPLICATIONS set in when we consider British possessions. We might use, reciprocally, the British base at Singapore, but what about Hong Kong? As Churchill has plainly indicated, Great Britain wants it for a fortress. She considers it as necessary to her empire as Gibraltar or Malta. Will we back Britain or China in determining its future?

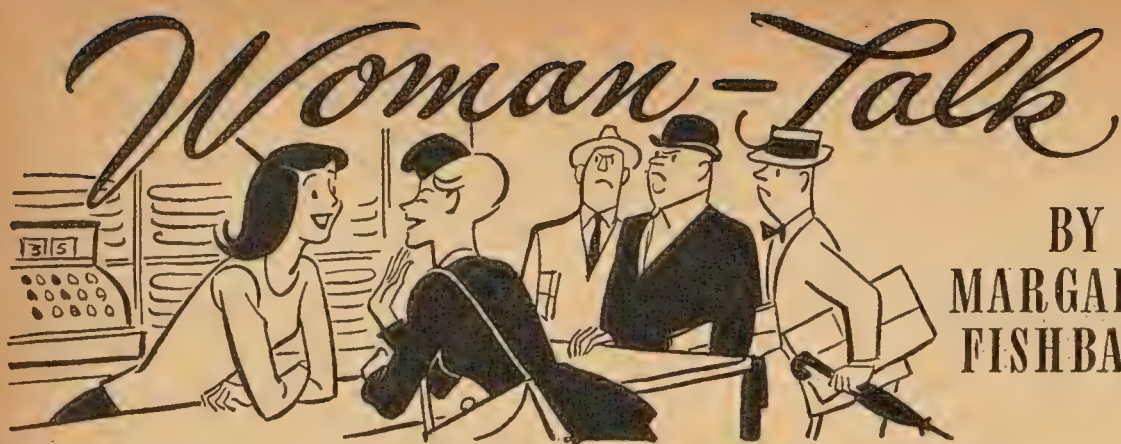
The acquisition of bases may well call for considerable horse trading with all nations. But even assuming that it doesn't, obstacles to security may arise at home. When we smash Japan, for example, will part of our Navy stay there even though Congress and the public clamor to bring the boys home? And will the Congress vote money to build and maintain expensive bases in the Orient when an earlier Congress would not give the Navy \$5,000,000 to fortify Guam a short time before Pearl Harbor? That's a big question.

It is partly owing to such doubts whether America will care to spend money far from home that the government is working so hard to obtain political security as an alternative to incomplete military security. It is trying to arouse the country to the need for collaboration with other nations in a postwar peace organization.

As for world trade, Secretary Hull has said: "The heart of the matter lies in action which will stimulate and expand produc-

(Continued on page 80)





BY  
MARGARET  
FISHBACK

**SAFETY FIRST:** Carol, aged three, was too young for the outdoor kindergarten class in a New York City park, but the teacher finally took pity on both Carol and her mother, who wistfully eyed the group inside the fence. For the last two weeks of the summer term Carol joined the class, and during the hour's respite her ma went marketing, as did the other mothers whose children were being tended by Teacher. Came the day when the mothers were instructed how to make paper caps and gowns for their kiddies' graduation, and Carol, who begged to "granuate" de-



spite her short stay in class, was told she could. The tactful teacher explained to her mother she was afraid it would give Carol an inferiority complex if she were left out, and that it would be O. K. for her to come back in the fall for a postgraduate course. Oh, for more teachers with such bighearted understanding!

**DEPARTMENT OF DELICATE GESTURES:** When Mrs. Morris Scherzer disembarked from the Portuguese refugee ship Nyassa, she found her husband waiting to meet her. He presented her with a bouquet and a fifty-dollar war bond. Said Mr. Scherzer, "I thought a war bond would be her best welcome to America." In 1939 Mr. S., a textile manufacturer, came from Palestine to the New York World's Fair and was unable to return because of the war. Assisted by the National Council of Jewish Women, Mr. Scherzer re-entered the United States from Canada under the Palestinian quota and went into the dry-goods business in Brooklyn. . . . When Lieutenant Richard Perle, navigator of a Flying Fortress, bailed out over Germany, he was so thankful that his chute did right by him that he wrote from a German prison camp to his parents, please send twenty-five dollars to the chute packer, as one fumble might have cost him his life. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Perle of Forest Hills, New York, sent the money pronto to Colonel Eugene Romig at a bomber base in Ohio. The gift was duly handed to Sergeant Dale Schindele of Manly, Iowa, the rigger who didn't make a mistake. . . . In 1929 Mrs. August Parrott and her husband bought a brick house for \$14,000 in North Bergen, New Jersey. Then trouble began. A daughter, Ida, contracted rheumatic fever. Mr. Parrott became ill, and died in 1939. Unable to pay taxes because of medical expenses, Mrs. Parrott was allowed to remain in her home by paying the city twenty-five dollars a month rent after it had taken over the house because of non-payment of taxes. Recently the city had a

bid for the house and informed Mrs. Parrott it would have to be sold at auction. To the rescue came daughter Mrs. Helen La Chappelle, who went with her husband and her mother to see Commissioner John J. Roe, director of public affairs. He said that Mayor Paul Callum and the other commissioners wanted Mrs. Parrott to keep the house, so an auction was arranged at which the only bidder was Mrs. La Chappelle, who obtained it for \$6,000—\$1,250 cash and a five-year mortgage. Now Mrs. Parrott can plan a rousing welcome home for her five sons, all of whom are in the armed forces, one in the South Pacific, two in France, and two in U. S. camps.

**BELLES-LETTRES:** When Mr. Franz Joseph Andrysek, proprietor of Ye Olde Viennese Hobby shoppe on Third Avenue, New York, mailed a plate bearing President Taft's portrait to his son, Senator Robert Taft, he wrote the senator: "I think it would be appreciated more by you than by a stranger. It will give me much pleasure if you will accept it from an adopted and grateful citizen who believes intensely in the real Americanism your honored father and you have defended against the enemies within." To which Senator Taft replied; "I have received the plate bearing the portrait of my father and also your letter. I cannot tell you how much I appreciate your presenting me with this gift. My family and I will always treasure it and remember your thoughtfulness in sending it to us. I certainly appreciate your kind words in behalf of my father and my-

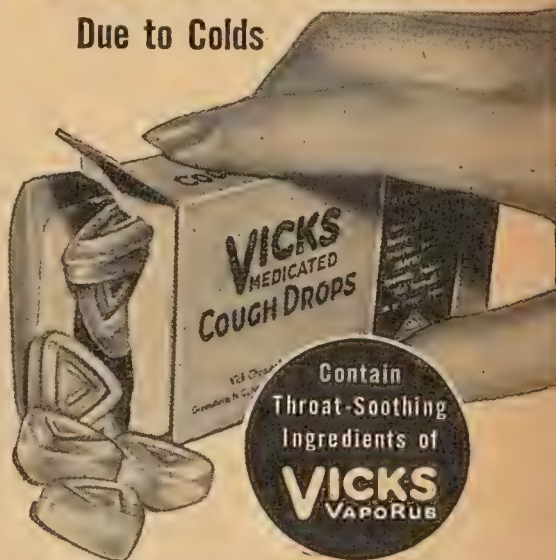


self, and I am glad to learn that you have found security and happiness in our country." What beautiful words—security and happiness! And think of the war-torn millions who don't know the meaning of either.

**SHORTS STORY:** When thirty-three-year-old Margaret Russell, a medical photographer, walked down Broadway clad in shorts and a halter, Patrolman Robert Gilbert arrested her on the charge of disorderly conduct after struggling in vain to disperse the crowd she attracted. Told to appear in Night Court, redheaded Miss Russell complied, wearing a different halter and shorts. Magistrate William Klapp said he would release her if she identified herself. She clutched at her shorts, looking for pockets, found none, and gasped, in reference to the request for identification, "No, I haven't a thing on me." To which Magistrate Klapp replied logically, "That's very apparent." She was paroled for a later hearing, and left the courtroom amid shrill whistles of admiration.

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with us part of the way, at least. Britain has pledged that when hostilities cease she will recognize any constitution the Indians can frame for themselves, under the proposals made by Sir Stafford Cripps in 1942. Under this arrangement India can accept Dominion status, like that of Canada and Australia, and as a Dominion it can sever all connections with the Commonwealth if it so desires.

Burma has been internally self-governing since 1937. The only matters reserved for the governor are defense, foreign relations, and currency. The first task in the rehabilitation of Burma will be to get its economy going again. Then it may acquire a fuller degree of independence. Malaya presents a racial problem. Its 5,000,000 people are composed of Chinese, Malaysians, and Indians. Which race would rule? Further, many rubber plantations in Malaya were owned by Americans, French, and Japanese, and the iron mines there were run by the Japs. Singapore was a free port.

**I**N the British eastern colonies America has always had free access to raw materials. "Empire preference" does not enter the picture.

"The main point of disagreement between the United States and Britain," says Sir George Sansom, K. C. M. G., British Minister and long a resident of the Far East, "is the question of a time schedule, as to when the colonies shall be given independence. We cannot foresee the future. And we're not at all ashamed of our course of colonial development. We think we've made very good progress and we're proud of it."

General Charles de Gaulle, during his recent visit to America, said that while France expects to retain its empire, its colonies would be given broad political rights, leading eventually to the status of self-governing entities. French Indo-China especially would be prepared for an increasing measure of self-government.

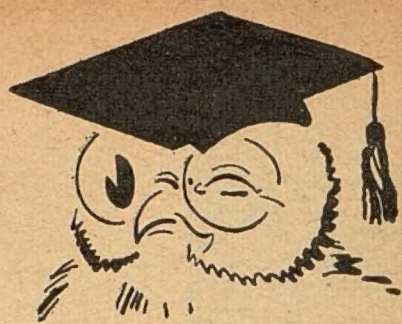
The Dutch, since 1870, have permitted all nationals—except the Japanese—to come in and buy the raw materials of their Eastern colonies. Foreigners have been quick to seize opportunities there. In the Indies, in 1940, \$240,000,000 of American capital was invested in private enterprise, and \$100,000,000 in government loans. About 25 per cent of the total crude-oil output in the Netherlands Indies in 1939 came from fields exploited by American firms, and in Dutch New Guinea 60 per cent of the oil is owned by our concerns.

After the war it is expected that the Netherlands Empire—Holland, the Indies, Surinam, and Curaçao—will become a commonwealth. Each part would have its own governmental system, with complete freedom in internal affairs. The commonwealth would control foreign relations and defense. However, the Dutch say nothing about freeing their colonies, although there is a determination to raise the standards of living and to increase industrialization and purchasing power.

That is how the colonial situation stands today. All of the owning nations have extremely good intentions, but they don't promise too much. We have freed the Philippines, but we don't yet know how that freedom will work out. When the time comes, we may have to horse-trade to get more self-government in the Pacific and with it security and more trade. That may be an involved process.

But it is America's contention that if disease and poverty exist in one part of the world, the other parts suffer, and that a happy world is a peaceful world. We want to do our share in healing the wounds of war and in building up a new society free from the anguish of want and fear.

THE END



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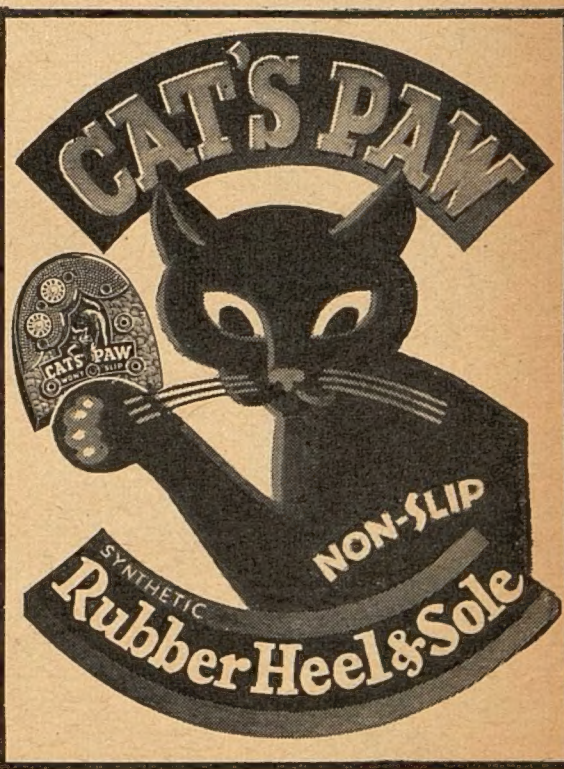
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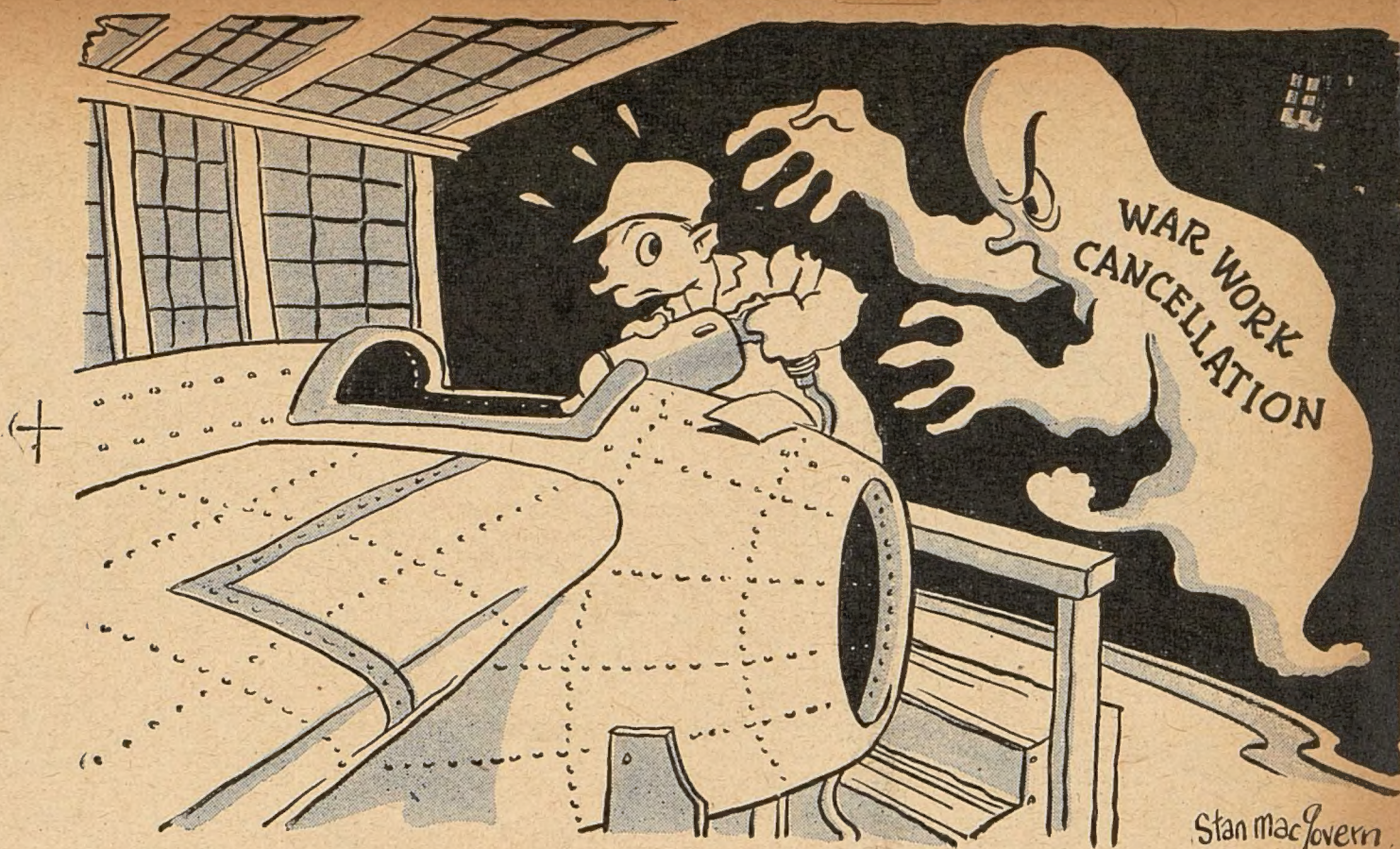
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SEPT. 30, 1944

PAUL HUNTER  
*Publisher*  
EDWARD MAHER  
*Editor*



## WAR WORK FIRST— BUT RECONVERSION WHERE POSSIBLE

SINCE the first glimmer of victory began to appear, a lively argument has proceeded in Washington on the subject of business reconversion and the timing of it.

There are two schools of thought. One, led by Donald Nelson, chairman of the WPB, advocates as much reconversion as possible, even before the Nazi surrender, provided it does not detract from the manufacture of war materials. The other school, headed by other WPB bigwigs and strongly supported by the military, wants all reconversion postponed until victory is clinched. Even planning for reconversion, they say, will detract from the war effort because it gives the public the feeling that the war is won and it's time to scramble for peacetime jobs. They fear an exodus from the war plants by people anxious to put themselves in peacetime work before their war jobs fold up under them.

Mr. Nelson's objective is to avoid mass unemployment resulting from a wholesale cancellation of contracts at the end of the European war. He wants the transition to peacetime jobs to be more gradual. To a limited degree Mr. Nelson's views have prevailed thus far, but the argument is far from over.

Actually, what is the war worker thinking while all this argument goes on? He reads the papers and he knows as well as anybody else that the European phase of the war is on its last legs. Pretending it isn't does not make him less worried about the continuance of his employment. His urge is to get himself on a payroll that will con-

tinue, even if it means accepting lower pay.

It does not seem to us that planning now for reconversion would cause a mass exodus from war jobs. It would, rather, have the opposite effect. The war worker fears to be caught in the middle. If he thinks there will be few peacetime jobs available for some months after victory, his impulse is to quit now and line one up for himself. If, on the other hand, he sees plans in the works to have peacetime industries ready to run when war jobs are over, he is comforted and continues cheerfully with his war work.

Another aspect of the matter is the fear of some business men that competitors will get the jump on them and grab the lion's share of the peacetime market while they are still engaged in war work. They want the reconversion race to start from scratch. They forget, however, that the early bird is not always the best fed by nightfall. Business success comes from able management day by day and month by month, and not because of an initial head start. The early motorcars are not the ones we buy in volume today. Most of the early airplane makers have long since given way to later comers who built better airplanes. The same holds true in every line of business.

Our planning authorities in Washington would do well to agree on Mr. Nelson's program and to proceed with complete cooperation to put it into effect.

*Paul Hunter*

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**1889** POLICE OFTEN REINFORCED umpires' decisions as rules were changed and baseball games began attracting major crowds. In this year two teams played an around-the-world series of games, while Corby's reached its 31st year of fine whiskey tradition.



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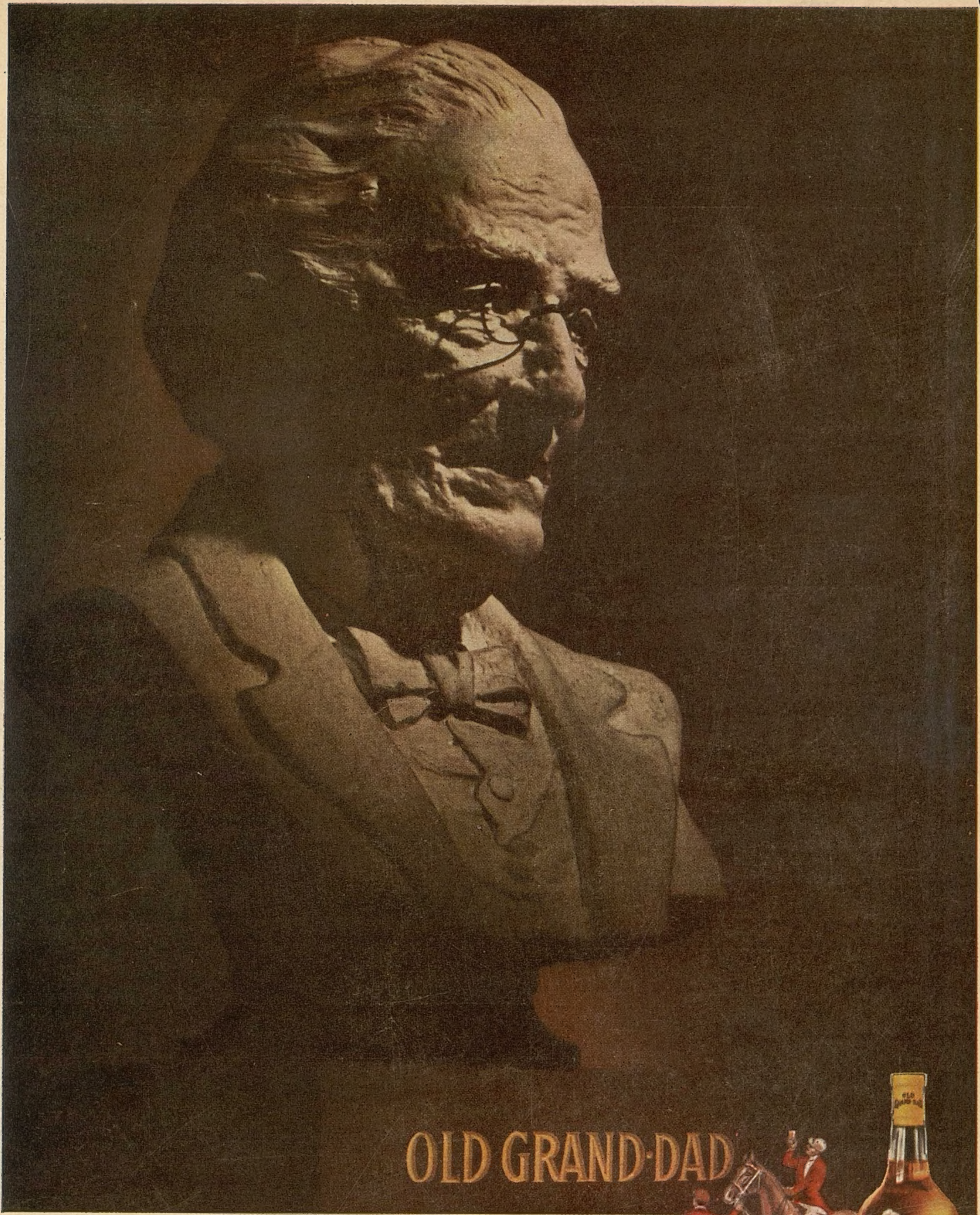
Baseball carries on in wartime as the "great American pastime," and Corby's carries on as the light, sociable blend; available in reduced quantities from reserve supplies. This palatable whiskey is being distributed evenly and regularly so you should be able to buy a "sample" bottle occasionally. And an occasional "sampling" of Corby's now may grow to lasting preference after Victory!

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